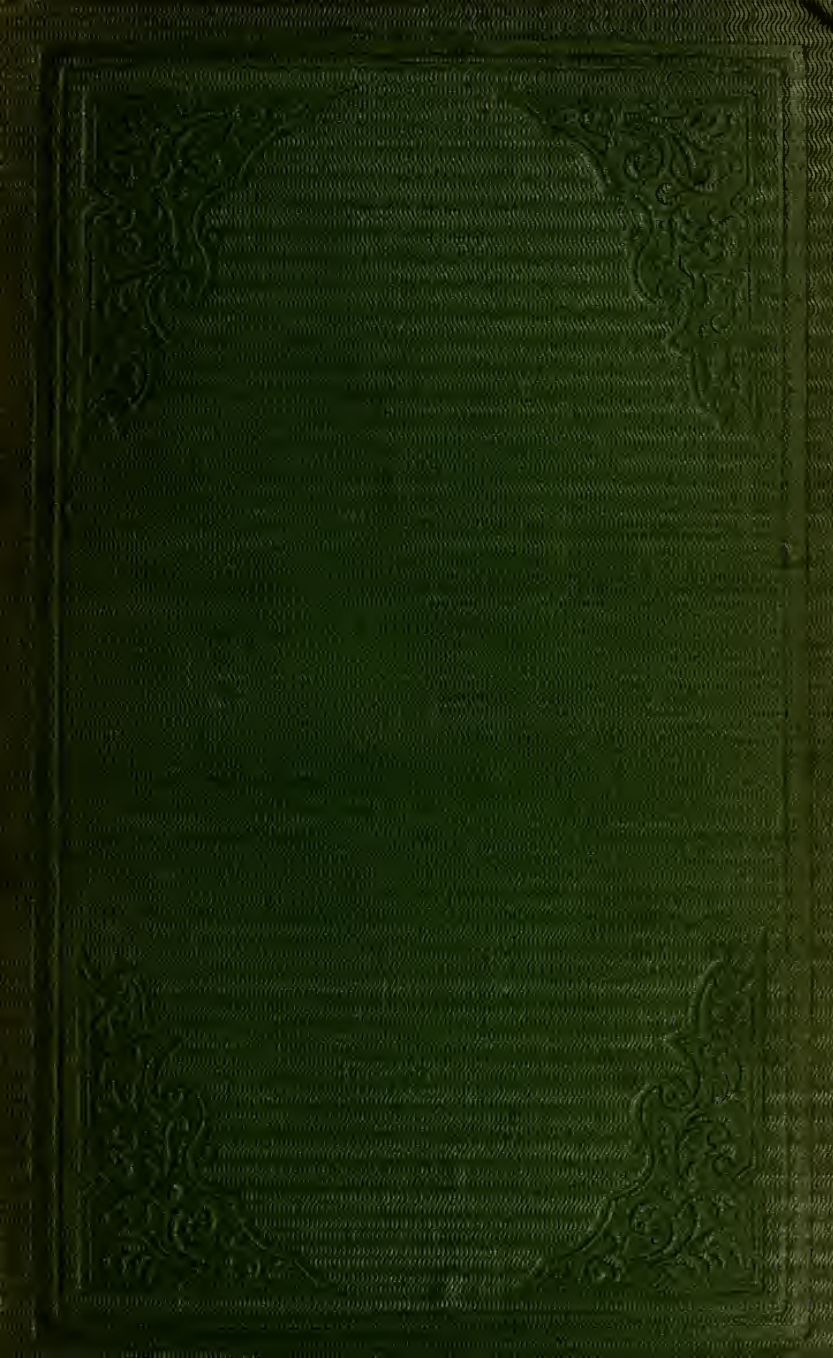






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ERNEST SINGLETON.

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VOL. II.

ERNEST SINGLETON.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "DR. HOOKWELL."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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ERNEST SINGLETON.

CHAPTER I.

"Crowds in contempt he held, and all to him was crowd."
CRABBE.

BIRMINGHAM ! bould Birmingham, as O'Connell once called thee, in all his inflated pride, on the platform of thine new and noble town-hall, here is a country pastor come forth from the very depth and shade of a quiet nook of the retired country to lionise thy manifold street and lane. He has come at railroad pace indeed ; and soon as the multitudes were pouring forth out of the carriages at the station, and cads, and constables, and coachmen are bawling on every side, his thoughts must be directed as to the whereabouts of a local habitation for awhile. And, indeed, to see Birmingham at leisure and in peace, the aged traveller must have a home of peace, a place wherein to rest from the turmoils

of crowded streets, and hurrying sights,—and this privilege cannot be found at an hotel; oh! no, Archbishop Leighton (hallowed saint) wished to die at an inn, and did, by singular providence, die at this house of pilgrimage; but many would rather neither die nor live there; so eschewing the caravansery, our pastor set out to seek a humble lodging, where he might eat his bread and lay down his head in peace, and, as in the quiet of his loved country scenes, talk over what he had seen of Birmingham business and Birmingham recreation.

And now we must accompany our good pastor to the party assembled in the drawing-room of Belwardine Hall; for all of them, without the addition, as yet, of Ernest Singleton, were detained in the house throughout a day of continued rain.

“And so our friend came to us through Birmingham?” asked Sir John Thorold.

“Yes; and stayed in Birmingham for a whole week,” replied Mr. Churton, “for business detained me there.”

“And how did you like that town of dirt and noise, of Socialism and Chartism, and redolent of Attwood and Muntz?” inquired Sir John.

“I liked it well; although it is not the place,

I can well imagine, for the location of those free denizens of society who have it in their power to settle anywhere they please."

"No, certainly not," observed Mr. Greville, with emphasis on the last negative.

"But remember the story of the camelion," hinted Mr. Churton; "and let us look on Birmingham in its two-fold aspect at least, with much of deformity, and much even of beauty in her vast domain. It is true, that in the country the gentle nymph, yclept Beauty, loves almost wholly to reside, and nothing can wean our love from the old green lanes, the solemn woodside, the streams, the footpaths"—

"With the beauteous sight of her," interposed Lord Henry, "who would rivet the pure and beaming eyes of a Wordsworth:

'No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door.'

"Oh! yes, you will meet with few of our poet's lovely Lucys—and how, bye-the-bye, our lake poet loves that name!"—and Lucy Thorold blushed—"in the huge town of Birmingham."

"Still let us not be either too censorius or fastidious," said Mr. Churton, "for, doubtless, in the crowded town there may be many a gem

of innocence and elegance to be discerned amid its unfavourable and ungenial atmosphere."

"And what did you see of Birmingham?" inquired Sir John, thinking that the good country pastor could hardly find anything to admire.

"Well, I must tell you," replied Mr. Churton. "I settled down in Anne Street, the somewhat tranquil and respectable centre of the better attractions of the town, for from thence I could stroll forth by the noble church of St. Philip, gain a sight (and a parsonage-house even in a town should be a refreshing sight) of the residence of its new and popular rector (the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke), and of the large Blue-coat School, with its munificent provisions for education and after-service; and then in rotation I could visit the Athenæum, the Philosophical Institution, and the spacious Reading-rooms."

"The very names of these buildings," said Mr. Greville, somewhat divested from his mean opinion of Birmingham, "speak to us at once that this town is akin to Liverpool in literary taste, and perhaps she may have her Dr. Currie in many an ardent follower in the ever-pleasant and flowery paths of literature and poetry."

“I have reason to know that she has,” assented Lord Henry Maitland.

“Well, this is the aristocratic and *recherché* spot in the good town,” continued Mr. Churton; and Lord Henry’s moustache slightly became curved, as the simple-minded pastor applied these epithets to such a place; “and quitting this with some regret, I soon could proceed down Bennett’s Hill into the very Bond Street or Regent Street of shops, which is here called by the inappropriate name of New Street. This is the chief street in the town; and certainly the shops are good, especially those of clothing, and plated ware, but the booksellers and printsellers are not of the first order, always excepting my worthy friend Mr. Langbridge of Bull Street.”

“I was disappointed in this also,” observed Lord Henry, “and much regretted the circumstance, for I think the multitude may gain many noble impressions by gazing on fine prints and pictures.”

“They may indeed,” enjoined Mr. Greville.

“In New Street is seen,” continued the pastor, “the capital grammar school, founded by King Edward VI., which is a fine building, and gives what may be called almost a free

education to the lads of the chief tradesmen, and others who may be resident within ten miles of the town. The 'Hen and Chickens' rears its capacious front next door, and for those who rejoice in lengthened rent-rolls, its bed and board, and baths, are all comfortable enough even for a luxuriated Persian."

Lord Henry smiled again; his lordship had evidently been staying there, and had imbibed no high opinion of its luxuries.

"Turn we to the right, and we come to the memorable Bull Ring, with its lofty church in the centre, an exceedingly mean statue of Nelson, and a Market Hall, which is everything one can desire for that sort of thing. The shops adown the left-hand side of St. Martin's church are good, and seem to revel in throngs of no mean customers; while, if we saunter to the right, we arrive at the barracks, and a meanly inhabited part of the town enough. Well, there we must turn uphill again; and ere we visit the fishmarket, the railway terminus, and Vauxhall, let us proceed to the left, up Bull Street, the old rival of New Street, in which, although it is a narrower and meaner street, wonders as great and good in the article of shop furniture are to be seen. Straight onwards we get to Snow Hill, and up Constitution Hill also, and when

we have inspected the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the People's Hall, and the Hall of Science, with an inside view of Sir Edward Thomason's factory (now Collis's), and some half dozen more of pin, needle, whip, and gun factories, we may say that we have taken a good day's walk in the good old town of Birmingham, and seen most of the things that are worth seeing in this mighty tabernacle of toil and trade."

"Then you managed to amuse yourself?" said Sir John.

"Indeed I did," answered Mr. Churton. "And in my ramble I saw the dusky walls placarded in blue and yellow far and wide—and what was it all about? Verily, a Concert, and a Church Missionary Meeting, each to be held on consecutive evenings in the town-hall!"

"That town-hall is a grand building," interposed Lord Henry; "and I heard that Prince Albert much admired it, and lingered a long while within, even until the people without were impatient, while listening to the sweetly gentle or loudly crashing tones of its magnificent organ."

"It is a noble organ; and on every Monday evening, I believe, a most respectable gathering of the townspeople may be seen, whilst the

beautiful overture to *Prometheus*, or Haydn's *Heavens are telling*, or Mozart's *La Dove* and *La ci darem*, or something of great worth from Handel, Bellini, Weber, or Bach, with English Airs and Scotch Melodies, are being sent forth from, as it were, the very living breathings of the sonorous giant, arousing all, entrancing some, and bidding many deem themselves in some soft fairy land, where sound *will* allure the sense far away from this hard matter-of-fact laboratory of the world, into realms of noble imagination and its kindred raptures of delight ! ”

“ Bravo ! bravissimo ! ” exclaimed Mr. Greville.

“ But of the placards ? ” asked Sir John ; “ whither did you go, to concert or to church ? to Staudigl and Miss Birch, for they, I read, had been there, or to ” —

“ Hugh Stowell and the Hon. Mr. Yorke ? ” chimed in the pastor ; “ why not to both ? both are good, both ought to emit nought but harmony for the soul ; and, albeit, Hugh Stowell be more violent than impassioned, more for the mass than the audience select and few, and the lady singer be more melodious than this renowned one of Manchester ; yet I felt I must make choice of the former, and support a good

cause, however clumsily advocated it might be."

"And how did you like Hugh Stowell?" asked Lord Henry.

"I liked him, and didn't like him—and your lordship will understand me. I liked all that he said on behalf of pure religion, but then his speech abounded with clap-traps against Popery and Puseyism, all of which were vociferously cheered, and then he waxed more wrath with the men of straw he set up, and as he dexterously tumbled them down, the cheering was renewed; and, indeed, but for these portions, perhaps, his speech would have been like any other mild clergyman's oration, and not have moved the people; and"—

"Ah! I don't like that clap-trap work," observed Sir John; "it is too much like living by agitation.

'If I cease harlequin, I cease from eating,'

as Goldsmith says, and it smacks too much of Dissent, which has not that sterling honesty about it for which religion, and those who advance her, should ever be most scrupulous and remarkable."

"Speaking of Dissenters," said Mr. Churton, "I must tell you about one. Yes, great as may

be the names of Allport, Garbett, Aldham, and the pet Barrett, I thought it well to have to tell 'country cousins' that I had heard the author of the 'Anxious Enquirer,' a book that had once something like a run in the narrower religious world; and, besides, I really wished to hear a man of religious knowledge and character"—

"Very liberal indeed," observed Sir John, "just like my ever kind friend."

"To Carr's Lane I hied; and, since he was not to preach, in the schoolroom hard by the chapel, for the space of an hour, I took a peep into the chapel itself. An aged man, with weak countenance, shewed me over it; but bless me, where was I?"

"In a comfortable conventicle," said Mr. Greville, laughing.

"Oh! for one moment of old Daniel Isaacs, the rough and honest Wesleyan, to denounce with stentorian lungs, and facetious vocabulary, the fine and costly things presented to the eyes. Look at those Smithfield pens (as Archdeacon Hare calls them in our own churches), high enough to confine lunatics, and painted and varnished like the boxes of a theatre. And then the large organ with its brazen front full in view—oh! organ, what dost thou here? Did the old non-conformist spirit fume and fret in

vain against all ungodly, worldly, and ‘devilish’ musical instruments? Spirits of Howe, Baxter, and Calamy, arise! and pluck yonder pipes from their lofty perch.”

“The voice of the organ,” said Mr. Greville, “used to be accounted the voice of the devil; has the devil, then, got among the Dissenters? Some have cruelly said the devil was the first Dissenter. Ah, me! what horror!”

“And ‘Puseyism’ is of the devil now,” said Lord Henry, ironically; “but will ‘Puseyism’ ever be welcomed among the Dissenters, and be loved and hugged as the huge organ? I see by the newspapers this morning, that some enthusiastic sects in London are petitioning the Almighty to remove the Evil One from the earth, and their petition has already received upwards of 80,000 signatures. What miserable infatuation!”

Lord Henry made this observation with peculiar emphasis of painful sorrow, and observed he would not have mentioned it, had it not just before been perused by himself in the public records of the day.

“We shall have the old Cameronians, or Macmillarites,” said Mr. Greville, “ere long sitting beneath the blessed melody of a Handel and Beethoven, and even preferring the vaulted

cathedral to the bleak mountain side. Indeed the Free Church in Glasgow, free St. John's"—

"Free to do as it pleases," observed Lord Henry.

"Has already let in the pane of painted glass; and they of the Solemn League are lisping about 'the richness and harmony of colour,' 'sombre light,' 'elegance of taste,' and other papistical jargon, that cannot fail utterly to corrupt the mind of man, as some of the elder genus would have determined it. Effigies, too, of your modern saints are placed up in the windows and niches, and Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Brown figure east of the doorway: over the window to the west are Dr. M'Farlane, and Dr. Gordon—on another side the Marquis of Argyle and Wickliffe; and still eastward, Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart may be seen; while Luther, Knox, Calvin (the abused by the heretic Lord Brougham), and Melville, are all and each mounted on high, in order that the sainted ones may kneel at their feet, and adore them if they please for

'Some think on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell,
While others deem him instrument of Hell.'

"What a change has come over Dissenters," exclaimed Lord Henry.

“ Indeed it has,” replied Mr. Greville ; “ and but for the inconsistency, not for the worse, by any means. However, we must not travel through Glasgow, for recollect we are in British Birmingham, and in Carr’s Lane Chapel”—and he looked significantly at the revered pastor.

“ And such a pulpit !” continued Mr. Churton, “ large enough indeed for the burliest of mankind. Such crimson velvet cushions—such gilded lamps and candlesticks—such carpeted steps ! ”

“ Oh, dissent is no chicken,” observed Sir John ; “ no poor New Testament Bethlehem stable affair.”

“ No, indeed,” added Mr. Greville ; “ for why, as Rowland Hill said, should the evil One have all the good tunes to himself ; and thus, why should the world live in its cedar-ceiled houses, and vermilion-painted and carpeted rooms, and religion go barefoot and miserable ? ”

“ Well,” continued Mr. Churton : “ here are 2,000 sittings at six and four shillings each, none lower ; and so the place should be assimilated to the income of the minister.”

“ To be sure,” responded Mr. Greville ; “ the shepherd should be Hyam-clothed to the satisfaction of the sheep ; and not be like your

beggarly country parson and his damp cellar of a church, the scandal of many a country village, and the vile reproach of every aristocratic mansion near it."

"Well, well," exclaimed the good pastor, giving a turn to Mr. Greville's increasing warmth: "soon the good sheep assembled on the benches of the school-room, and the minister mounted his rostrum. Yes, a stout, clumsy old gentleman, with pale flaccid face, and dull lack-lustre eye; in form and countenance so seemingly and singularly without sign of gift natural or spiritual, appeared before me. And can that be Angel James? I inquired.—'Even so,' answered my nigh-sitter; and sure enough this mass of hardly animated dust is the stirring author that I have come to hear."

"I have myself seen Mr. James," said Lord Henry; "and his countenance, dark and heavy, and of the bulldog caste, certainly exhibits no ray of even passing intellectual power."

"Ye heavens, what an angel!" exclaimed Mr. Greville.

"Soon his thin clerk,—such a contrast to his master!"—resumed Mr. Churton, "gave out a hymn, and there was a partial joining in it, but partial only. Angel James prayed; that

is, he preached words with exceeding slowness, and next came the real sermon. This was common-place enough, and such as you would expect from many a respectable clergyman of the rural districts: but it was both sound and sensible, and worthy of remembrance. Still it was not stirring, it wanted soul. But it did well for the company, which was composed entirely of the inferior middle class, neither gentleman nor operative; and he perhaps best knew what was suitable."

"Anything was better," observed Lord Henry, "than the ribaldry of the streets, or the virulent humbug of the 'Christian Chartist,' or the still greater absurdity of the viler Socialists."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Churton; "and I should think Angel James could never do much harm; I trust he may achieve greater good. He spoke much of meekness and gentleness,—may his example adorn his precept, and then *he will be of use*. I remember one sentiment he expressed in regard to attendance on his chapel: he said he was always surprised at the attendance of some persons, and the non-attendance of others, inasmuch as many pious persons were not regular by any means in their waiting on the means of grace; while

many others, of more indifferent character and attainments, were almost always in their places ; and to many he knew that he had preached for years and years and not made the slightest impression on them, and still they came."

"That is too true I fear of all places of worship," remarked Lord Henry ; "persons too often go more for entertainment and filling up time, than for real instruction and edification."

"Yes," said Mr. Greville : "and recollect this Mr. James is a bitter dog on a platform ; and this circumstance may serve to neutralise his more purely religious efforts."

"He was once so, at least ;" responded Mr. Churton ; "but it is to be hoped that the Evangelical Alliance will infuse more sweetness into his heart."

"And take away the bitters," interposed Mr. Greville.

"Yes," continued Mr. Churton ; "and yet I declare I cannot see how a man who calls on his fellow-men to separate from the Church *on principle*, to come out of her as from a city of the plague, can unite cordially with members of the Church ; this cannot be heart answering to heart, which is the only Christian union."

“ Indeed,” said Mr. Greville, “ it looks like carrying a lie in the right hand ; there is an insincereness about it, which is hateful even to the men of the world.”

“ And so you were disappointed with this Mr. James ? ” observed Sir John.

“ I was indeed ; so much so, that I did not care to look in upon his twin-brother, a Mr. Timothy East ; or on the New Meeting in the parallel street, which is Mr. James’s rival, and the natural child of his principles. I would so much sooner listen to a plain working man, even on politics, so that his views were in accordance with our common Christianity.”

Mr. Greville could not help humming in voice little above a whisper, the poet-laureate’s lines :—

“ My all sorts of —inians,
And all sorts of —arians ;
My all sorts of — ists,
And my Prigs and my Whigs,
Who have all sorts of twists,
Trained in the very way, I know,
Father, you would have them go ;
High and low,
Wise and foolish, great and small.
March of intellect boys all ! ”

“ Southey,” he said, “ must verily have migrated more than once in his life from beau-

teous Greta Hall into the very heart and centre of Birmingham: or, it may be, that reminiscences of pristine views led him to dole forth the line with peculiar emphasis,

‘And my Prigs, and *my* Whigs!’

“Talking of Whigs, I saw Monster Muntz driving by in his gig, a huge man, with the lower portion of his face all covered with hair. He is not so popular, I heard, with the lowest orders as he used to be.”

“Muntz is an honest fellow,” said Lord Henry; “and as to personal appearance, if

‘England boasts her Robin Hood,
Scotland has a thief as good,’

“And so, the Tories have their Sibthorp to be his match. Both men are thoroughly honest and independent on their respective sides; always working more on their own account, and pronouncing sternly their own opinions, than acting on any concerted plan with either party; and such men are very useful, for they let a prime minister know and hear many things that more fastidious, and more compromising minds would conceal.”

“It is well there are honest men in Birmingham,” said Sir John; “for the newspapers report multitudes of dishonest ones.”

"I did not meet with any bad people," remarked Mr. Churton with great simplicity.

"Most likely not," said Mr. Greville; "but I see by the *Birmingham Journal* of yesterday, and this is a good style of Whig paper, that there has been much discussion on various plans of escaping from fire, but they fear lest any effectual plan would lead to a greater facility of breaking into houses."

"I saw some escape ladders of a new invention," said Mr. Churton.

"But many alarmed old gentlemen and ladies," resumed Mr. Greville, "would have gravel walks and ladders up to every window, just as it were, for thieves to walk in, and elopers by moonlight to walk out; why, it would hardly be worse to be burned once in one's bed, than to be frightened, bound, maimed, and robbed some scores and hundreds of times. They say now, that the unsafest place in the world for one's money is one's own pocket, and the least secure resting place for one's body would then be one's own bed."

"I should think the Brummagem thieves would thank the promoters of these matters," remarked Sir John; "they should vote the inventor a golden ladder at least, for his own dwelling; so much trouble would it save them

in picking hard locks, working with centre bits, unroofing houses, wrenching out bars, forcing shutters, all of which would hence be at an end."

The worthy pastor was on the point of saying something, but a movement took place among the ladies, who were sitting apart at their works of embroidery, and for a few minutes the current of conversation was interrupted.

CHAPTER II.

“The solemn scenes of piety never lose their sanctity and influence, though the cares and follies of life prevent us from visiting them. I hoped, that, ever after having been in this holy place, I should maintain an exemplary conduct.”

BOSWELL, in *Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides*.

THE movement had been occasioned by the approach of Ernest Singleton, who was seen coming up the park on his little rough pony, the welcome companion of his rural excursions and visitings. Soon he entered, pallid and almost breathless, not from any especial circumstance of agitation, but solely from the happy thought of meeting again the Pastor of Penscellwood, the father, the tutor, the guide and revered friend of all his earliest and yet early days. We may leave his reception to be rather imagined than described, and gather the whole party in conversation together again, with the exception of Mr. Greville, who, after greeting Ernest cordially, sauntered toward the garden to plant some wheat which had been taken from an Egyptian mummy, and which he said

must be from fifteen hundred to three thousand years old, indeed it might be quite of the latter age, and yet its vitality most probably preserved.

“Mr. Singleton,” began Sir John, kindly addressing Ernest, “we have been wandering with my old friend here through all the fine scenes and sights of Birmingham, where he was detained on his way hence, and I dare say that he has nothing more to tell us about that important and flourishing town—a town of much usefulness and goodness, as my friend here accounts it,” looking at Lord Henry Maitland, “and doubtless his lordship’s character of it is the right one.”

“Lord Henry ought to know much about this town,” answered Ernest, “for his lordship has been there a good deal, and indeed was nobly received by the members of the Athenic Institution.”

“A most useful and edifying institution, I can assure you,” remarked Lord Henry; “and I can hardly express my gratification at the efforts made by the young men of Birmingham in organising it on good and enduring principles. It is one of those institutions which do not make a great noise and sensation in the world, because its members have the improvement of

themselves most at heart ; they are not desirous of enrolling members, but rather anxious to enlist good men and true men, who will study to be quiet, to mind their own business, and to improve in that business, whatever it may be ; also reasonably to recreate their bodies, and attend to the cultivation of their minds."

"Then it is not a Reform Association?" asked the baronet, "wherein every one is to endeavour to mend all other people, and neglect their individual selves?"

"Oh, by no means," replied Lord Henry, smiling: "it is of a more useful kind, and not for mere temporary purposes. I shall be glad to hear," and his lordship glanced towards Mr. Churton, "the latest intelligence of its career."

"I was induced to inquire about it," answered Mr. Churton, "from what I had read in the papers of the countenance it had received from your lordship ; and I heard that it was in a flourishing state, affording good instruction and entertainment to many well-conducted young men of Birmingham, and that probably other institutions of a similar literary and gymnastic character would be established in Wolverhampton and other important towns."

"I sincerely wish they might," said Lord

Henry ; "and any service I could render them would be cheerfully given."

"Not long ago," resumed Mr. Churton, "Lord Lyttelton gave them a splendid entertainment at Hagley ; and the committee are about to publish some interesting matter connected with the recreation and literature accessible to working men."

"I am glad to hear of that," said his lordship.

"And how does Chartism thrive ?" asked Ernest Singleton, who had a perception of many just points in the document called the Charta.

"Chartism is at a great discount," replied the pastor, "and few mechanics now openly avow 'the soft impeachment ;' yet still it is believed that some very close and secret proceedings are going on ; but the Birghamites are too busied at this time, and too politic to run after any Will-o'-the-wisp allurements."

"It will revive with occasion," observed Lord Henry ; "and let it be an honest, and not an intriguing movement, and we can readily meet it."

"And if its claims be gradually put forth," remarked Ernest, "that is, co-progressive with the increasing education and sense of the nation,

it may not be productive of other than beneficial results."

"Oh you young radical scion!" said Sir John smilingly; "here, my Lord Henry, is a promising 'young Englander' for you!"

There was a general laugh, and the notice of the ladies being attracted, they drew nearer to join in the merriment.

"For my own part," continued the baronet, "I think the sense of the nation in no better state than it was centuries ago, but rather grown worse, without hope of amendment."

"And still you must allow that education is rapidly increasing."

"Oh, yes, schools are springing up on all sides," owned Sir John.

"Very well then," said Ernest, and he smiled as though conscious of placing the worthy baronet in a dilemma,—“very well then, education increases, but sense decreases, that is to say, Sir John Thorold is an educated man, and Jacob Jones his labourer is uneducated, and since sense decreases with the advance of education, Sir John Thorold has less sense than Jacob Jones.”

The baronet burst into a loud laugh at this syllogism so good-humouredly put by Ernest, and all the party laughed, Sir John confessing

that he needed more sense to meet the eloquence and arguments of the rising generation.

“And since I must yield with a good grace,” he said, “let me turn to my old friend here—he who has jogged through life with me, and not without right good sense, I believe—but still he can have no more to say of his Birmingham sojourn—”

“Indeed, but I have,” he quickly replied.

“Pray let us have more then,” said the baronet, “and my young friend here,” addressing Ernest, “has been absent from the greater part, so we must tell him about it bye-and-bye.”

“Ah, what mutable animals we are !” began Mr. Churton. “A fine morning dawns, and ere Angel James’s unpoetical visage has escaped from my actual vision—where am I off to, do you suppose ?”

“To visit the schools,” cried Ernest Singleton.

“No ; I had visited nearly all of those, and been greatly pleased with the amount of education at Birmingham.”

“The hospital ?” asked Lord Henry Maitland.

“No ; I did not visit that at all.”

“Well, likely places have been guessed,” said

Sir John, "let me guess an unlikely one—the barracks?"

Mr. Churton nodded a negative.

"I must make a guess also," said the Countess Pazzi, laying on her knee a piece of a beautiful altar cloth she was working,—“the cathedral.”

“No,” replied he; “and I am only sorry that your ladyship is obliged to call your cathedral *the* cathedral, for Birmingham ought to have a bishop of our own faith,” appealing to Lord Henry and Ernest, “and a cathedral staff.”

“And is not your faith our faith?” asked Signora Camilla Martelli, in the gentlest tone; “are we not all Christians?”

Mr. Churton nodded assent, as though he would apologise for language that savoured of exclusiveness, and politely requested the favour of a guess from Signora Camilla Martelli; at the same time hinting that the Countess had approached nearer to the kind of place than any other.

“Oh, then,” exclaimed Camilla, “I should be quite wrong in saying what was first uppermost in my thoughts, the Union Workhouse; neither could it be the Athenæum, or any mere literary institution.”

“ Oh, I have it ! ” cried Lucy, and ere any one could think again, the name was out,—“ it must have been Oscott College.”

“ You are right ; fools rush in where even Pusey fears to tread. Yes, that threshold that a Newman, and Faber, and Ward took long time ere they felt sufficiently reverent to step across, I speak of as though I was hastening to visit any other place of show, rather than to look grave in the august presence of a Bishop Wiseman.”

“ It is a pleasing drive from Birmingham to Oscott,” observed Lord Henry ; “ and the pilgrim Jehu should halt awhile at Perry Barr, and inspect the beautiful little church of St. John’s, built and endowed, pretty parsonage and all, at the sole expense of the late munificent and kind-hearted John Gough, of Perry Hall.”

“ The hall itself, too,” said Sir John, who was a friend of the present proprietor, the Hon. F. Calthorpe Gough, “ should be inspected, and it is situated in the midst of a fine-wooded park ; we may be assured that my friend would not, as Lord Ranelagh once did, summon out a band of armed menials to scare away the picnic party that might bivouac under one of those ancient elm-trees.”

“But we are preventing Mr. Churton,” said Lady Thorold, “from proceeding with his account.”

“Oh yes, do let us have a good description, for it has now become such an interesting place,” exclaimed Lucy.

Ernest Singleton cast a somewhat reproving glance towards this last speaker—Camilla Martelli’s eyes brightened—the Countess looked as though she might hear something she could not like—and Sir John gave a significant look towards his old friend, although he well knew that he was too well bred, and too christianly courteous, needlessly to utter a word of premeditated or wilful offence.

“Oscott College,” began the pastor, perceiving that all wished him to commence, “is situated upon high ground, not upon a hill, but upon somewhat lofty table land. The country round about seems to be bleak and bare, and therefore the College stands forth as a huge pile of building, in the Elizabethan style, easily to be discerned at the distance of very many miles. I put up my horse, for I must tell you that I drove over two ladies in a little carriage, at a farm-house below, the inmates of which are Roman Catholics, and we ascended through a young plantation walk to the college itself.

Soon we came out upon a broad platform of nicely mown grass intersected with gravel walks, and from this front of the college we beheld a nobly panoramic view of a vast extent of country, and, as it appears, of the whole town of Birmingham. An ancient stone cupola on sculptured pillars stands in the middle of our approach to the college, and this covers a large upright form of the Virgin Mary, with, if I recollect aright, the Divine Infant in her arms. Some students in their long black cloth gowns and cloth caps were pacing about the walks, with downcast eyes and in earnest converse,*

* The following is from an account of the college at Stonyhurst, where younger sons of Roman Catholic families of wealth and distinction are brought up. "We rose at five, or half-past, I forget which. The brother porter walked from curtain to curtain, which he scratched, uttering the words 'Deo gratias! Thanks be to God!' to which every novice replied, 'Deo gratias!' and rose instantly. As soon as he was out of bed, he pulled the upper sheets over the foot of the bed, and 'collecting himself,' that is 'thinking of God,' or 'making some pious ejaculations,' he dressed himself as speedily as possible, but still with the utmost decorum, without bustle or noise. When completely dressed, and not before, he emerged from his cell. One after another we filed down to the back regions of the house, where there was a pump, and there we performed the first menial duty of 'holy obedience.' This was done calmly, seriously, piously, for we walked in prayer."

Again, "We walked with looks prone to the earth; no one durst raise his eyes from the ground; for 'the custody

and they of course soon perceive from our irreverence in passing this statue that we are not of their branch of the Catholic Church. We walked on to the entrance, and there we had the fortune to meet with one of the students just emerging from under the Gothic arch, and never can we forget the gentle beauty and engaging sweetness of his countenance. At that moment we each simultaneously thought, that, whatever might have been the cruelties

of the eyes' was never relaxed, except during recreation hours, and even then 'much might be done' in the spirit of the rule. The rule of the summary, which fashions the exterior of the novice, is the following :—' All should take the most diligent care to guard the gates of the senses—particularly the eyes, ears, and tongue—from all irregularity ; and preserve themselves in peace and true internal humility ; and to exhibit this humility by silence, when it is to be observed ; but when they are to speak, by the circumspection and edification of their words, and modesty of their looks, and demureness of their steps, and every movement, without any sign of impatience or pride ; in all things procuring and deserving, that the best of everything should be given to others ; esteeming, in their mind, all others, as it were, their superiors, and by outwardly exhibiting, with simplicity and religious moderation, the respect and reverence which the rank of the party demands ; and thus it may come to pass, that, taking thought for each other reciprocally, they may increase in devotion, and praise God our Lord, whom each should study to recognise in another, as in His image." From *The Novitiate ; or, A Year among the English Jesuits. A Personal Narrative, &c.* By ANDREW STAINMETZ. Smith, Elder, and Co.

and persecutions in past ages, this countenance must abhor them all, this gentle student never could perform a barbarous deed, or be exercised in anything that savoured not of kindness and humanity. My two tender companions well nigh asserted that we were greeted by the face of an angel,"—

"Of a future Pascal, or Bossuet, or Fénélon," suggested the Countess.

"Encouraged by the suavity of his manly look and form, we asked the question, 'whether we could have leave to go over the college?' 'Certainly,' was his reply, and we were shewn into an apartment fitted up with ancient oak wainscoting, and adorned with fine pictures of Catholic saints and divines."

"Roman Catholic," whispered Ernest Singleton.

"No," replied the pastor, "they were of saints ancient enough to be of the Catholic Church—*our* church," he whispered closely into the ear of Ernest, "ere it was even thought that reformation or restoration could be required or demanded;" and he continued, "a servant entered and asked for our cards, and quickly we were in the hands of a female housekeeper, who readily conducted us over the whole college. First, we were ushered into

several large reception and dining rooms, the walls of which are hung with pictures that cannot fail to excite feelings of reverence and admiration. Then we passed through the long refectories of the students, and, ascending a staircase, we next perambulated their dormitories. We who know what Long Chamber at Eton is, will at once acknowledge the superiority of the arrangements at Oscott. At Eton the beds are all placed (being an Oppidan I was once only in Long Chamber) nigh and open one to the other, and the annoyances to which boys are subject are great: but here, on each side are little rooms, as it were, boarded off, and although the top part is open to the general chamber, yet each boy has a chamber boarded in, wherein he may lie unperceived and unmolested by his fellow students. In each of these little departments is a small narrow bed, at the head of which is a kind of stone bowl for holy water, and on one side a suspended crucifix; there are also a few shelves stored with books, and the necessary articles of the toilette, besides a clothes press, or chest of drawers. Having looked over these, we next came to the rooms of the tutors and resident fellows in the college: and before all, those of Bishops Walsh and Wiseman. In these we are struck with the rare

simplicity that is shewn in combination with solidity of furniture, and we were much engaged with the beauty of the ancient pictures of venerable bishops and saints, male and female, that adorn the walls. Doctor Wiseman sleeps in a narrow bed just wide enough for his mortal body, and the bedstead is made of old carved oak with no posts or curtains, but cut off like a servant's bed. In the room there is a convenient place for kneeling at devotions, and a large crucifix stands suspended before the suppliant. Books are in the room : and every thing from table to chair, and from chair to the minutest piece of furniture, partakes of that order and complexion which leads one to think that the inmate is one who is dead to the vanities and frivolities of the world, and who loves to lead the somewhat austere, in conjunction with the necessarily comfortable, kind of life. In these rooms we could not help pondering and reflecting on what we beheld, associated as they are with learned names ; but we were hurried on to the museum, and therein we gazed on things still more to be regarded by the lover of the ancient relic of a more renowned age. Here we saw a singular representation of our Lord's crucifixion, and the drops of His Sacred Blood, being marked by

real rubies, looked fresh as though actually starting from the wounds of the body. This, which was kept enclosed in a case, had lately arrived from Spain. We inspected several manuscripts, and having perused an original letter of Oliver Cromwell, and seen the illiterate and vulgar signature of Joanna Southcote, appended to a charm (her passports to Heaven for 144,000) which she gave to her deluded followers, we were induced to exchange a few words with our civil conductress. Much were we surprised to hear her speak of the ‘Reformation,’ because, if Roman Catholics call it the Reformation surely they must think it to have been such, in like manner as when we call them ‘Catholics,’ we concede at least half the controversy.”

“Yes,” said Ernest, thoughtfully, “if they are ‘catholics,’ and ‘the Catholic Church,’ what are we? Nought but excised branches, severed from the stem and lingering for awhile in our remnant vitality?”

The Countess Pazzi smiled at Camilla, as she looked approvingly from Ernest Singleton towards her.

“No,” continued Ernest, in abstracted mind, “we are *of* the Catholic Church as they are of it, but neither are *the* Church exclusively ;

therefore if we are guarded, and not presumptuous in terms of denomination, we may go on smoothly enough."

"Not smoothly, Mr. Singleton, I promise you," exclaimed the Countess; "smoothly, indeed, and reject the supremacy of the Pope, cut yourselves off from the centre of unity, from fathers, councils, from the Scripture itself: no, Mr. Singleton," and she glanced with heroic expression towards Camilla, "we must convince you on that point."

The good pastor, not desirous of a controversy on this matter, and knowing that if it were postponed, Ernest could well defend his Church,—proceeded with his narrative:—

"Our worthy conductress spoke of the 'Reformation,' and this astounded us"—

"Conventionally, of course," observed the Countess, "as Dr. Milner does, who condemns it."

"She, too, condemned it," said Mr. Churton, "but surely to condemn a reformation is a solecism indeed; unless, as your ladyship suggests, she used it merely conventionally, and to render what she alluded to understood by us."

"She could hardly do otherwise," observed Lord Henry.

"She spoke," continued the pastor, "of the

various persons she had conducted over the college (this led her to allude to the Reformation), and she said, she always found it necessary when she discovered they were Protestants, through their importunities in desire of her conversion, to ask them to what sect or division in that religion they might belong? A Unitarian lady had just been there before our visit, and the remarks of this lady of course had enkindled feelings of pity that overcame any impulse to ridicule which they might momentarily have caused.

“From the Museum, which is yet in its infancy, we proceeded to the chapel. Here the scene that meets our eyes is, on a small scale, gorgeous indeed. The high altar, the beautiful altar-piece, the pictures on the side walls, the splendid dresses of the priests, and the general furniture and decoration of the chapel, soon tell us that these men are not niggardly in providing for the requirements of their religion. I will not discuss the propriety of all we saw, but certainly we may prefer something like care and elegance in striking contrast with the damp feel and look of our Protestant churches, wherein the sentiment seems to predominate, that ‘anything is good enough for a church.’”

“Alas! too true,” assented Lord Henry,

“bad and dingy glass for windows,—indifferent tiles for the roof, cobbled up pews, decayed floors, or no flooring at all, mouldy walls, moth-eaten and rusty cushions in the squire’s pew, cracked bells and broken fonts; ‘oh! anything will do for a church.’ The mansion of the nobleman or squire must be ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, its furniture must be choice and costly, everything around him must minister to his love of refinement, his comfort and luxury, regardless of expense, but the church hard by,—oh! that is not man’s house; ‘anything will do for a church!’”

“This is very sad,” observed Ernest, “and though Milton church is beautiful and complete, yet I am fully aware of the state of many churches around, and the other day I happened to be in my friend Heberden’s church, when a mason, who was a great psalm-singer, was performing some slovenly work, on which my friend said, as I thought smartly and homely enough. ‘Roberts,’ he said to the mason, ‘you often, very often sing to the praise and glory of God, as you say; now, why will you not in God’s House *work* to the praise and glory of God; surely the singing with this object, and the not working with it, is something like profession without practice.’”

“A very wholesome rebuke,” cried Sir John.

“Certainly ; and the sooner,” said the Countess, “your churchmen leave off from thinking that ‘anything will do for a church,’ the better, and yet (pausing) methinks that churches are so seldom used, and there is such an aristocracy of pews, that it is less wonder that the poor of your flocks should not feel the church to be their sacred home, and hence little venerate it in their hearts.”

“A good argument for open seats,” observed Ernest ; “and let us hope that pews will ere long be abolished. Certainly there is less veneration for the fabric of the church than there ought to be, especially when we consider the many Scriptural texts to be brought forward on this subject. Our people will sometimes say that they cannot see that stone and mortar should command feelings of reverence, but then they do not recollect that God hallows even meaner things than stone and mortar,—such as the water for our baptism, the bread for our Feast of Love, even the hearts of sinners He will make the habitation of His Spirit.”

“Ah ! our friend Hook,” said Lord Henry, “once ended a sermon something in this way : ‘We see in this sanctuary what to the careless

appears to be but a splendid room. We see in the font nothing more than a basin of stone. We see in the altar nothing more than a decorated table. But if we are watchers; if we watch unto prayer, and give our minds to meditation we shall then penetrate below the surface. We shall, with the eye of faith, see the glory of the Lord, filling the house of the Lord. We shall behold the regenerating spirit acting at the font. We shall behold the great High Priest, the one, the only Saviour, ready to bless us at the altar.’”

“This is the old spirit revived,” remarked Ernest, “and let us hope that we shall see something like the primitive state restored to our churches, that former time when each was glad to come forward and present a pillar, a transept, or a choir, or a painted window, and when all was done with regard to architectural propriety and beauty even in the crypts.”

“Ah!” cried Lord Henry, “the Reformation! the Reformation! what desecration of sacred places, what spoliation of art, what a fierce and ruthless spirit went to work! And Cromwell’s brutal soldiers”—

“Stop, stop, my lord,” exclaimed Sir John, “we shall never get to the end of Oscott, if we hinder our friend by such long interruptions;

alas ! it is too true, too sadly true, my lord, that Protestants lamentably assert that ‘anything will do for a church.’ ”

“ Well, the Roman Catholics think not so,” continued Mr. Churton. “ And who can blame them who reads of King David’s sleepless nights until he had established the house of his God, he dwelling in a costly palace, and the ark of God under curtains ! Moreover they love the winning over of human hearts.”

“ I have been thinking of an anecdote,” interposed the Countess, “ and I must solicit permission of our reverend friend to relate it here : it is an anecdote of Protestants,” she added, smiling ; and the good pastor having bowed assent, she remarked that, “ Sir Walter Scott, when meeting with Lord Byron in London, tells us that he remembered saying to him, that he really thought that if he lived a few years he would alter his sentiments. His lordship answered rather sharply, ‘ I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I shall turn methodist ? ’ Sir Walter replied, ‘ No, I do not expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances. The species of religion to which you must, or

may, one day attach yourself, *must exercise a strong power* on the imagination.' The noble lord smiled gravely to this, and seemed to allow that Scott might be right.' Now," asked the countess, with animation, "where would be the likelihood of such men as Lord Byron becoming converts to a religion which actually destroys what is most incentive, both in nature and art, towards captivating a fine imagination?"

Ernest felt strongly compelled to refer her ladyship to our cathedrals, our Temple church, and some others, but rather contented himself with observing how beautifully Scott himself has delineated the office and charities of the Roman Catholic religion, when he pictures one Abbot celebrating mass in sight of the Scottish army, and gives the assured result,

"Upon the spot where they have kneeled
These men will die, or win the field;"

and when another Abbot is made to quell the brute rage and brawling threats of clamorous and swelling combatants,

"The Abbot comes,' they cry at once,
The holy man whose favoured glance
Hath sainted visions known :
Angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed martyr's bay,
And by Columba's stone.' "

As Ernest recited these verses in true poetical tone, Camilla Martelli could not help uttering, "Beautiful! we see how Scott revered the ancient religion. And Wordsworth"—

"You must not launch forth in the pages of Wordsworth," said the pastor, addressing Camilla Martelli, "for I assure you, Ernest Singleton has all his poetry at his fingers' ends, and once set him going, we shall find it difficult to wish to restrain him."

"Then pray don't let us tempt him or ourselves," said Sir John. "It was the remark of King James, that the Presbyterian was not the religion for a gentleman—and the necromancer of the north would as loudly proclaim the Catholic form and tenet to be the grand religion for the poet."

"Well now," continued Mr. Churton, after that a pause had followed on Sir John's remark, "having listened to this brief digression so tributary to the cherishing of science, arts, and chivalry, by the Roman Catholic church, let me safely conduct my hearers out of the precincts of St. Mary's College, at Oscott. Sure enough (as Patrick would say) we were walking towards the portal, when the librarian stepped up, and having the privilege of selling books and tracts to the numerous visitors, we,

wishing a memorial of the college, buy a book. The first one recommended to us, and especially as being largely redolent of success in making conversions to their faith, was Dr. Milner's *End of Controversy*. Dr. Milner was bishop of the midland district, and he was invited into a controversy by a society of religious persons who were accustomed to meet at New Cottage, near the town of Wellington, in the county of Salop, and he argues steadily through all the peculiar doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, so that in this book we have a complete and popular defence of the innovations (as the elder Church of England calls them) of this extensive belief. Another book obtained by one of the party, was *Hay's Lives of the Saints*, in which book also we are carried through all the tenets and customs of their Church. And then we brought away minor little books and tracts, such as Catechisms, Explanations of the Living Rosary and Sodalties, Maxims &c., of the Saints, and a horrid little volume entitled 'Hell opened to Christians,' depicting literally, the gnawings of the devouring flame on the bodies of sinners. All these I have pretty carefully locked up ever since. With this librarian (Mr. Mann) we had some conversation. We asked, and he seemed to be a reverent and good

Roman Catholic, ‘Do you think England will ever be again under the Roman Catholic faith; and the Roman Catholic become the National Church?’ ‘O yes,’ he replied with brightening eye, ‘the signs of the times are all in our favour; the Dissenters from the establishment are unsettling everything; and some of the most learned of the English Establishment are embracing Catholic views.’ We asked, ‘if many converts were made in the neighbourhood?’ He answered, ‘a great many—and in Birmingham and Wolverhampton also,’ and he begged us to go and see the Catholic Cathedral in Birmingham.”

“Which request you have not complied with?” asked Lord Henry.

“No, I have not,” said Mr. Churton. “He next asked us if we had read ‘Geraldine,’ a novel written by Miss Agnew, sister (I think he said) of Sir Andrew Agnew, and who was a friend and correspondent of Lord Brougham. We answered, ‘we had not read it,’ and told him that we had read ‘Father Clement;’ ‘Ah,’ said he, ‘that is a foolish thing, I should not advise any one to read it,’ and again he pressed us to peruse ‘Geraldine.’ One of the young ladies asked him, if he had read ‘Doctor Hookwell?’ ‘No,’ he replied hesitatingly.

‘Because,’ she added, ‘it explains to us the ways of the early Church.’ ‘Oh!’ he replied, ‘the Honourable Mr. Dormer brought it here, and the bishop, Dr. Wiseman, took it away to read—but I have heard no more about it.’”

“Capital,” exclaimed Ernest, “Dr. Hookwell in the fire—reduced to a cinder—my life on it.”

“At this moment,” continued Mr. Churton, “the Honourable and Reverend George Spencer (brother to the late Earl Spencer, and to Lady Lyttelton, nurse of Albert Prince of Wales) passed us. He seemed to be a tall serious man, with stooping gait, light coloured hair, and fair countenance; he was dressed in the long black cloth gown and black cap, and held a book under his arm, being in the act of passing along the corridor from one room to another, seemingly very intent upon some abstruse matter. ‘There,’ ejaculated our friend, ‘is a convert—and a holy and a good man, he prefers the quiet college to the gay court.’ He also told us of another convert then in apartments near to us, a Reverend Mr. Smith, who had resigned a living of 900*l.* a-year in the county of Leicester, and who was reckoned to be one of the best classical scholars, and one of the most pious and exemplary men in the college. We

asked if he knew the circumstances of the conversion of the Reverend Robert Newton's (the President of the Wesleyan Conference) daughter, and his appeal to the Reverend Dr. Hook of Leeds, but he could tell us little about it ; yet, from the lower class of Dissenters, he said, they had several converts.

“ Soon after we had parted with our happy conversationist, for he seemed to be a man habitually cheerful, and while we were standing just outside the principal entrance, gazing on the exterior front of the college, who should advance on his way to his carriage, which stood at the entrance door, but Dr. Wiseman himself. Something had been left within that ought to have been packed in his carriage, and while this was being searched for, the bishop took a turn, in company with another serious looking ecclesiastic, on the gravel walk which led to the place on which we were standing, for on first seeing the bishop emerge from the college, we had retreated for a little space. Dr. Wiseman is a tall, and muscular man, with round and rather dark countenance, and looking as though he were a redoubtable adversary in polemical controversy. Woe be to the presumptuous wight who might fall into his hands, if the combat were to be on a

theological arena. He was attired in a bishop's coat, and broad brimmed hat, with black silk vestment round his body, and a gold chain thrown round his neck, which being the single and substantial ornament, imparted a *distingué* appearance to the whole man. His stockings, which adorned a stalwart pair of legs, were of a puce colour, and in his shoes he wore large golden buckles, and small golden buckles were also seen at his knees. He was setting out to visit Sedgley Hall, to inspect schools there, and took with him in his open barouche, a most beautiful little foreign dog—a sad dog, doubtless, with his long silken, and snowy white hair, and gay debonnaire manners, to ingratiate himself, and his master, into favour with the ladies—and surely, his most appropriate name would be ‘Jesuit.’”

“That is a holy name,” observed the Countess, “and one hardly appropriate to a dog.”

“But the names of Christians are given to animals, and this not in derision,” remarked Ernest, with polite suavity.

“And you know,” said Lord Henry, “that our excellent pastor here holds the opinion, that many animals are more amiable in disposition, and better than Christians.”

“I assure your ladyship,” said Mr. Churton,

“I meant nothing but a comparison with the accomplishments and winning ways of the Jesuits.”

“I am quite satisfied,” replied the Countess, hardly liking to appear to extract an apology from so venerable a man, “and we all know, from report at the very least, that Dr. Wiseman would be above resorting to the meaner arts and ways of insinuating religion, which—”

“Oh! certainly,” exclaimed the pastor, “Bishop Wiseman is a learned man, and to the force of learning, and pious demeanour, obtained through the highest influences on the interior man, he, of course, honestly and devoutly trusts. He seems, from what I could learn in the neighbourhood, to be popular as the late Bishop Baines, of Prior College, Bath; and the annual exhibition and distribution of prizes has this year been attended by a large and fashionable assemblage.”

“How much I should like to see Oscott College!” exclaimed Lucy, and Dora at once asked her father when they should be again passing through Birmingham, and if they could stop to visit it.

“We shall become Papists, or be called so if we do,” said Sir John, “for my part I am glad to hear a good account of it, but I con-

fess I am not desirous of setting out on a visitation there."

"Oh! no, papa, not on purpose," cried Dora, "only there is so much to see within its walls."

"If Mr. Ernest Singleton would accompany us," interposed Lady Thorold, "I should suppose we might inspect it without much danger of becoming converts."

The Countess smiled at the seeming trepidation of the party, upon which Ernest mildly observed:—

"I do not think we ought to be fearful of paying a visit of inspection to this college, it is a college, not a church or cathedral, and I think that our own principles ought to be so strong within us, as not to be moved by a mere morning visit to a Roman Catholic seminary; indeed, we seem timidly, I would say basely, to distrust, not ourselves, but the strength of our religion—and moreover, there is this good result, that, while we do not in the least give way in our own principles, we may possibly be led to look on those who are opposed to us, with feelings of more toleration, charity, and truthfulness; for these reasons, I shall be happy to hold myself in readiness to obey any request to accompany Lady Thorold, and the

Miss Thorolds to that college which has already been inspected by the pastor of Penscellwood, without detriment or defalcation, I believe, to his most cherished Protestant faith."

"Admirable," exclaimed Lord Henry, "and albeit I am well content to refresh a wearied and worn existence in the still and vital waters of my own loved Church, yet I cannot see why we should not learn what ways other religious persons have of doing the same thing, gaining the same tranquil rest from the turmoils of our agitated and laborious hours."

"That religion dwells there," continued the pastor, "I have no hesitation in affirming; and eyes and ears are alike regaled. Oh there is something almost awful in the very place; and many of the gentler sex cannot but burst into tears at the expressive unworldliness of the scene. I state this, to apprise you of the sensations you may experience—sensations equally inspired by the solemn interiors of our own colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. All is so calm and so devout, and still the information of the world without is not excluded. The *Morning Post* was there, and even on the shelves of the professors and fellows, alongside of Thomas a Kempis and Fenelon, we discovered 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole,' 'Me-

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moirs of Shelley,' 'Waverley Novels,' and other works of lighter import, both of general interest and attraction. The poet Wordsworth," and the pastor looked towards Camilla Martelli, "speaketh of,

'The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward ; humble, yet sublime ;
The life where hope and memory are as one ;
Earth quiet and unchanged ; the human soul
Consistent in self-rule and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness !'

and, without doubt, that calm and gentle life, in spite of error canvassed by eager and inquiring minds, is to be found in these cloisters, humble yet sublime !"

"And how much more," said Camilla Martelli gently—"or at least may I ask the question, do not these lines apply much more to our convents, and houses of religious retreat?"

"Yes," responded Ernest Singleton, who was always eager to answer a remark from Signora Camilla, "they certainly do ;" and a deep sigh escaped him.

"We shall have Mr. Singleton on our side yet," remarked the animated and shrewd Countess, "depend upon it, the greatest opposers end in coming into agreement with us."

"Never," exclaimed Ernest, as his eye fell

on the pastor of Penscellwood, "never until one who has always guided me leads the way."

"We must acknowledge," observed Lord Henry, "that the Roman Catholics are more sedulous in the observances of their religion, than ourselves. Hence the Roman Catholics believe that we have no religion; they think that Queen Elizabeth abolished prayer by Act of Parliament; and the Roman Catholic lady's remark to Mrs. Hamilton Gray, the authoress, on hearing her talk, and witnessing her kneeling at prayer, is corroborative of this, 'What,' she said, 'and have you really any religion?' And some friends of mine, who were travelling much on the continent last year, agree with my own observation, namely, that in the Catholic countries you meet with much devotion and honesty, and when you get into Switzerland and the towns of Calvin, as I will call them, you meet with nothing but fraud, chicanery, and falsehood; oh, noble as is their country, the Swiss with whom travellers become acquainted, are a deceitful and despicable people."

"I think Dr. Lindsay Alexander entertains sentiments to the same effect," observed Ernest.

"He does," replied Lord Henry, "although

he must be biassed in their favour, inasmuch as he is a Scotch Calvinistic divine."

"And yet he says that in general morality, the Romish population of Switzerland have the advantage over the Protestant."

The Countess smiled; and Miss Lucy Thorold, who had gone to a table covered with elegantly bound books of the day, returned with Dr. Alexander's work in her hand, and which she presented to Ernest.

"Yes," said Ernest, turning over the pages, and reading the heads of chapters: "here we have it in his precise words. We know that when Calvin died, Geneva was filled with lamentations, but says our author: 'Subsequent generations have taken care that if at this time too much honour was shewn to the dead, an ample compensation should be made for it by the utter oblivion, or hatred into which the memory of Calvin has been allowed to pass. *In Geneva this once honoured name is no longer a household word.* In the pulpits of Geneva, (with a few exceptions,) the doctrines of Calvin are referred to, only to be repudiated and scorned.'"

"Horrible!" uttered the Countess.

"And here is the passage which applies directly to the Roman Catholics," continued Ernest.

“ ‘ In one very important respect the Catholics of Switzerland have the advantage over the Protestants: they are both better instructed in the principles of their religion, and have a sincerer faith in, and reverence for that religion, than can be affirmed of the Protestants in regard to theirs:’ and he goes on I see, at length in support of this statement.”

“ And yet,” observed Lord Henry; “ I think he says that the Catholics (as he styles them,) have not paid the same attention to popular education as the Protestants.”

Ernest looked over the book, and found this remark coming just before the above statement. “ Viewed as a whole, Catholic Switzerland is inferior to Protestant Switzerland in respect of popular education.” “ And this,” continued Ernest; “ makes the case worse, for he says in another place: ‘ multitudes of the Protestants are ignorant of the first principles of Christian truth; by many of them the peculiar doctrines of the gospel are repudiated: and whilst a spirit of indifference as to diversities of religious opinion widely prevails amongst them, the Catholics are, for the most part, sincerely attached to their faith, well acquainted with its principles and practices, proud of avowing their devotion to it,—’ ”

“And now then I have you;” exclaimed Sir John, remembering how Ernest had lately got the better of him in a syllogism; “how do you account for this, that the more educated the people are, the less knowledge they have of religious truths, even the first principles of Christian truth.”

“Oh! sir,” replied Ernest; “this is easily accounted for. A popular education is not always a religious one; and the simple fact is apparent, that the Protestants, while they have given a better secular education, have not given equal attention to religious instruction, as the Roman Catholics have.”

“Well,” said Sir John, turning to the Countess; “I must turn this young Jesuit (smiling,) over to your ladyship, for I cannot cope with him in these subtle matters.”

The Countess blandly signified her willing acceptance; and Lord Henry made a remark to the effect of the carefulness that should be exercised in any plans for the promotion of the universal education of the people, and that we should take heed and not divorce religious, from secular instruction.

The pastor fully acquiesced in his views, and proceeded briefly to review the state of education in Birmingham; which, he described

as being yet imperfect, and then went on to pass a few observations on the churches.

“The Churches in Birmingham are large,” he said; “and generally, I understand, well filled. Some of the clergy are very popular, and all seem mindful of their important duties. But the town very much needs more Churches, and more labouring pastors. Manchester greatly outstrips Birmingham in this respect; for, since the year 1835, thirty Churches have been built, are building, and in contemplation, the whole sum requisite having been already subscribed. In Birmingham ten new Churches will be built. But why should Birmingham not have a Bishop of its own?”

“Oh yes,” observed Lord Henry: “more bishops, more bishops, must be the cry of the present time. The increase of population demands the episcopal increase. And oh! what a field for a bishop—a Christian man of liberal mind and open hand—a man who would bear the wretched ones of the people on his heart; one who would himself visit the low abodes of misery: ay! if I may be allowed the paraphrase, point out to his clergy the dwelling of the poor and the unfortunate, and himself lead the way. And then for the more fortunate and enlightened classes, how valu-

able the presence of a spiritual instructor of such high order; how cheering to the clergy to be ever under the eye of their leader, how consoling to all the poor to behold a sacred man among them; relieving many, educating more, giving just offence to none: oh! I cannot venture to prophesy half of the good that would flow forth to Birmingham and every large town, from the presence of a beloved bishop."

"In the primitive ages of Christianity," said Mr. Churton; "no town of half her population, (135,000) would have been without a bishop. All the large and increasing towns ought to have bishops; and yet the spiritual peers in the House of Lords need not be increased, for the rotation system might be adopted. The Episcopal bench are in good odour with the country at the present time, and an increase of pious and industrial bishops would be a popular matter."

"And since there is a Roman Catholic bishop," replied Lord Henry; "presiding over the Roman Catholic Church in Birmingham, with his residence at Oscott, let the bishop of the Reformed religion possess his episcopal residence at the other side of the town, even on the high and healthy locality of Edgbaston—"

“A good site indeed;” said Mr. Churton, “and I should be tempted to place it somewhere to the left of the Five Ways as you walk up from Birmingham, and where some very pretty mansions have within the last few years been built. Bye-the-bye, I forgot to say that at Edgbaston, the traveller has much to see: the capital school, the new church erected at the cost of Lord Calthorpe, and the Botanical Gardens; with the splendid view over the town of Birmingham and far beyond. These things cannot but in the most agreeable manner excite the sensations of even a phlegmatic beholder, for what Clifton is to Bristol, so is Edgbaston to the town of Birmingham.”

“And what,” exclaimed Lord Henry; “must be the thoughts of the octogenarian when standing on this rising ground, he views that immense town before him, which once owned but one building, and that one a solitary church, when Digbeth was Duckbath, so named from a beautiful spring in Lord de Burlington’s pleasure grounds: when Deritend was Deer End, so named from the grazing pasture for the deer; and when, from Moor Street to the river Rea were to be seen timber trees of an immense growth. But commerce pitched her tents there—men were lured together by her golden pro-

mises, and the poor hamlet became a huge town, 'hiding the face of the earth for leagues,' as Wordsworth singeth. And surely this great fact at once furnishes an overwhelming argument for the establishment of a bishop."

"Yes," said Ernest, looking up from the book Lucy Thorold had handed to him: "and not from increase of numbers, but from the quality of these numbers, does a mighty reason arise for such a blessing; for, only suppose they should come to be flagitious and desperate as the Socialists of Switzerland, when a flag with this inscription was lately carried through the streets of Lausanne: 'Mort à ceux qui ont des domestiques! Mort à la religion! Mort à——.' And when their leader, M. Druet recently exclaimed in the same streets; 'the worst of all aristocracies is that of morality! Down with all aristocrats of morality;' and this because an impious friend of his had been blackballed by a club of gentlemen in Lausanne. 'So much,' well observes our author; 'for the liberal and enlightened principles which Socialism dictates; and by which, as Socialists teach, the world is to be regenerated and harmonised.'"

"And all this," observed Lord Henry; "really takes its origin from the Neologianism which

has stepped from its birth-place in Germany to the clergy and educated classes of Switzerland; even to prevail in Zurich, Basle, Berne, and also Neufchatel. What would Calvin say to the appointment of such men as De Wette and Straus, whom Germany had cast out, to professorial chairs in the faculty of theology; actually appointed by the authorities in Basle and Zurich."

"And these are your Protestants?" said the Countess, with a look of pity rather than of triumph, of which indeed, she would have been incapable.

Ernest and the good pastor bowed in submission, for the implication which might have been urgently advanced, was but too true.

Lady Thorold arose: and the conversational party of this rainy day was broken up, Sir John being heard to thank his old friend cordially for the description he had given them of Birmingham scenes and Birmingham men.

"And many a purse-proud fellow," he said, "leaves off trade; and retires, as Crabbe says, to the 'Hall of Binning;' yes, they buy out the old ancestral families of the country, and, in a generation or two, themselves are the landed proprietors: themselves become the 'agricultural aristocrats' that they sneered at while making their money."

“ Yes,” returned the good pastor ; “ these are the changes and chances of the world. Old families pass away, new ones arise, and become ancient in their turn, and are supplanted by still newer ones ; but none are better than the original old ones, as I must quaintly express it. Crabbe’s lines, to which you alluded, fully express this course of rapid succession :

‘ Just then our merchant from his desk retired,
And made the purchase that his heart desired ;
The Hall of Binning, his delight a boy,
That gave his fancy in her flight employ.’

“ And how true are the following,

‘ Here, day by day, withdrawn from busy life,
No child to awake him, to engage no wife,
When friends were absent, not to books inclined,
He found a sadness steal upon his mind ;
Sighing, the works of former lords to see ;
‘ I follow them,’ he cried, ‘ but who will follow me.’ ”

“ What a salutary reflection,” cried Sir John, as he strongly grasped Mr. Churton’s hand ;
“ who will follow me ? ”

“ Let us follow the good and the faithful upon the earth,” said the pastor in solemn tone ; “ let us love to endeavour to be a pattern to the rising generation : and then the mournful portion of this reflection will be ab-

sorbed in the happy prospect of our being succeeded by those better than ourselves."

In the evening, a large company, who had been invited to dinner, assembled at Belswardine, and strictly religious subjects and allusions were for the remainder of that night placed in abeyance. Ernest quickly retreated to his little rectory house, there to comfort his sister, and entertain, as he best could, his friend Charles Henry Kerr.

CHAPTER III.

"So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

COWPER.

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours
Blest with far greener shades, far sweeter flowers."

ROGERS.

ON his return to his little rectory, Ernest was glad to find that his good-humoured friend Daisy had been entertaining poor Charles Henry during his absence, and he begged of him that he would remain with them, and take a bed for that night. Ernest felt rather low in spirits, for nothing but a sense of duty, would have made him tear himself away from the edifying society of the Pastor of Penscellwood, and this might be the good pastor's last visit to Sir John Thorold. Moreover, the affection of Ernest's heart might well be supposed to be set on some other inmate of Belwardine Hall: so that we may

imagine that our hero's thoughts would often during this evening wander to the gay throng, and some hearts from amid that apparently festive company would not be forgetful of Ernest in his more lonely rectory, and feel no common regret at his absence.

It being just the hour of dinner, Ernest had no time to open his letter-bag which his good and kind sister Harriet, that dear sister of whom he could faithfully say,

“Her's is a calm and holy voice,
Bidding the heart rejoice:
Making our happiness more pure,
Our griefs less to endure ;
May my home ever, ever be
Where her dear voice may speak to me.”

had placed on a side-table, but having made inquiries respecting some poor persons whom she had been visiting, the little party retired to an adjoining room, and sat down to dinner. After this was despatched, they drew their chairs around the fire, and Ernest, knowing how much his poor friend Kerr delighted in listening to tales and stories, proceeded to tell a most interesting one which he had himself heard from the lips of the pastor, and of which indeed the pastor himself was the hero, when taken prisoner in France as a

hostage during the time of the revolution, and narrowly escaping the guillotine.

The tale was an affecting one, for it involved the painful deaths of a young lady and her father, and many a sigh escaped from Miss Singleton, while poor Charles Henry seemed to be aroused by the pathetic narrative, yet soon relapsed into his usual state of deep meditation. But Mr. Daisy, the provokingly good-natured Daisy, strove to keep his features fixed in something approaching a look of gravity, hardly achieving the accomplishment of such an unaccustomed endeavour. Ernest would not look towards him for awhile, and even took up a small volume of beautiful poems just received by his sister from the authoress, Anna Harriet Drury, but he could not long avert his countenance, and at length exclaimed,

“Now Daisy, you good fellow Daisy, I saw you were interested in the pastor’s story, but come now, what bit of drollery is lurking beneath that forced countenance of thine—come, tell us now?”

“I was only thinking,” answered Mr. Daisy, with a scarcely suppressed smile, “I was only thinking I had discovered the reason why your venerable friend had never been married. Bachelors,” he continued slyly, “have always

some tale of love to tell, and a favourite poet saith,

‘The course of true love never did run smooth.’”

“Now you are too bad,” exclaimed Ernest, himself anxious to mitigate the melancholy effect of the Parisian story, “you are too bad, Daisy, how know you but that the dear pastor abstained from marriage on principle?”

“What principle?” asked Mr. Daisy jocularly.

“Religious, I should suppose,” answered Ernest, “if there be such a principle to be found.”

“You may well say ‘if,’” returned Mr. Daisy, “because you may be assured there is not. Why,” he asked in his common tone of simplicity, “have I and Mrs. Daisy done wrong, and our dear little Daisies, some blooming, some budding? And Mrs. Daisy so useful: visits the poor, makes soup and clothes for them, talks with them of things I cannot allude to, trains the children, writes out my sermons,”—

“Oh stop, stop,” exclaimed Ernest; “and would preach them, I suppose?”

“Ay preach them,” replied Mr. Daisy, “and the ladies who are such voluble talkers would surely make voluble preachers.”

“We may be assured that the pastor could have no religious objections to marriage,” said Ernest, reverting to former observations, “he knows that the Scriptures do not enforce celibacy, however it may be in some instances, partially recommended.”

“Oh no! he’s no Papist,” said Mr. Daisy, “I hate all those Papists.”

“Why I thought you couldn’t hate anything,” said Ernest, “for every body is always saying, ‘see how contented and happy Daisy is: Oh Daisy loves every thing, and every thing loves and is fond of him.’”

“Oh, but the Papists,” said Mr. Daisy, “they are different to all other people; don’t our articles say they are damnable sort of folk?”

“We may hold some of their doctrines to be condemnable,” replied Ernest, “but though we condemn the doctrine, surely we are not at liberty to despise the person.”

“Oh well,” said Mr. Daisy, “I am glad to hear we need not hate them; but Luther somewhere says we ought always to curse them; and so Mr. Cumming said the other day on our platform.”

“But come, Daisy,” said Ernest, in a rallying tone, “don’t be led by all that even

Luther says, much less by modern orators on platforms; do let your own kind nature speak for itself, and sure I am you don't in your heart hate the Papists."

"Oh, not at all," cried Mr. Daisy; "my heart hate the Papists! oh no, I don't know that I have any hatred in my heart."

"Then why did you say just now that you hated the Papists?" interrogated Ernest.

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Daisy; "the words came out as words do come out of people's mouths without rhyme or reason."

"Did you ever see a Papist?" asked Ernest.

"Not to my knowledge," answered Mr. Daisy; "and know nothing about them: except that persons say they burn one another, or would burn us; and they don't marry."

"Then conversions must be numerous," observed Ernest.

"Oh, I mean the priests don't marry," exclaimed Mr. Daisy.

"And is Camilla Martelli very beautiful?" asked Harriet.

"I wish friend Daisy could see her," answered Ernest.

"Is she a Papist? it's no English name;" asked Mr. Daisy.

"She is a Roman Catholic!" replied Ernest,

with serene emphasis; "and could you see her, you would not say you would hate her."

"Then you love her?" asked Daisy, in his blunt, good-humoured tone of voice.

"It would be an honour to love Signora Martelli," answered Ernest; "to which few could aspire."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Daisy; "I see how the wind blows: true, there 'are no religious objections to marriage;' we may 'love the Papists;' ay, it's a common distich,

'When a lady's in the case,
All other things of course give place.'

Poor Daisy, without the slightest intention of any rudeness, was now going too far; for Ernest would have held his love for Camilla Martelli to be a sacred thing, and not to be spoken of in the jeering way of the world. He would have said something in gentle rebuke, but the ever kind Arty came to his aid, and after remarking with what interest she had just perused the affecting story of the "Little Captive King," a gem of tales, and also the "Escape of Count Lavalette," both of which she had read in Chambers' Miscellany, and which had given her, in conjunction with the pastor's adventure, mournful views of the individual anxieties and

persecutions, that ever accompany troubled or revolutionary times, suggested that it was now time for tea, after which she had a little intellectual treat in store; and quickly the hissing urn, and its cheerful accompaniments, were announced to be ready in the little library.

The little party had not sat down to tea above five minutes, when Ernest recollected that he had actually forgotten to open the letter-bag. Now Ernest had a large correspondence, for he had many friends at a distance, and he also was in communication with literary men, and others who were connected with commissions of inquiry, appointed by the government. Ernest had a rapid pen; his literary epistles were interesting, and often most entertaining, and his opinions on matters of business were always characterised by acute observation and sound judgment.

Ernest's sister handed him the letter-bag, and he began to unlock it, but paused for a moment as he gazed towards Mr. Daisy, who quickly begged him not to think of his presence, but forthwith to open his letters. Ernest, feeling that his letters were not on private and domestic matters only, and therefore that some portions might be read aloud, accepted Mr. Daisy's permission, and soon

proceeded to extract passages from several of the lucubrations of his sterling correspondents.

Now the first one that he opened was from a young barrister, and related to a subject that would be of interest to Mr. Daisy himself, namely, the burial of a non-baptized person; for Ernest had been in doubt on this matter lately, and he wished, if possible, to be prepared against any emergency of this kind that might occur. The Rev. Walter Hughes, a kind friend of Ernest's, had buried the child of a gipsy, without making any inquiries in regard to the fact of its being baptized, he having a strong presentiment that it had not. The barrister's letter ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR ERNEST,

“In the face of your thirty divines, *Milonem meum defendam*. I think Hughes was right, in point of law, as well as in point of Christian feeling. Suppose a stranger, a way-faring man, to drop down dead in your parish. Nothing is learned as to his name, his country, or his creed. Some good Christians take up the corpse, enclose it decently in a coffin, and bring it to your church-yard, and request you to bury it, according to the rites of the Church

of England. Would you dare to refuse reading the burial service over the grave of the stranger, who might have been baptized, or might not? Rigid law will not presume guilt. *It* deems all men innocent, until the contrary be proved. And will our nursing mother, the Church, presume every one to be unbaptized, unless the baptism is proved? or rather, should not the Church presume baptism, as the law presumes innocence, until the contrary is proved? Your friend, it seems, asked no questions, and read the burial service over the gipsy's child, who was about ten or twelve years old. Suppose your friend did doubt in his own mind as to whether the child had been baptized; was that doubt, in the absence of legal evidence, to have warranted him to refuse reading the service, and to treat the child, as the law directs a *felo-de-se* to be treated, namely, to bury the *felo-de-se* in consecrated ground, but without reading the burial service, according to the act of Parliament repealing the barbarous law of burying the body of a *felo-de-se* in the highway? The churchwardens are, I think, directed to see the body of the *felo-de-se* thus buried; so that it has been said, that a *felo-de-se* is the

only one who is sure to be interred in the churchyard.

“I must consider no clergyman justified in presuming any one to have been at the time of his death unbaptized, without some proof of the fact. If the law prescribed, that, before Christian burial was performed, an extract from the baptismal register should be demanded and produced, such a law must be obeyed, and of course your soldiers and sailors dying abroad in the service of their country, could not, in general, have the service read over them, unless an exception were to be made in their favour. You will recollect that baptism administered by any one, even by a female nurse, entitles a child not only to Christian burial, but to the reading of your beautiful burial service, nor can you refuse this rite to the children of any of the various classes of Dissenters.

“It seems to me that a coroner’s warrant for the burial of a suicide, if it were compulsory on the clergyman, would be at variance with your rubric, but I believe, though it is a warrant for the permission of burial, it still leaves the matter optional with the Church in regard to using the burial service. But who would ever refuse compliance?

“I am glad to hear that Heberden’s strict doctrines are not all carried out into practice by him. He suffers a hymn, I am told, to be sung over the grave of a Dissenter in his churchyard, and with all his scrupulous adherence to rubrics, he has not ventured upon excommunication. You will be surprised to find a lawyer recommending to a churchman a deviation from his written law, but as Tiltson said to Dr. Beveridge, ‘charity, Doctor, is before rubrics.’ Tell Heberden, when you see him, from me, that it is scarcely a hundred years ago since the heads of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino were fixed over the gates of Temple Bar, and I tremble every time I pass that way, lest his handsome head should suddenly greet me. He is a clever fellow, and a good man, so he will take this joke in right good humour. But, seriously speaking, Heaven forbid that any revivals of practices abhorrent to humanity should ever take place.

“Bye-the-bye, excommunication being taken away, should not the fabric of some of your services be altered? How many men you must bury who are totally unworthy the endearing title which only one Christian could fitly use toward another; even infidels, who have never

been expelled from the kind bosom of the Church ?

“ Believe me, in haste,

“ Ever yours faithfully,

“ _____”

“ Lincoln’s Inn.”

“ I declare,” cried Miss Harriet Singleton, looking at Ernest’s heap of letters, “ there is one from Mr. Heberden himself; now, do let us hear what he has to say.”

“ He is a wise man, and a kind friend,” said Ernest, and having glanced down the first page, he began to read so soon as he came to the matter referred to in the letter just read.

“ In regard to your last letter, my dear Singleton, much as I admire and love its charitable spirit, will you pardon your sincere friend if he expresses hesitation as to some points? It seems to me doubtful how far one could well justify the position, ‘ There are some things that one feels one would do in spite of all the rubrics in the world.’ For, if one man’s feelings will justify him in the disregard of one rubric, another’s feelings would be equally valid in rejecting another, another, on the same plea, might disregard half-a-dozen, and the very rankest Dissenter only carries

out in full this principle. How could we, on this ground, censure any man for altering or omitting any part of the Liturgy, or introducing fresh matter of his own, if his own 'feelings' are to be the standard of duty? Is not this the strongest possible exercise of private judgment against the voice of the Church? And what is the stronghold of dissent, but the preference of 'feelings' to 'duty?' Such a man 'feels more good,' under Mr. Shakefist; *ergo*, he leaves the Church. I think, too, the Archdeacon's case is fully against you, as proving that the rubric does good, for if it only keeps a poor intended suicide alive to repent, what a blessing it is! and I for one do not think the cross-roads such an enormity. And when you speak of there being 'no rubric to meet the grossest immoral and anti-christian cases,' (in burial) it is plain that this arises only from our own fault in not acting up to the Church system. If we obeyed the canon, we should at once find a rubric—let the gross offender be excommunicated as he should be, and thus the rubric will keep him from Christian burial. I am sure you are right in deprecating the 'sheer show of authority, or roughness of opposition,' it would be indeed most unlike the 'tenderness of St. Paul.' But I do not, I con-

fess, see anything ‘sacred in the words of dying men,’ if those words are in opposition to the Scriptures of Truth, or to the good order and discipline of the Church. What would you say, if the dying words of a Dissenting minister were to exhort the people to persist in schism and ‘keen abuse of the Church?’ And I do confess I think that the desire of the departed to be buried in the churchyard, seems to me to imply a submission to the order of the Church service. We do not compel them to bury with us, if they dislike our rules, let them go elsewhere, we are conferring *favour* upon the separatist in not refusing him burial, as *ipso facto* excommunicate, which he is, by the canons; and surely we may claim the right to bury him upon our own terms; to force not only the person of a schismatic into our ground, but his worship also, would be an abandonment of the distinctive rights of the Church as such. And I cannot see for my part, that the feelings of separatists are to be gratified, only because one of their friends is dead, and the feelings of Churchmen set at nought, only because they are alive; not to mention that if all things are to be done to edification, and if our people are to be edified by Church principles, we are really running the risk of in-

juring their sense of Church authority (according to Article 34) to gratify those whom it can do no good ; for they will not be much conciliated to the *Church*, though they may perhaps think the parson a good-natured man, and glory in having forced their service into his ‘preserve.’

“ Now, dear Singleton, you will I hope pardon all this somewhat illiberal effusion, and the more readily, when I tell you that I never have refused to permit hymns to be sung at Dissenting funerals, yet I think principle more fully warrants those who do refuse ; and when we speak of ‘feelings,’ I must own my opinion, that the ‘feeling of duty,’ ought to be paramount to every other ; and that our sworn duty to the Church must challenge precedence before any concessions to the prejudices of mistaken piety. If I have been too censorious, let me plead cordial friendship, and let me beg an equal freedom of remark in return ; and let me again express my sincere admiration of the kindly and tender spirit of your letter.

“ You asked me a question of politics, but really I know so very little of that kind of thing, that I am not worth an opinion on such matters. I fear there may be projects for driving the Irish (and ultimately the English)

Church, to the wall. Have you seen 'The Churchman's Penny Monthly Magazine?' I am taking it in, though I don't accord always with all it contains, (some of its stories against popery are puerile indeed), because it seems to be an antidote to the furious assaults the Dissenters are making upon us through the press. If it please God, you and I should live fifty years, I wonder what we shall see in England!

"I am just now reading Tertullian's 'Apology'—it is a magnificent piece of vigorous irony, and I am struck very much, with the powerful *negative* evidence he affords as to the absence of any peculiar respect to the Blessed Virgin Mary in his day. Should you ever touch upon this subject, I could furnish you with a curious extract or two, and I have also much anti-popish matter from Lactantius—whom I do not at all regret having been set to read by your inquiries. I went through the whole of his works, except the 'De Mortibus Persecutorum,' which is not in my copy. He is a very eloquent, but not very orthodox writer—and I don't wonder at his non-canonization. I have been looking again, after the lapse of my ordained years, at the first volume of Mosheim, who appears vastly to more advan-

tage as introduced by Murdock and Soames, instead of Mac Laine. I see he gives so pleasing a character of S. Isidore Pelusiotæ, that I am anxious to see him, but he is a stranger to my library. St. Augustine's 'Confessions' I find most curious, interesting, edifying, and disappointing, the latter from the most absurd metaphysical puzzles and puerile allegories. Baxter seems to have had a *little* of his turn for subtle, ingenious, unprofitable discussion. He shews a good many traces of advancing superstition, but not a Mariolatry. By the way, I should like to get from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge Tyler's work on that subject, when I have an opportunity, for I hear it is thoroughly well done, and in the best Christian spirit. I picked up an old volume lately, Horneck's 'Great Law of Consideration.' He is a vigorous—a grand—a pathetic writer, with carelessness of manner and mixture of metaphor, and the fault common to many other divines, of comprising every article of faith and practice under the one word of Consideration (as Worthington did the same by Resignation, making it nearly the whole of religion). But, allowing for this, I think the student of Horneck would profit much.

"I am one of the few individuals who have

never read D'Aubigné, and know nothing about it, but this—that I lately travelled with a Dissenting minister—one of the most superior men of that ilk I ever met with, whose opinions I asked about it. He gave it much praise for eloquence, &c., but thought it a little coloured to make it an imposing history. This opinion, from such a quarter, I naturally attached some weight to.

“With best regards and remembrances to Miss Singleton, and in the hope of seeing you soon,

“I am, your affectionate brother in Christ,

“ARTHUR JOHN HEBERDEN.”

“An interesting and devout man is our friend Heberden,” said Ernest, as he quietly folded the letter.

“The letter of a learned man,” observed Mr. Daisy, who looked as unlearned as man or minister could possibly look.

“But,” continued Ernest, “I think he is a little hard upon the matter of ‘feeling’ now and then. I would still venture to maintain, argumentatively as Heberden puts the matter, that a case might occur when one’s humane and good feelings would prompt me to cast all rules and rubrics to the winds, although rubrics may be supposed to have been framed with reverent and charita-

ble intentions. For instance, melancholy cases of suicide might occur, in which the absence of the reasoning faculty might not be clearly proved, and the rubric might order me not to inter such a one with Christian burial, and yet I declare I could not obey it, and primarily, because I think all suicides labour under mental disturbance or mental eccentricity ; and indeed, lunatics, when planning their destruction, have the power of dissembling their feelings just previous to the committal of the act, and thus looking on the misfortune as the act of an irresponsible being, I could not deny him the name of Christian. But, besides this, there are cases of men who seem so to preserve their reason and understanding, and yet are so to be pitied and lamented in their griefs and misfortunes, that, let these men appear to be ever so reasonable, and be proved to be so, their pitiable state alone would make me wish to call them ‘dear brother,’ whether in life or in death ; and when weeping relatives are around you, and beseeching you, and who can never be comforted if their loved one be refused the rite of Christian burial,—ay, when they would readily lie down with him in their hope of his resurrection—oh, what a trial to refuse them this solace ! to banish them for this painful hour from the consecrated ground,

in denial of the consolatory exhortations of Scripture itself as used in our Service. Oh, this refusal to obey the strict letter of a rubric has nothing in common with a vaunting, presumptuous, ignorant, refusal to ‘hear the church,’ such as is too often shewn by Dissenters.”

“Quite different,” said Mr. Daisy.

“No ; Heberden will agree with me when we talk it over, I know he will, for he has real tenderness in his heart, and knows well how—

‘The right too rigid hardens into wrong ;’

“and I do like to draw out, sometimes, by saying something that will startle him, his sense of duty and his feeling of affectionateness, and the former will rarely, if ever, expel the latter.”

And Ernest proceeded to quote the following appropriate passage from the great bard,—

“*Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty : her death was doubtful :
And, but that great command o’ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
’Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her :
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done ?
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.' ”

“ But Heberden is no ‘ churlish priest,’ ” observed Ernest ; “ he is only anxious to act conscientiously in a difficult matter.”

“ Mr. Heberden always seems to be a kind man,” observed Mr. Daisy ; “ we like him very much indeed, whenever he pays us a visit.”

“ He is kind, tender-hearted, forgiving,” said Ernest solemnly, “ and he is so from principle ; but some think that severity in certain cases is the charitable principle.”

“ How can that be ? ” asked Mr. Daisy, smiling complacently.

“ Because it is thought,” replied Ernest, “ that severity may be preventive of the commission of this unhappy act, and other irreligious acts also ; and thus, perhaps it was in the hope of deterring others, that the Romans denied the rites of burial to murderers, and the Greeks to robbers of temples, betrayers of their country and other great criminals ; indeed, the ancient

Romans and the Jews, forbad these to all those who laid violent hands upon themselves ; and to uphold the same prevention we find the Christian councils, abroad and at home, forbidding the clergy to inter those who have killed themselves ; and, that this is not entirely without its use, our good Archdeacon once told me of a circumstance that happened to himself. He was passing through a town in Wales, when a ‘daft’ man, as the Scotch would say,—”

“Half-baked, as we say in these parts,” remarked Mr. Daisy.

“Well, ‘half-baked,” rejoined Ernest, “and not a bad term either, for I have discovered it in the Bible.”

“In the Bible ?” exclaimed Harriet.

“Yes, in the prophet Hosea ; and in the seventh chapter, you will read, ‘Ephraim is a cake not turned ;’ now a cake ‘not turned,’ is one but half-baked, I suppose.”

“Capital !” cried Mr. Daisy, laughing at Ernest’s ingenuity, and thinking how he himself would retail this piece of discovery.

“Well,” continued Ernest, “this poor man walked up to the Archdeacon, and looking for a minute on his clerical costume, thus accosted him, ‘I should kill myself, but they won’t bury

me—they won't bury me !” And the Archdeacon learned that the poor fellow had once attempted to drown himself, but on being told that he would not be buried in the churchyard, he had since desisted from making any attempt on his life.”

“ And is that the case to which Mr. Heberden alludes ! ” asked Harriet.

“ Yes, I mentioned it to him ; and another clergyman also gave me an instance of the same kind.”

“ Then I am sure the rubric is of use,” said Harriet.

“ I do not deny that,” said Ernest, “ but I only say that instances may occur when we should not think it Christian and humane to act according to the strict letter of the rubric, which forbids us to bury *all* who have laid violent hands on themselves, the poor lunatic equally with the *felo-de-se*, which I cannot think but wrong, because we should never think that because the Almighty thinks fit to afflict a man with mental malady, (I can say so now since poor Charles Henry has just left the room,) therefore that He will deny him the ultimate reward of a Christian—no, he was responsible up to the sad hour that deprived him of the vigour of intellect, and he is none the less a

Christian because he afterwards comprehends not the distinction."

"Very true," remarked Mr. Daisy.

"Besides," continued Ernest, "I would hope we may consider that rubrics are formed with the intention of best promoting the good order, the honour, and the humanity of the Christian Church; and if those who framed our rubrics had this intention in their minds, they would not like to see a rule rigidly persisted in, when by so doing any of these noble virtues might be liable to suffer violation, or in the smallest degree be impaired; and recollect, we do not punish the dead, but sorely afflict the living. And even when persons say that such a sentence would incite relatives to warn and exhort any friend inclined to commit self-destruction, I would answer, that, as regards themselves, they have stirring motives enough to wish to deter him, motives more powerful than any they could urge as to the future indignities on his poor corpse; and, as regards himself, I do not think in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases of suicide, any care of the corpse ever enters the mind; and if it did, other pressing feelings would overwhelm it, or why does a man destroy his living body at all? What an inconsistent and contradictory thing it is to suppose that a man will

care for the fate of his dead body, when he himself meditates the greatest injury in his power to his living one."

"For my part," exclaimed Mr. Daisy, "I would bury all who are brought; what, are corpses to lie exposed above ground?"

"Certainly not," responded Ernest; "but I think you are not quite right in your determination. It is rather a question of burial rites, than of burial itself; and my young legal friend tells me that *all* must be buried in consecrated ground, even all who have committed *felo-de-se*, if in connexion with the Church. But there may be cases in which burial rites may be refused, such as of one who has never been baptised, who glories in the omission—who lives and dies an open unbeliever; the friends of this man have no right to seek the reading of the burial service over such a one."

"But if they beg of you, and make a great lamentation?" asked Harriet, recollecting a former part of her brother's argument.

"I would still remain firm," replied Ernest; "and, kindly as I could, explain to them the whole matter,—and there is a vast difference between this case and that of an unfortunate suicide."

"Oh, I can see there is," observed Harriet;

“and yet I dare say you do sometimes use the funeral service over infidels?”

“Over worse than infidels,” said Ernest, “if such beings as infidels do exist. This is another question; and I am perfectly willing to listen to those who would affirm that our burial service, so beautifully adapted for true Christians, as our Church charitably hopes all those in communion with her may be so reckoned, is not fitted for all who are brought to us for burial.”

“But the Bishop of Exeter sternly reproved a clergyman,” remarked Mr. Daisy, “for refusing to use it over a man whom the minister thought had died in sin.”

“And the bishop may be right,” continued Ernest; “for clergymen must not do as they choose in such a matter as this, whereby a man’s memory is outraged, and the feelings of his relatives greatly disturbed: and besides, individual clergymen would have different opinions respecting a man’s religious state. While such is the law of the Church we obey it, although we may rightfully strive to obtain an alteration.”

“Come, now,” observed Mr. Daisy, “if we lay down that we *must* obey one rule or rubric, surely we *must* obey another.”

“I see to what you allude,” said Ernest; “and your allusion immensely strengthens my argument for the necessity of alteration. But the two cases are different, because the one is the cause of humanity towards the deceased and his relatives in preference to a rubric, while the other is the perpetration of an inhumanity towards the deceased and his relatives in preference to a rubrical enactment—however it might act as a warning to others—and all along I have been speaking of the humane feelings, and which I should feel to be violated did I refuse to read the service over a wicked person, and, therefore, instead of being compelled to do this violence to my own and to others’ feelings, I wish to see the service altered; and I think, when we consider the circumstances under which a corpse may be brought, and remember the awful sentences of the solemn rite, that we should hardly be thought deserving of episcopal censure, or general animadversion, in maintaining that the terms used in the office for the burial of the dead are in many cases inapplicable and inappropriate, and therefore should not be used.”

“Some cases are very bad,” observed Mr. Daisy; “but we cannot judge the final state.”

“Certainly not,” replied Ernest: “but see what occurred the other day. A man committed a most foul murder on one who was to meet him for the commission of a crime not less abhorrent to our natural and religious feelings. Now I would ask the most forbearing of Christians—those who will not judge harshly the vilest criminals, or the scarcely less vile victim, hurried, in an instant, from crime on earth to the tribunal where he must answer for it—I ask of those who do not doubt the unmeasurable mercy of God, who is willing that all men should be saved, if, nevertheless, our burial service can be intended for those who are in such condition as the wretched man to whom I allude?”

“This is a strong instance,” remarked Mr. Daisy.

“Yes, and strong instances abound,” continued Ernest. “But the other day my distant acquaintance, Richards, at the burial of an old woman who had to the last maintained herself by encouraging the iniquities of others, instead of using the words ‘our dear sister here departed,’ made use of ‘this horrid wretch here departed,’ and I need not tell you how wrongly he acted, but still he deemed it a conscientious manner of speaking. I do pray God, that cases

of this complexion may never come under my own ministration, for I am sure the struggle will be a painful one."

"Did not Mr. Benyon do something of the same kind as Mr. Richards?" asked Mr. Daisy.

"No; Benyon only said 'this one here departed,'" answered Ernest.

"And what would the Pastor of Penscellwood do?" asked Harriet.

"He," answered Ernest, "has been once or twice sorely perplexed; but he told me he thought the service ought verbatim be read, but that he always, in such cases, lowers his voice greatly at the particular words, and he advocates an alteration."

"I believe Hughes buried a man the other day," said Mr. Daisy, "who died in a drunken fit, and who had been a notorious drunkard during his life."

"A melancholy case, indeed," remarked Ernest, "and one in which the pious Bishop Wilson (the sainted Bishop of Sodor and Man), would not have performed the Christian rites of burial at all."

And he asked his sister to hand him a volume of Bishop Wilson's Works, in order that he might read the exact words, which were as

follows — words of great importance, because spoken to the Clergy in Convocation, (1720) :—

“ ‘ There is another affair,’ speaks the bishop, ‘ very well worthy our serious consideration at this time. There have, since our last meeting, been several instances of persons *dying drunk*. You all know that the rubric requires that the office for the burial of the dead shall not be used for any that lay violent hands upon themselves, which no question was designed to discourage self-murder. Whether this sin I have mentioned does not come under that denomination, is fit to be considered : I am sure if I were desired to read the office on such an occasion, *I could not do it, whatever should be the consequence, for reasons very obvious to any body who reads that office with attention.*’

“ And this,” said Ernest, closing the book, “ was the resolution of one who beautifully said, ‘ we are to be courteous and obliging toward all men. *Charity speaks kindly, deals tenderly, grieves not the hearts of the living, and treads softly upon the graves of the dead !*’ ”

“ If a bishop speaks thus to his clergy,” said Mr. Daisy, “ they could have been in no fault if they had all disobeyed, on like occasion, this rubric ; and if the clergy of one diocese are thus

exhorted, and by so famous a man, why not the clergy of other dioceses ? ”

“ We must obey our bishop,” answered Ernest, “ in all things lawful and honest ; and if we cannot deem the compliance with this rubric, at all times and on all occasions, to be honest, we must use our humble endeavours to obtain a remedy.”

“ And what remedy ? ” asked Mr. Daisy. “ Some addition, or some directing clause in the service, or some sentences to be used at will ? ”

“ Neither,” said Ernest ; “ such a plan would only serve to make matters worse ; and clergymen would still be placed in the predicament of giving great offence in substituting, according to their choice, one sentence for another. There must be omission, or one uniform alteration.”

“ How do the Dissenters do ? ” asked Mr. Daisy.

“ They,” replied Ernest, “ too often make the matter far worse than our own Church, because any thing contained in a public and general form of prayer, may not bear so necessary a reference to particular persons and events as extempore prayers, used only for a precise

occasion and over particular persons. And I have heard of Dissenters, who, having engaged a minister to deliver a funeral oration, he has passed an inflated eulogium, which people well knew was not suitable to the character of the deceased, and thus provoked many remarks of a derogatory nature both against the deceased, and against the practice of public orations on such occasions: indeed, many a Dissenting minister has been deluded by friends and relatives, so that the fault has been rather with the system, than the individuals called on and paid to officiate."

"Then would you object to burial services and funeral sermons?" asked Mr. Daisy.

"Not at all," replied Ernest: "for even as regards funeral sermons, which require to be most judiciously preached, I would agree with Hooker, and say, 'that the known benefit hereof doth countervail millions of inconveniences;' and as regards the burial service, I would not have an interpolated one, as Hugh M'Neile suggests, neither a directing clause, to use our present words or not; but I would at once alter the service in the way in which it has been altered in the American Episcopal Church, and adopt the words 'to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother.'"

“Still, brother?” asked Mr. Daisy.

“Oh! yes,” said Ernest, “all mankind are brethren. Indeed what multitudes of Dissenters could I call individually ‘dear brother,’ and even the most malignant Dissenters, and the political Burnet-style of separatists, and the Roman Catholics who regard us as heretics we may still call ‘brethren;’ for, to which of them would we not shew a brother’s kindness in their need, and, forgetting all denominational vanities and pride, fall back upon that natural tie of love and dependency, one on the other, in which the beneficent Deity has formed and bound the whole family of mankind. Yes, we are brethren, and it is their fault if we cannot, without affectation or unmeaning cant, call them dear brethren.”

“I see the distinction clearly,” said Harriet, “but it is not to these words only that many object.”

“No. There is ‘the sure and certain hope,’” replied Ernest; “but to this I do not attach much importance, because it is plain that the words apply to the general resurrection, and this will be seen when we see how we go on to speak of ‘our’ vile body, and compare it with the relative passage in the service to be used at sea: moreover it must be recollected that

‘hope of resurrection’ was changed to ‘hope of *the* resurrection’ for the purpose of obviating the criticism so often put forth,—therefore though I do not condemn the American alteration of our words to ‘looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come,’ yet I think it gives us but a distinction without a difference, the sentiment remains the same.”

“Perhaps so!” said Mr. Daisy, “and, as far as I can understand, I think we had better keep clear of American innovations. These Yankees”—

“But,” interposed Ernest, “we must not allow our prejudices to blind our eyes against the better thing; and I can tell you, that the American institutions, which you may have heard spoken against, will gain much improvement, and the improved portions much stability from the sound Episcopal Church that is among them.”

Daisy knew nothing of the Episcopal Church in America, therefore could say nothing; and Ernest wished to go and look after his friend Kerr, who, perhaps, was sitting with his attendant by the kitchen fire; moreover, sister Harriet was anxious to have the tea-things removed, for all this discussion had been con-

tinued during sipping of tea at intervals, and snatches at buttered cakes and toast.

Soon, however, Ernest returned with poor Charles Henry, who seemed to like to be let alone in a comfortable arm-chair, doubtless living in a world of his own creation, and resumed the reading from the contents of the letter-bag.

The next letter happened to be one from America: not from the United States, in which is the American Episcopal Church, but from the capital of Nova Scotia, Halifax, wherein our Church of England finds acceptance; and it was from a young gentleman of Ernest's neighbourhood, who had lately gone out on a good appointment.

“MY DEAR SINGLETON,

“I was so sorry that I had not an opportunity of acknowledging your very acceptable present of books before I left England, but as they only arrived the day before my departure, I hope you have excused my negligence. Everything that the pastor of Penscellwood writes to you is interesting and ennobling.

“I had a most disagreeable voyage, for we had a headwind almost throughout the Atlantic,

and were fifteen days *en route*, which is above the average passage.

“I was rather agreeably surprised to find, on my landing, no deep snow, or the extreme cold which I had been expecting, but since that we have had the thermometer as low as 8, and it is sometimes 10 or 12 degrees below zero, and farther from the sea 15 and 20. Winter, *i. e.*, cold weather, lasts here until June, indeed the leaves are never out till the first week of June, and rarely settled weather before the 21st, but then vegetation is very rapid. One does not feel the cold more than in England, because persons are so provided against it, by dressing in furs, and keeping up large fires in their houses day and night, and double window sashes are very common.

“The town of Halifax has, I understand, been very much improved of late years and the wooden houses have a clean and neat appearance, the sides being generally painted white or stone colour, and the roofs painted in imitation of slate. The Church of England is in a flourishing state in this town, there are two churches, and a third about to be built. The bishop (Dr. Inglis) is a fine old man, and an unwearied labourer in the cause of religion.

I should think that he is about seventy years of age, remarkably healthy and active. I dined with him last week, and was much edified by his pious conversation. The new bishop of Newfoundland (Dr. Field) seems to be a very excellent man: you have probably seen his primary Charge which was copied into some English newspapers. He is now in the Bermudas, but is expected here in about ten days *en route* to Newfoundland. He stayed in this town about a fortnight last autumn, and I heard him preach two or three admirable sermons; one on the duty of Christian congregations to support their minister, and devote a tithe of their property to the Church, might have been well heard by some of the ruling powers of England. The Bishop of New Brunswick has been here, and though report has said that he has imbibed some 'Puseyite' doctrines, I do not believe that there is any foundation for it, and how unfair it is that prejudice should undeservedly set in against any man.

"A Mormonite place of worship was lately erected here, but I believe that their community only consists of the lowest of the people at present.

"There is also a Roman Catholic bishop in the town, and the Roman Catholic chapel is

the most conspicuous building here; they have also two or three chapels in the neighbourhood, and the poor in general, who consist of Irish, are Roman Catholics. The wealthier classes are mostly Protestants; and there are also a great number of Dissenters, Presbyterians, Baptists, et hoc genus omne: the Baptists publish a weekly newspaper of which I will send you a specimen; it is a narrow-minded affair, but suits their peculiarities. Eight or ten newspapers are published in this place weekly, (I will send them,) varying very slightly in the quantity or quality of the information they contain.

“I attended the debate in our provincial parliament one day, and was quite disgusted with the proceedings, for it was a very warm discussion, and each member seemed to think it his duty to heap as much personal abuse as possible on his opponent. I have never been since. The leading government member is an Anabaptist: he dissented, with two or three other gentlemen of Halifax, from the Church of England a few years since. The Roman Catholics are influential in the house, and there are also many Presbyterians, Methodists, &c. You will be surprised to hear that the members of this, our House of Commons, are paid

1*l.* per diem (limited however to 40*l.*) for their attendance; and they consist of farmers, tradesmen, &c. The 'House of Lords,' however, perform their work gratis; or rather on condition of receiving the title of "honourable."

"I paid a visit to an Indian encampment last week. It consisted of about six wigwams, with a family in each; the wigwams being built of poles inclining inwards, with an aperture at the top, serving as a window and chimney; and these poles are covered with birch bark and spruce-fir branches, the latter of which with a blanket or two, they sleep upon. Their domestic furniture generally consists of a pot for boiling, a hatchet, a knife or two, and two or three old guns, and a trunk to carry their work, &c. They seldom remain above a month or two in the same place, in which they resemble the English gipsies; the Indian men make baskets, hunt and fish, &c.; and their squaws work very neatly, little boxes, canoes, ladies' reticules, &c., with dyed porcupines' quills and beads. They are a very dirty, degenerate race of people; and, until the last year or two, were much addicted to spirit drinking: but now many have taken the abstinence pledge, and are im-

proved in that respect. They are Roman Catholics to a man, and wear little leaden crucifixes, crosses, &c., around their necks. They live on moose or porcupine meat; and in fact, they will eat almost anything. They have a great prejudice against allowing their children to be educated, which the priests hardly like to attempt to remove, but they are a remarkably honest people: very few of them speak English.

“I am sorry I cannot tell you anything about our neighbours the Yankees; but they have a great dislike to Halifax, its government, &c., and there is only one American family (the Consul’s) in this town.”

Ernest paused, because the remainder of the letter was taken up with private inquiries, and messages of remembrances; among which latter, the writer hoped that “aisy Mr. Daisy was smiling and happy as ever;” at which our good-humoured friend was much pleased.

The next letter was from an old Etonian schoolfellow, and Ernest handed it to his sister to read aloud, while he and Mr. Daisy carelessly stretched themselves by the fire. It ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR SINGLETON,

“Your welcome and kind letter has been in my mind ever since I received it, and I owe you many apologies for allowing a mental brooding over the past to come in the way of the obvious duty and pleasure of the present. Day after day have I delayed writing, partly from the above cause, combined with a considerable amount of domestic interruptions, which did not afford me that exactly leisurable state of mind which I think desirable when about to recall the recollections of past days.

“We have travelled, dear Singleton, on our earthly journey, sufficiently at least to gather some experience; and to form some sure opinions on the matters that *most* of all concern us. Your destiny in the world was not confined to pulling the stroke oar in the gallant boat, the *Hibernia*; and I was not sent into the world *only* to pull No. 3, and to be laughed at by all who saw a fellow cutting crabs in a nightcap, and retarding the course of his excellent captain. At Cambridge, as you know, our river is a ditch more dull and muddy (*Vide* ‘Hours of Idleness,’) than the fellow of a college; so I was obliged, when there, to feed on the recollection of Surley Hall, that

‘Pirate’s Isle’ of bread and cheese, and porter. A tide of recollections comes pouring in upon me, but to prevent a deluge, I must put up the barrier of silence at present.

“We have both become men: and the cares of life have already, perhaps, written more thoughtful lines on your physiognomy and mine. One thing has forced itself on my conviction, that I care not for friends *in after life*, as I do for those of my boyhood: I can bow to them, be civil, drink their vintage, and give them the best of my own; but I *cannot* slap any one on the back, as I would you, if I saw you: and say ‘Old fellow! how are you?’ How many endearing reflections must be at work to stimulate that honest familiarity and confidence! how life is made up of form, worldly and conventional, all! *Then* its kindness was undissembled, and its friendship felt and acted on, rather than ostentatiously professed. I have a lot of friends who would go to the world’s end for me, and eat cake and drink wine at my burial. Alas! the weakness of the heart, the hollowness of every day profession! The friendships of youth have something fresh and affectionate and lasting about them, that can seldom be supplied by the cold and studied formalities of after life. The oldest

and best bottle of port, with all its glories of crust and bee's-wing, would be as insipid to me as sentiment to a Scotchman, compared with a sight of my noble-minded old captain, who tolerated me so long in all my aquatic blundering at Eton.

“It gives me the sincerest pleasure to think that you are in holy orders: the very profession, of all others, for a contemplative, yet energetic mind. You are a curate, I am in rectorial possession. The living I hold is in my father's gift, worth about a thousand a year; and as a fit place, being on the slope of a south hill, surrounded with shrubberies, and having a fine view, ranks as the prettiest place for a parsonage in this diocese of Bath and Wells. I think it pretty, but not so pretty as some do. The Church is the best feature, blending with the scenery most picturesquely. *The lines, you will say, are fallen to me in pleasant places;* and you will remind me of the work to be done for the reward. When the railroad is set up, cannot you run down, and look in on my domestic arrangements? I only be prepared for the slap on the back: I do not hit like a mad Irishman, although I am not cold-hearted. Poor Leith! that strong and iron man to be laid low; and I, who

used to live on physic, to be in a situation to feel sorrow for him. I am still ailing, and feel at times as irresolute and indolent as Hamlet the Dane ; for three years I had a long illness which kept me a recluse, and during that time I felt so keenly the utter nothingness of our frail condition, that the impression (though my strength be much restored) has left on my mind what Shelley calls ‘ a deep autumnal tone.’ In other respects I am a duodecimo turned into an octavo, with the same foolish conceits and quaint fancies I had when you and I used to ramble in poetical mood through Windsor and Stoke Parks, along the banks of Chalvey, or adown Datchet’s shady lane.

“ My old acquaintance, (to whom you so favourably allude,) Price of Rugby, was a clever fellow at Laleham ; patient, persevering, successful. Montague Parker, late M.P. for South Devon, is not a public man ; too amiable perhaps, and he loves the ‘ *Securum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.*’ With respect to Dr. Pusey, I am a Catholic in my sympathies, and would go far to restore a *devotional* spirit to the Church of England ; but I cannot help regarding his party as another *extreme* to the still worse one of the Calvinistic priesthood. I abhor Calvin’s errors as much as I respect

his truth, and I love Catholic devotion as much as I suspect its superstitions and arbitrary tendencies. The Church of England to my mind is a sober, devotional, moral Institution; with the spiritual grace overruling the outward sign; and opposed alike to Calvinistic heresy and Puseyite schism. I do not, remember, *dogmatise*; you, or any other faithful *dog* may bark, and drown my voice, which is not oracular. You ask me what I think, and I have spoken. *Stare in antiquas vias*, is my motto: and it is no use to tell me that the new scheme *is* the olden path. It is new to me, and comes like an innovation. I trust the two factions will neutralize each other, and the sober-minded part of the church will benefit by their stopping each other's progress: and the new and young party are much clipped since Newman's departure, and all the bishops seem opposed to them.

“And now for the word ‘which makes us linger;’ but in wishing you farewell, it is with a hope of soon again hearing from you. Tell me of all your parochial labours, for I know you must be diligent therein; and I may gain some useful hints for the pastoral work, which sometimes knocks me up. I have seldom had a greater pleasure than in seeing your signa-

ture; you, who left Eton amid the sorrowful farewells of all who knew you, and when my heart ached indeed. Oh! the voice of an old friend sounds like the melody of music amid the din and jar of worldly salutations, and puts me in good temper with things around me. Matilda (*i. e.* my rib) desires me to say everything that is kind for her, and with the best wishes of 'an old and ancient ally,' I remain, dear Singleton,

“Your sincere friend,

“FRANK H. OAKLEY.”

Harriet Singleton marked the impression made by this letter on her brother, especially since the allusion to Leith's death, (Sir Alexander Wellesley Leith, who died at Madeira,) for he was his bosom companion in all Etonian studies and pastimes, and therefore seeing a business-like looking sort of letter, she took it up, and without hesitation began reading it. It was from one of the leading commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sanatory Condition of the Dwellings of the Working Classes resident in Towns.

“DEAR SIR,

“I beg instantly to acknowledge the receipt of your letter respecting the dwellings

of the poor in rural districts. I fully concur with you in the views you take, and lament deeply that there are no regulations to enforce, in and about the cottages of the humbler classes, those decent conveniences and comforts which are necessary alike for their physical and moral improvement.

“My experience leads me to a conclusion, that wherever the decencies of life are disregarded, whether from abject poverty, neglect, or whatever cause, all self-respect and regard for decorum are soon abandoned, and that moral and religious feelings are quickly forgotten, and the low and worst propensities of our nature have full scope and power.

“For the enduring, as well as temporary, interest of the working classes, and through them for the safety of the rest, it is of the greatest consequence that these things should be considered and amended. As to getting the tenant farmer, who underlets the cottages, to attend to improvements, I fear it is a vain effort generally. But the landlord or owner ought, by himself or agent, to see the dwellings are properly attended to; and I think a remonstrance from the clergyman and a few respectable persons would generally do much good. I think, too, a voluntary society, periodically

to inspect and report the state of cottages once a year, would work much improvement in most rural parishes. Yet there ought to be *some* authority to enforce their remonstrance.

“The case of the neglect of the dwellings of the poorer classes in great towns is, however, pregnant with far worse consequences in all points of view. At present I am turning my anxious attention to suggest practical remedies for this great evil, which presses on the minds of all desirous to raise the tone of moral and religious feeling among these multitudes! I do not despair (after the more pressing cases of the poor inhabitants of towns are in some manner relieved) that some regulations may be laid down, (and the basis of your plan is admirable,) to lessen the mischief you so feelingly describe, and which, I know, exists in many places. I was fortunate enough to induce the Royal British Agricultural Society to offer a prize for the best essay on the construction and comfort of cottages, and a prize essay has been produced by a Suffolk clergyman, which will be printed, and, I hope, lead to some easy improvement in the construction of many. If you will allow me I will transmit it to you, as soon as I receive copies.

“ With many thanks for your kind suggestions, which will be really useful,

“ I remain, very truly yours,

“ * * * * ”

Harriet opened another letter from a somewhat eccentric clergyman (another Daisy, but with more worldly acuteness) and Ernest himself read it.

“ DEAR SINGLETON,

“ When your last letter came I was in the great city, among the merchant princes. I was at Lord John’s election six weeks ago, *scrunched* in a crowd of two or three thousand folks, my hat squeezed up flat,—was close to the little man, who looks exactly like Stultz the tailor; crafty little fellow—slow speaker—not thinking what he *should* say, but thinking what he should *not* say. Well, will you be Premier? Once upon a time clergymen used to fill all the high offices of state; but, somehow or other, they have fallen away. They are not adequate to business now, owing to being spoiled in the bringing up, and in the great change that is to come over us all very soon, I cannot think what the helpless ones will do to live. Free trade is now to be the law, and tithes will

gallop away, and it will be no better, but far worse, for the farmer than if he paid them. One might have foreseen this Free Trade from the Whig motion for a fixed duty, and their staking their existence on it. They were driven to try it from knowing through the merchants and commercial men that the whole system was worn out, and Sir Robert found it also out from the mercantile world, so ministers were compelled to bring it on, and the matter was precipitated by Lord John's letter. And really the old corn law was immoral, for it amounted to a prohibition of the plenty that Providence kindly bestows on the world. England has been the dearest country as to prices and ought always to have been the cheapest—will it become so now? The Protectionists fought their battle well, if I was Sir Robert, I would withdraw from Parliament until they mended their manners, be another Coriolanus. What do you do with farmers, and your roads? With us they wont stir except by compulsion. What a pity that the most delightful employment on earth is in the hands of the most grumbling and dissatisfied,—and, oh dear, what uphill work,—that one's life should be to preach to such. No fruits ever likely to follow. Strange that every class strives after improvement, save and

except the agricultural class. Perhaps this *corner* of the county is the worst. Such idleness, poverty, and pride,—quite amazing,—and what is to become of them in the changes, that are coming on, I cannot think ! Corn cannot be grown to compete with foreigners, and though some might do well by cattle, they think it beneath their dignity to look after them. To be sure, the aristocracy of the rich is bad, but the aristocracy of poverty is contemptible.

“Just now in the papers I read this: A carpenter broke off the fine point of a steel tool, and it fastened into his eye; he could get no relief from the doctors, but passing by a shop he saw, in the window a large magnet, and had it applied, and drew out the steel immediately. This is something to know.

“You did not mention who was the preacher at your Visitation. Ours was Moran of Baliol College, Oxford. His voice feeble,—so one could only gather the substance: that he was against the Tractarians, yet he would talk a great deal in favour of Apostolical succession, though how this said succession comes down to us, he did not know. I have often heard this remark, ‘well, you church folks say a great deal about Apostolical succession, and if there

is such a thing, it *must* come through the Romish church, and then what a box you are in.' It is time the talk of it was over, but Moran is quite a wise man, the best writer of pure Latin, learned in ecclesiastical things, and so on.

"I agree with you as to animals. They have a portion of reason we all allow, and that bye-and-bye it will be more fully developed, we must expect, according to St. Paul's words, 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth,' &c. Search into them further, and we find all the common attributes of a soul.

"I suppose the Irish Church must be endowed for the sake of peace, and according to the plan in France, all sects will have their clergy paid by government, and there seems no objection against it.

"As to the Evangelical Alliance,—if it *really were* Evangelical, oh! what a charming sound. Now I have heard the *word* these thirty years, and always found it a *misnomer*, a word assumed by some very zealous persons, who wished to shut all the doors of heaven against the greatest portion of their fellow-creatures. I was spending a day with a clergyman called 'Evangelical.' Says he, 'Ah! I often think of your uncle now dead, he and I were

at college together, a very nice person, but he may be gone to hell for all that.' 'Indeed,' says I, 'why so?' 'Because he was fond of a rubber at whist.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'how do you prove that?' 'Prove it,' says he, 'by these words: 'Come out and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing.' Here was a sham inference, for St. Paul was speaking on a subject very different. And this is the way (oh ! shade of Sidney Smith) with many gentlemen who get into the 'pulpit.'

"A few months ago I went to a chapel in Tavistock Place. The clergyman said in his sermon these words, 'There are many worthy persons, very fond of reading the Bible, they have it in their houses ; but when they read it they don't see the meaning of it ; and what is the inference,—why that they will all be damned.'

"Here is another strange inference, is it not quite shocking ?

"Well, shall you or I take it in hand to set things right in the religious world ? It must be you ; youth must do it. Some earnest person, simple-minded withal, is to bring about the change. Too many of us are spoiled for the job, for what with black gowns, and surplices, and worldly things, we are hampered and made

unfit, and I don't know any Church that is *adapted* for the grand reform.

"Some man as plain and simple as Elijah or John the Baptist is to start up some day, and take us away from all our ramblings, and from all the strange system of Christianity that we and our forefathers have lived in, and we shall absolutely know what we might have known before, that religion is 'Glory to God,—peace on earth, goodwill towards men.'

"Puseyism has infected the potatoes! but as Dr. Pusey eats nothing, he wont care. I have a Catholic stomach, it doesn't like self-denial, lean fellows these Tractarians, self-disciplinarians doubtless, and so beginning at the right end.

"Best regards to your sister.

"Ever yours truly,

" * * * "

"A funny letter," exclaimed Ernest, as he laid it aside, and reached forth another, written in more learned looking hand-writing.

"Some true points in it," replied Mr. Daisy, who seemed to have enjoyed it.

"Yes; but an elderly man," observed Ernest "while he allows that changes are wanting, likes to have a fling at any that may be in

actual action ; he feels it hardly worth while to go into the matter deeply, and therefore leaves it to the youthful and energetic minds in the Church,—at least, careless old men do, who have no prominent station in the church and don't now desire it."

" And yet wisdom is with the ancient ones," said Mr. Daisy as though pronouncing a proverb, and thinking it too wise for his lips.

" Yes, undoubtedly so," said Ernest, " I only speak of the old country clergy who have led quiet and observant lives, but don't like to come forward," and he opened the letter in his hand, and began reading:—

" MY DEAR SINGLETON.

" I sent you an instalment a week ago. I now resume my argument.

" How do you know that any living being will survive the grave? On what does the belief of our own immortality rest?

" Many would answer at once, Scripture tells us so ; and doubtless this is a complete answer for those who will avoid all philosophy. But clearly this belief is too all-important,—is indeed too much mixed up with the history of man in all nations not to excite an anxious desire to see more into its foundations. Indeed

the Bible all along presupposes it ; and the Bible would have small recommendation to a man who was firmly persuaded that immortality was a fiction. The truth of the Bible could not be proved to such a man.

“It must never be forgotten that the Bible all along presupposes a certain amount of natural religion ; a certain number of the deepest truths preexisting in the natural conscience. This is a fact too commonly lost sight of, but of which the importance cannot well be exaggerated.

“And so I am brought to a principle which is the master principle in my view of reason and revelation ; on which their mutual bearings can alone be explained. I mean this :—If the Bible developed to us a new view of man from what he is known to be by nature, the discordance between nature and revelation would be most distressing. But the truth of Christianity is imperishable, is irresistible, because it does not advance a single doctrine or truth which is not founded on man’s natural constitution, and cannot be shewn to be in full harmony with it. It gives *authority*, light, clearness to the old truths ; but the truths and doctrines themselves are clearly seen to rest on the most profound analysis of men, exterior to revelation.

Thus the great doctrines of the fall, of the idea of a holiness for which we were created, but of which we fall short : sense of man's sin, of the need of an Atoner, a Redeemer, a Reconciler with God, these are the most cardinal truths of Christianity, and all can be shewn to be borne out by man's natural conscience. And therefore you may always feel assured that the identity of revelation, and the dictates of the natural conscience is most profound ; and as a corollary, never believe a doctrine to be well founded, which pretends to quote the authority of the Bible, and yet is repugnant to man's reason. Christianity is the religion of *man*—of the man created and living in this world ; and because it is so, because it exhibits a perfect idea of man, because it takes up every one of the truths he is impressed with, and satisfies every aspiration of his nature ; for these irresistible reasons its truth is as certain as it is possible to be.

“ To come back then ; the Bible proclaims the immortality of the soul, but implies that this is a truth known before to *belief*, but needing other and stronger *confirmation*.

“ Philosophers have often rested the proof of our immortality on the *immateriality* of the soul. This proof has always appeared to me

to be worthless ; and this was the view of Dr. Arnold to which you refer. Every syllable uttered on this ground in favour of man's immortality tells quite as strongly in favour of that of brutes. Whatever is urged regarding the difference of spirit and matter holds quite as truly of the powers of the brute, of memory, thought, intelligence, and, in many cases, of reasoning enough to provide against sudden emergencies. The dog, the horse, and the bee possess powers of mind as distinct from those of solid matter as our own can possibly be made out to be.

“ Whence then do we learn our own immortality ? From our *moral* nature ; from the nature which reveals to us *duty*, thence God, then the nature of God, of moral good and evil, and, finally, of the *need* and the *justice* of retribution. It is the *wrongness* of the present world, the triumphs of sin, the sufferings of goodness, which reveal to us, *along with the nature of God*, the need, and THEREFORE the certainty of a ‘ new world hereafter to redress the balance of the old.’ Now, as we have no evidence that brutes have this moral nature, have any sense of justice, any feelings which this world cannot satisfy, for these reasons I disbelieve their immortality. Physical pain

they doubtless endure ; but, taken as a whole, the balance of physical enjoyment is vastly in their favour, and hence their existence is justified, and there is no necessity for a second life.

“ And in agreement with all this, Scripture says nothing of a future existence of brutes ; one proof more of the wonderful truth of Scripture, of its coming from the God who made the world.

“ I do not know whether I have satisfied you : I shall be glad to hear objections : but, for my own part, I feel no doubt. I believe our souls are immortal, because there is moral evil and moral good to be dealt with according to its deserts : and this I believe, from natural conscience ; and when I go to the Bible, I find every word it utters built upon this supposition.

“ Not finding this condition in brutes, I believe their existence to terminate with this life, or am willing to regard their present state in this world as an incomprehensible one.

“ And now I come to that most painful of matters on which you make inquiry : although so many letters have passed between us since the awful event. It was on a Friday that the annual school speeches took place, and Dr. Ar-

nold received the company assembled to hear them in his house as usual, distributed the prizes, &c.; and every one was pleased to see him apparently in such health and spirits, for he had only recently recovered from an attack of fever. On Saturday he attended to school business, made promotions, gave prizes, &c.—afterwards he bathed in the river, and quite late attended the supper given to the boys at the School House the last night of the half year. He had friends in his house with whom he walked and talked with his wonted animation and interest; and he retired to rest after making a remarkable entry in his journal, which you have seen. Keeping a journal was a new habit with him, only begun on the Trinity Sunday before, when he mentioned his intention of doing so; adding, he had been wrong in hitherto undervaluing a practice from which many holy men had derived and recorded so much benefit. He slept well, awakening at half past five o'clock in the morning, when he got up to put out the rushlight; but his awakening so early was unusual, and Mrs. Arnold inquired if he felt unwell? Our dear friend replied calmly, that he had a pain in his chest (which it appears he had felt on Saturday), and she asked what she could get

to relieve it, but he said it would go off, and he returned to his bed. At half-past six the uneasiness so much increased, with pain in the left arm, that Mrs. Arnold became alarmed, and insisted on getting up and sending for medical advice, and called her son and the servants: the pain all this while was at some times excruciating. He then recollected having promised to do duty at the New Church, and requested Mrs. Arnold to write to ask Mr. Mayor to take it for him, as he should not be equal to it; and she was in the act of sealing the note when the medical man came. Doctor Arnold immediately inquired what was the nature of the attack—whether it was Angina Pectoris (his father having died of that complaint,) and rapidly asked a number of questions concerning it, and whether it was not always fatal—all which the medical man truthfully answered; feeling, as he himself expressed it, there was something in his look and manner, that he could no more have attempted to deceive him than the Almighty himself. He was given strong hot brandy and water, mustard and vinegar plasters were applied to his chest, thighs, and feet. Mrs. Arnold returned to the room and he said: ‘*Our Lord said unto Thomas, Thomas, because thou hast seen me,*

thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed;’ he then desired her to read the 51st Psalm, repeating earnestly after her the 12th verse: ‘*Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit.*’ She then read the Prayer from the visitation of the sick, beginning ‘Hear us,’ &c.; and then the exhortation beginning, ‘Take therefore in good part, &c.’ He had before desired his son to thank God for him, and explained it by saying he had suffered so little pain in his life, that he fervently thanked God for this suffering; and when Mrs. Arnold read ‘but if ye be without chastisement whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards and not sons,’ he earnestly repeated it, and she read down to ‘everlasting life.’ She then left the room, and the medical man endeavoured to give another draught, but the spasms returned with renewed violence; she and the children were called, he stretched out his arms, breathed heavily a few times, and expired at eight o’clock; leaving a bright example of faith and patience to the last, and the best commentary on his Christian life is the holy calm with which, in the midst of life and seeming health, he knowingly confronted death *instantly* before him. *Mark the perfect man,*

and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace. And so it was with him ; not a murmur escaped his lips, not a thought even for those he was leaving was permitted to disturb the serenity of his soul, evidently so ripe for glory.

“ You can hardly imagine the sorrow and consternation in Rugby on the painful event becoming known. For a time it could not be believed, and when the sad tidings were found to be true, men seemed to be bewildered and dumb-founded ; while many burst into passionate crying and the loud wail of lamentation. I have lost a friend, Singleton, never, *never* to be replaced ; and all of us, as dear Moultrie wrote, may exclaim,

“ ‘ Alas for us !

Who knew him, who beheld and felt the power
Of goodness which abode in him, and yet
Scarce loved it ’till ’twas lost ! ’

Yes, he is lost to us, but it is all gain to him. I can write no more, for memory is gushing forth in its thousand rills ; we cannot be like him, but, dear Singleton, let us strive to follow after him.

“ Your affectionate friend,

“ G. D. H.”

“ Malvern.”

The next letter was from a very valued friend, and Ernest read the whole of it aloud.

“MY DEAR SINGLETON,

“I like your idea much of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Arnold, both being ‘good men;’ ay, personally good, who will deny it? It is such a shame for newspapers, and magazines, and private persons to utter all kinds of deteriorating matter against persons who agree not with their principles, and to seek to overthrow opinions in battering down and defiling an upright man. You know I cherish decided opinions, but still I will pray against any infection of the popular vice of the day—detraction.

“The ‘Memoirs of Dr. Arnold’ I have just read; and you, I can well imagine, see much to love and admire in the man. Do you not wish that they contained the letters of Dr. Arnold’s very eminent correspondents, such as Mr Justice Coleridge, and the Chevalier Bunsen? But this is a rich treat which may be still in store for the public mind.

“That Dr. Arnold was a thorough scholar and a sincere Christian there can be no doubt. Yet it may be said of him, as it must be said of us all, and even of the Catholic church, that ‘the treasure is in earthen vessels.’ His

mind was, if we may say so of any one, too refined: his taste too fastidious. Faults these upon the right side: and happily that which partakes both of virtue and elegance prevented his less likeable sentiments from having a wide influence, or from being worked at all into action. Arnold's opinions on some things may be called *directly detrimental* to the peace of society; for they would have unsettled everything, settled nothing, and not at all ameliorated (as far I can quietly judge,) the condition of any class of the people. Fortunately then, he had not the power of a Napoleon, or even an O'Connell, in leading men to his will, however they privately loved him. See how he writes to his dearest friend, Archbishop Whateley: 'I have no man likeminded with me, none with whom *I can cordially sympathise*; there are many good men to be found, and many clever men, *some, too, who are both good and clever*; but yet there is a want of some greatness of mind, or singleness of purpose, or delicacy of feeling, which make them *grate against the edge of one's inner man*.' This was written when he most felt his difference with the so called 'evangelical' portion of the Church. We need not think he looked on 'good and clever men' with any-

thing of a Byronic disdain, but still we see that if he could not work with *them*, he could not work with any on this side heaven.

“I must confess that I myself do plead guilty to the entertainment of this feeling in common with Arnold. Sometimes I conceive what I hold to be great and pure things, but when we come to work them out with men, they become soiled; no, *they* do not, but our contact with the men wearies and disappoints us in our work. And the deeper and more absorbing our thoughts on some great subjects, the more we are obliged to keep them to ourselves. Our neighbours, with the fewest exceptions, will not enter into our feelings, so we must walk the world alone, with a wall on the right hand and on the left; silent on that which most fills our minds; because men will not treat it so feelingly, so reverentially, so earnestly, as we desire them.

“There are many sound and bright things spoken by Arnold, which I may venture to admire more than will his host of admirers. I like what he says to Chevalier Bunsen on the ‘movement’ party both in France and England, his detestation of ‘Jacobinism,’ ‘godless utilitarianism,’ and cry for ‘cheap governments;’ and in his character of the Whigs he mani-

feels his honesty and pureness of mind. With equal nicety of discernment, he notices a vulgar saying of Wesley's, and observes, 'In Christ's communication with His apostles there is always a marked dignity and delicacy, a total absence of all that coarseness and vulgarity into which Wesley's doctrine would infallibly lead us.'

"In Arnold, as in all liberal minds, there was a noble appreciation of the holy and beautiful things of the Church of Rome. You remember what he says of the cathedral at Bourges, and how he loved and honoured All Saints Day, and would have restored the observation of All Souls' Day, as well as have revived a kind of penitential discipline; moreover, he was remarkable for his observance of Lent; yes, he loved the reality of all holy things and seasons, while he could not bow down merely to the symbols; and thus Archdeacon Hare says truly enough, 'He was an iconoclast, and at once zealous and fearless in demolishing the reigning idols, and at the same time animated with *a reverent love for the ideas* which these idols carnalise and stifle.'

"Arnold's love for Coleridge and Wordsworth at once give him a place in my good books. How he wished never to leave Fox

How, his darling retreat on the lakes, 'till his bones should go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the Rotha with its deep and silent pools passing by.' You will think, when you read this, of Wordsworth's own beautiful lines on a selected spot of beauty.

"What an advantage it is to be able to concentrate one's talents on worthy things, and not fritter and scatter them away. Arnold threw much away in his 'Englishman's Register' which came to a premature close; his 'Educational Journal,' and in publishing tracts and magazines; but still his 'Thucydides,' his 'History of Rome,' and his volumes of 'Sermons,' have rescued his great mind from oblivion. I think he would have supported many of Lord Ashley's humane projects, for certainly he had the welfare of the poorer and working classes much at heart. Oh, he had an earnest and energetic mind, and was a sincere and pure-minded Christian! The last time I beheld him he was in tears; he silently wept amid the throng at the time that Dr. Hampden may be said to have been on his trial at Oxford, whither Arnold had gone up from Rugby, with all the votes he could muster, to his support. Any praise, be it

remembered, that I have bestowed on Arnold, comes from one, who in no way agreed with him on Church matters, and who cannot tolerate that 'Introduction' to his sermons on 'Christian Life, its Course, &c. ;' or his Appendix to vol. iii. of another collection of Discourses. Arnold's uncompromising opposition to the Oxford divines appears to me like a monomania, and I think this must be apparent to any man who will read Newman's Sermons, certainly the foremost and most elevating production of the present age ; and yet he could say, 'I believe him to be in most serious error : I believe his system to be so destructive of Christ's Church, that I earnestly pray, and would labour to the utmost of my endeavours for its overthrow ;' and to shew how he disliked the system more than its authors, he says : 'I nothing doubt that there are many points in Mr. Newman, in which I might learn truth from his teaching, and should be glad if I could come near him in his practice.' And yet, with all his dislike to 'Puseyite' principles and practice, he wished to see the Roman Catholic religion established in Ireland ; which, with 'little improvements,' he thought would be 'an image of a primitive Christian Church.' Surely he must have thought that

the *great* improvements of our Reformers must have been carried too far, or why hold her up (the Roman Church lesser reformed) as the exemplar of a pure and perfect Church.

“ Dr. Arnold attacks Newman by name, but never vituperates Dr. Pusey. It is said he had a peculiar reason for this, some reverential respect for the man, some sacred feeling for the awful sincerity that marked his daily path. And this brings me to talk of Dr. Pusey. I look upon him as the most heavenly-minded man of the age. His persecutions won me over to him, the persecutions from that secret conclave at Oxford. As a Catholic Christian stayed on the universal voice of the Church, the restoration of ancient and hallowed feelings did not come in with that charm of novelty on me, as to excite newborn zeal. I have ever tried to belong to no party, but only to be guided by Revelation, and the Church of God.

“ But, if ever temptation to swerve from such a determination is great, it is in the awful hour of persecution ! If even there be but a semblance of persecution, all honourable and affectionate feelings are excited, and nerved to the sticking point.

“ Yes ; honourable feelings *were* excited. It

seemed such a cowardly thing to gag and silence him. Now he was not the popular idol of a multitude: he was not as one set up to advocate the mercenary advantages of a great party. He was not supported by the passions of men; no platform eloquence, no gatherings of the people, no political hosts rallied round his throne. No; his followers were learned, pious, self-denying men—spiritual men, that sought no help or countenance from the world. They might cling to their leader in the darkest hour of his distress and peril, nobly complying with the steady exhortation of St. Cyril, ‘look to it, lest thou recant in the time of persecution. Rejoice not in the cross in time of peace only, but hold fast the same faith *in the time of persecution also*. When war shall come, *strive then with high heart for thy king:*’ this, I say, might have been the heroic course, and the expected one, of his followers, but still they were few in numbers, of a nature not to appeal to a clamorous and conquering world, and so it was cowardly in such an arbitrary manner to silence their chief. Doubtless they felt it severely. The idea of persecution always magnifies itself, because sympathy is its support. They saw their loved leader under the ban of those they considered to be inferior to him;

they heard him pleading for open accusation, while wounded by the suddenness and secrecy of the judgment; they pictured to themselves the martyr meek under oppression, yet feeling acutely the chain riveted around him, and even, could he be proved to err, the amount of such proof under persecution could not abate one tittle of the heart's affection and anxiety for his welfare! As your Wordsworth singeth:—

“ ‘ Thus was Alban tried,
England's first martyr, whom no threats could shake;
Self-offered victim, *for his friend he died,*
And for the faith! ’ ”

“ O surely they felt all this, but what could they do; their weapons could only be resignation and prayer.

“ Some others, who were not of Dr. Pusey's party, might have felt feelings of compunction, because, unless a man's bigotry absolutely blinds and enslaves him, he loves fair play, open and generous dealings with a foe. I am one that so abhor and detest those human scrutinies into human opinions, and think they minister so much to human pride and self-righteousness, that I could not be prevailed upon to take part in the matter of Dr. Hampden—indeed, my sympathy was with him, for I felt, in the spirit of the words, ‘ Let him alone ;

if this counsel be of men, it will come to nought, but if of God, ye cannot overthrow it ; lest haply ye be found to fight against God.' Well, Pusey is now restored to the Oxford pulpit, and has since published two or three sermons. He has also been very ill, and is excessively attenuated, but pursues his course faithful and persevering as ever. He never will go over to the Church of Rome, no offers can bribe him, his understanding is opposed to such a step more than his heart, and had Newman remained with us, this great party would have ultimately gained influence, and elevated the Church of England to a spiritual eminence, higher than she has known for centuries. Of Pusey it shall still be said,

“ ‘ He lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind ; his heart
Beats to heroic things of ancient days ;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.’

“ And the Church of England is filled with the heroic things of ancient days—and it is our duty, as it is our privilege, to look into that antiquity which is the handmaid and exponent of scriptural truth. ‘ The Fathers,’ cries Dr. Pusey, ‘ are subordinate to the Scriptures ; ’ and again, ‘ The Fathers are not equalled, much less preferred to Holy Scriptures ; ’ and Dr. Arnold writes,

‘I have always supposed it to be a mere enemy’s caricature of our Protestant doctrine, when any are supposed to maintain that it is the duty of each individual to make out his faith *de novo*, from the Scriptures alone, without regard to any other authority, living or dead.’ Here, you see, both these great and good men lead us to the Fathers of our Church.

“The case is this. Good and wise men have taken different views of the meaning of Scripture, indeed you may bring twelve of the best Christians of different denominations into a room, and you cannot get them to agree. It may be said, that God’s spirit would guide those who sought it sincerely ; but when all these do pray for divine aid with equal sincerity, and still maintain their opposite views, who shall decide ? We plainly need some fixed principle by which the meaning of Scripture may be decided. It must be something external to ourselves, it must not change and shift according to our state of feeling, or degree of mental information, but be fixed, lasting, and clearly discerned. And such a rule the Church declares them to have in that one specific system of faith which has existed from the earliest stages of Christianity : a system embodied in the acts and teachings of the ancient worthies

and which had its formal expression in the creeds. This is the only safe interpreter and guide—it is a guide for the wayfaring man who takes it from his Common Prayer and Creeds, and it is the best guide to the most learned men who may desire to look into the foundation of those Prayers and Creeds. The invariable fixedness of the past can alone surely guide us in the present age. Were the meaning of Scripture to vary, according to the interpretation put upon it by any living authority, it would be liable to continual alteration. It might develop itself into Romanism with one party, or into Atheism with another. When the symbolical writings of Luther ceased to be regarded as infallible by his countrymen, a change which took place towards the early part of the last century; and when, about the same time, the disciples of Calvin shook off their reverence for his interpretations, the two parties having no other principles to fall back upon, declined gradually into those Pantheistic and Socinian heresies by which they are now enthralled. The Church of England cannot so decline from the truth, because she is founded not on Scripture as interpreted by one man, but on Scripture backed by the whole company of godly interpreters which adorned the purest ages of

the Church of Christ. This is a mighty consideration, and do let us embrace its worth, and set great and constant store by its unspeakable value; for in this fact is the fulfilment of the apostle's declaration, that 'the Church was the pillar and ground of the truth,' and shall any man, or number of men be better credited than St. Paul?

"Dr. Arnold wished clergymen to preach against high rents, low wages, the game laws, &c., but this would have been dangerous, when we consider how very little most clergymen knew of the deep mysteries of political economy. It is 'an intoxicating service,' as Wordsworth says, to maintain the cause of Christ and civil liberty as one and the same; no, we preach to dying men, to men who may not hear us again, and we must discourse of heavenly and eternal things; and if a heavenly spirit be infused into a man from above, all these earthly matters will be righted in his breast. Only let us, dear Singleton, be blind to the false glare of the world, let us seek to have instilled into our hearts something of that feeling which invigorates men to become martyrs and confessors; let us cherish something of that hardness which despises luxuries and comforts, and which is brave in act and heedless of suffering; some-

thing of that watchfulness which will keep us prepared for the greatest event ; and oh let us live in labours, that we may close our lives in love and peace, and under the simple sense of having done our duty ! Some would call this a ‘preachment,’ but I know you like such things.

“ Ever your affectionate friend,

“ EDWARD F. FRANKLAND.”

Charles took a little time to reflect and converse on this letter, and next opened one from his zealous and Calvinistic friend, the Rev. Peter Richards ; a man who devoutly believed that, in all things, he was doing God service, and not the less so, because he used strong language against those whom he conceived to be enemies to the Cross of Christ ! His letter shall speak for itself :—

“ DEAR SINGLETON,

“ There has been a long silence between us, though I have often been on the point of breaking it. I have been glad to hear from many quarters that you are comfortably settled, and I trust ‘zealously affected’ in the salvation of souls, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. I should like to hear from your-

self how you are getting on, and what is the tone of the clergy around you. That curate of mine, Walter Hughes, has been superintending alterations in the Church, but he had better mind what he is about. Pulling down galleries, letting in lancet windows, restoring font, and repairing screens, putting up the Creed, and Ten Commandments, all this is sad work; and puts me in mind of what an old Bishop of Worcester (1095) said, 'it is a miserable change, if we neglect the souls of men, and pile together stones.'

"One thing I am fully persuaded of, Popery is awfully on the increase; and I look, ere long, to our Church entering upon a long and dark night. How many steps has she advanced? or rather, how many of her members have advanced on their journey Romeward, some to Rome itself, since we last corresponded. At the same time there is a band, I believe, of those within her, who would be again faithful martyrs for the truth as it is in Jesus, and who would love not their lives even to the death. The breach between these two parties is every day getting wider, and if ever the Romanising party should gain so much strength as to impose fresh yokes, I believe it would end in a cession from the Establishment much

after the manner of the Free Church movement in Scotland. And then *Ichabod*.

“What is most distressing is the miserably feeble opposition as yet given to the enemies of the truth. It argues a want of power in the Church to purify herself under increasing impurities. What must the end of this be? It matters little the condemnation of individual cases. It only gives a spur to the mass. This I believe, will be the issue of the present case, and see how many there were, and these are a quickly increasing number who would tomorrow vote on the side of Rome on almost any question in debate between her and the Church of England. Well, in the midst of the present confusion and prevalence of error, there is comfort in this: ‘The Lord sitteth above the waterflood.’ God has a people preparing for Himself who will through eternity be shewing forth the exceeding riches of His grace which called them out of their natural darkness into His marvellous light. (“Good!” exclaimed Ernest.) For the elect’s sake not only shall the days of truth be shortened, but eventually all these things will be made to work for their good, and for the glory of the Lord. But though I particularly find fault with these present disturbers of our Zion, do

not think I stand up for *modern Evangelism*. It is for the most part as empty of good as the other is full of evil. To say now of a person 'he is an Evangelical preacher,' is to say nothing; for the Evangelical party in the present day, would not bear to be compared for a moment with Romaine, Toplady, Venn, Newton, &c., they had the power of the truth as well as the letter; they were living epistles having the handwriting of the living God. But now there is a spurious, counterfeit, easy, fashionable, unmortified profession, which it makes one shudder to contemplate, and which causes the enemies of God to blaspheme. Among the Dissenters especially, the salt has utterly lost its savour. It matters very little or not at all, what the mere religious *opinions* of any one are. This kind of holding the truth is no safeguard against error; see what is written 2 Thess. ii. 11. And why shall they believe a lie? Because they received not the *love* of the truth that they might be saved. Does not this account for so many of the so called Evangelicals having joined the Tractarian party. The fact is, they never held the truth in *the love of it*, and in the *power* of it. If they had FELT it to be the power of God to their own souls, they would never have parted with

it for the soul-deadening trash of the Tractarian party, nor have put the Church in the place of Christ.

“Dr. Pusey is clearly of the devil, and if the devil himself can assume to be an ‘angel of light,’ so can his deluded followers. They may appear to be humble, self-denying, meek, and holy, but all this is an artifice of Satan, and increases the mischief. Pusey is a very turbulent man, and ought to retire as soon as possible from a Church with which he certainly does not honestly and heartily hold. If he has any sense of shame in his composition, surely he must be mortified at the way his Jesuitical doctrines are received by the true-hearted sons of the Gospel in the Church. Far more would it be to his credit if he at once joined the mother of harlots; who has been, and would yet be, made drunk with the blood of the saints. Alas, alas! for the honesty of many in this day, who are eating the bread of that Church which they hate and curse in their hearts. Dr. Pusey has one great mark of the man of sin (and is he not Anti-Christ?) namely, deceivableness. I long to hear of his having followed his more honest brethren, Messrs. Newman, Oakley, Faber, Ward, &c.; but I fear he is a too faithful servant of his

master, the father of lies, to take such a step. Though I fancy you do not entertain such opinions about the Romanising party as I do, yet I can hardly think that you can look on Dr. Pusey without feelings of unmingled disgust. Indeed such ought to be the feelings of every true son of the Church.

“Do you know ‘Trail’s Sermons,’ an old author. A very interesting memoir of the Rev. Robert M. M’Cheyne of Dundee, has lately been published, perhaps you can get it. If my curate should display an atomic inkling of this Satanic ‘Puseyism,’ he leaves my service instantler. The love of Christ be with you.

“Yours very sincerely,

PETER RICHARDS.”

“Oh, that the love which is in Christ were *in you*,” thought Ernest; “poor, poor Peter, alas! he is not *the rock*. A good man seeing the devil in everthing; when, ‘unto the pure, all things are pure!’ Oh! this is horrid work, and enough to make unbelievers of us all, at least in the humanising power of our large and benevolent religion. May my friend’s heart be *yet* changed, for indeed he knows not yet what manner of spirit he should be of.” This was the last letter read, and after some time

passed in conversation, the household retired to rest ; Ernest alone sitting up to answer one of the letters which related to a subject in which he was much interested, and which may now be subjoined.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Very many thanks for your two letters, which have served to set me thinking. I cannot but agree with much you have advanced, but some of your opinions I hope are untenable.

“ Let me especially refer to your last letter on the immortality of our souls, and the non-immortality of brutes. I firmly believe that nature speaks to us of the immortality of our own souls, and that our ‘natural longing after immortality’ combined with our natural notions of the eternal nature of God, serve to prepare us for our Lord’s bringing life and immortality *to light* ; that is, to the full clearness of assured certainty. It is difficult for civilized and educated mortals to distinguish what is natural idea and natural conscience, since our minds have become so impregnated with taught things ; so I suppose we must go to man in his wild and natural state (rather post-natural, as distinguished from his primeval condition) for a resolution of what may be called natural dic-

tates of mind and conscience. And in this state man, more or less, indulges in the sense of a future life. If the Bible presupposes this sense to exist, and if the Bible be true, we see that this sense must be general, however obscure in degree; but, without the supposition of the Bible being true, is not the hope of future existence known to be natural and general, from the polished Hindoo, down to the wretched inhabitant of Terra del Fuego?

“I confess that the immateriality of the soul has weight with me in regard to its immortality. The question seems to be what is immateriality? That which is not matter is spirit; but what kind of spirit, and from whence? It is a spirit that is our life and intelligence, a gift from the immaterial Creator, a creation of spirit from the Great Spirit of the universe, for ever individualised in man; united to a body here, perhaps never separated from some invisible particle of that body, and to be united to a more glorious body hereafter. But this spirit is the mind, the soul, the life; that which is not part of God, as the Manicheans once held, but created and proceeding from God, and which will be immortal, for it is clearly immaterial, and it is only the immaterial spirit that we hope can never

die, while we behold all material substances perish. Indeed we know of nothing that is immaterial, except the spirit or soul of human and animal life—even such subtle things as the light and the air are esteemed to be material—we seem to disarm immateriality only in connection with immortality; and if the material body be raised again, it is because of its union or reunion with the immaterial spirit.

“It is very clear that animals have this immaterial spirit, or soul; for the question of souls, after all, seems to resolve itself into this very simple form of proposition. I would ask, How do you define it? Probably as that which combines and contains within itself the intellectual and moral properties, First, of reasoning by induction; and Secondly, of distinguishing what is morally right from what is morally wrong. Now, granting that neither of these faculties are possessed by brute animals except in a much lower degree than they are by *educated* man; we can, I think, shew that both do exist in them, and are manifest in their actions; at all events of such animals as we take the pains to put ourselves into communication with. I know not what *third* quality is required to constitute soul. Well, if

once it is proved that animals have the attributes of a soul, we cannot deny them that immortality which we grant to the soul of man; for these souls must be essentially the same in origin and destiny, as they are in attributes, but differing, it may be greatly, in degree.

“ You will say, that an animal has no *moral nature*, (passing over his powers of reasoning by induction,) no conscience, no natural or attained sense of right and wrong. We know in the domesticated and civilized state they have—they are capable of education in either way, just as man, and they shew they are sensible of transgression; there is great sensitiveness in them on this point. In the natural state, too, they have laws, moral laws, and punishments attendant on the infringement of them, as naturalists observe. Why should they not have as discernible a moral nature in them as heathen men have; those men, who, wanting a revelation, are a law unto themselves? Can anything be more incongruous than the human moral nature, and can anything be more amiable and inoffensive than the nature of many brutes, such as sheep, deer, &c., and multitudes of birds?

“ You look upon the doctrine of retribution

as another proof of our immortality, and this is certainly an argument in favour of a future existence, though not absolutely for an immortal one. But in speaking of this doctrine, you say of animals: 'Physical pain they doubtless endure; but, taken as a whole, the balance of physical enjoyment is in their favour, and hence no necessity for a future life.' But, just apply these premises to man, and would you not come to the same conclusion? Look at the mass of what we may believe to be our suffering population as compared with those who live in independent ease, and much as the former think they suffer here and will be comforted hereafter, yet their enjoyments here outnumber, generally speaking, their sufferings. Look at the agricultural labourers, in cases even where they are oppressed by cruel masters, and yet, on the whole, their enjoyments of life, such as they are, preponderate. Even slaves, according to their capacities, have their hours of pleasure and sorrow pretty well balanced. It is only extreme cases that can be adduced to shew a constant case of suffering here with no hour of enjoyment save the hope of it hereafter. These it is true may be many, and more numerous at one period than another. And so with animals. True, they have phy-

sical pain, and physical enjoyment. But they have also to endure wrong wrongfully; they have mental anguish that finds few moments of relief, and their lives are as unequal, in this respect, as the lives of mankind. One horse is fed well and groomed well, is proud of his life all his days, and is turned out into the park in good old age; another is harnessed in a collier's cart all his life, broken-winded, broken-kneed, galled, bruised, and miserable every day of his life; always under the lash of a cruel master in lieu of the happy service of a kind one. His physical enjoyment at meals and in rest are not without sorrow, and you would give him no hereafter to look forward to from out his unmitigated sufferings. And recollect, there are thousands and millions of these instances all over the world, and where is the recompense or retribution on the earth?

“I cannot but think this a very serious consideration, and yet all cannot regard it as such. A dear and valued correspondent wrote to me thus the other day:—‘I must always think that the Almighty assigned to man the highest and happiest destiny in Creation (granted); but I feel that would hardly be the case, if animals of all kinds are to enjoy a happy eternity

which they may not forfeit ; (but may they not forfeit it?) The animal creation in general has not much suffering to endure — at least not of long continuance : the animals that we slay and eat know not their doom, and die with as short a pang as possible — the beasts of burden, whose strength is sometimes painfully overtasked, are not universally treated with this cruelty ; for where man's benevolence did not protect them, his self-interest generally would (alas ! they are committed to those who have little or no self-interest ;) and these animals form a very small part of the animal creation, and how short is their time of probation, (how know we how time is measured to them?) be it ever so trying, compared with that of man in general !' Such, I think, is all that can be fairly said in this case, and my correspondent has put it well ; but yet it is manifest that there is a riding carelessly over things that should be longer dwelt upon. Take all suffering animals that come under man's cognizance, in all countries, and throughout all generations, and no man can number them — of all animals, too, that man knows nothing of, cannot we but predicate that they have their sufferings in common with all fallen flesh ? the case is clear, *there is*

assuredly an apparent inequality of destiny dealt out by Providence to them in this world ; and an apparent necessity of another state for them in which a *just* Providence may trim the balance ; and shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? We know that Providence is just, and we do not see, nor can we comprehend how these inequalities can be justly compensated in this world.

“ You will see that my correspondent speaks of an eternity which animals ‘ may never forfeit,’ because responsibility is denied to them. I must just give you a portion of the letter on this head—‘ With regard to the responsibility of animals, I would suggest, that, with the exception of the dog, and horse, and elephant, and a very few more of the most sagacious, we should find it a more difficult task than we imagine to teach the animal creation in general, the difference between right and wrong—let us try our powers on a barrel of oysters, or a tortoise, or a basket of hedge-hogs, or the more lively toads and frogs, before we undertake the insect tribe, and let us mark the progress of our pupils. I am inclined to think that the number of animals would be very few that the most indefatigable teacher would find capable of comprehending the difference be-

tween right and wrong; and then, if we are to draw a line, how great is the difficulty to know where to draw it!

“This too is fairly, as it is funnily, put, and requires a fair answer. First of all, I would say, that I believe few are aware to what extent animals of a most unpromising kind may be tamed and taught: as St. James says, ‘Every kind of beast, and of birds, and of serpents, and things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind.’ And when tamed, as with civilized man, they become intelligent. I have a tortoise named Moses, and when he is lying, apparently asleep, in his flannel in a basket, if I call him, he will awaken, lift up the lid of his basket, and come to me. Does he not know it would be wrong not to come—and that it is right to come? See what Van Amburgh can do with animals—see how animals of the most contrary dispositions, and which naturally prey on one another, can be kept harmlessly together in a cage or room; see how tame fish will become—how hares, and fleas can be taught and trained—even toads, as White of Selborne informs us,—and if I cannot tame and teach an oyster, it is because I cannot become acquainted with him in his living state; and if I could become acquainted with him

and still fail in my effort, it would be because his intelligence might not be equal to the task of learning from my intelligence, even in the smallest degree, although I doubt not that he has an intelligence within him. So with insects—we are too large and they too small, for us to understand one another, indeed, there are many barriers in the way; but still I believe a fly, or a spider, or ant, or bee, and many others, to be brimful of intelligence and knowledge, apt to contrive, to remedy difficulties in their path, &c. &c. Yet, after all, the grand argument in respect to the religion and responsibility of animals is this—namely, that we see human heathens, (utter savages, more cruel and torturing than animals,) quite as intractable as animals, with no perceptible knowledge of distinction between right and wrong, (perhaps what we call the wrong, they esteem to be a virtue,) in short, no moral nature in common with us; and yet we deny them not the possession of a soul, and a future life—nor, perhaps, do we deny them a religion, a moral nature, and a conscience—yet we see it not, we only feel that they “are a law unto themselves,” utterly different from our revealed law; and according to their observance, or non-observance of

that law, whatever it may be, they will be judged hereafter. Now, I simply ask, where is the difference between the heathen savage, and the savage animal, except a difference in degree; and where is the religion, the moral nature, the conscience, the capacity for civilization, which the one may have in preference to the other? There is clearly no difference—and if no difference, then the responsibility of each is alike, although in neither, in man nor animal, can we see in what way or degree this responsibility is reckoned, or on what thoughts or actions it is contingent? And does scripture say nothing of the future existence of brutes? May we not indirectly gather from the fact of animals in their creation being pronounced to be *good*, and man *very good*, in the wonderful mechanism of their frames, and the beauty and usefulness of their services—in the kind and rigid laws for their protection, under the Mosaic code the most beneficent and strict laws ever given—that even the Jewish Sabbath might be broken for their protection and relief; and in the manner that man and beast are set on such equal terms as regards care and preservation—may we not think that the Creator has not done all this for a temporary purpose, but for an eternal one?

And have we not direct passages of the Bible in their favour? Are we not to interpret Scripture literally where we can, (so saith Hooker,) and why not believe that animals will exist, as prophesied, with man in that which constitutes, whatever it may be, the millennial state? So thinks John Wesley, and many others. And what a text is that in Rev. v. 13—“*And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them heard I, saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.*” What a lucid and noble passage is this, and only think for an instant! what a fact it is, that the Lord of glory should have stooped to the animal race for a name that He bore on earth, and beareth in Heaven! Behold the LAMB of God! was His salutation on the earth; *worthy is the LAMB*, is his praise in Heaven!

“But come we to that text, you so well know, in Romans viii. 22, &c. Can any one at the first-reading of this text, not feel that St. Paul is writing literally of the *whole-creation*, men, animals, and, it may be plants; and that the word “creature” is applied to animals? This, I say, is our first impression,

and is most consistent with the simple sublimity of St. Paul's views and expression; and it is only when we get among the subtleties and refinements of commentators that we are led from our first impression; and even of these who are favourable to my interpretation, the name is 'legion.' I beg of you to turn to Blomfield's Criticisms on the New Testament, and to Scott's Commentary; in the former you will read of many illustrious names, and in the latter you will see the commentator's own influential opinion. Some persons seek to interpret this passage by the same word (*κτισις*) in Mark xvi. 15; but there is the necessary adjunct wanting. In the text of St. Mark where the word 'creature' is made use of, the preceding and subsequent expressions, together with the nature and powers of those to whom they are addressed, shew plainly that all the world there is to be taken, (if not for Judea solely,) for this globe of earth: as the commission to be executed by the Apostles, the persons to whom our Lord spake, does, that the words 'every creature,' signify the human species only. But there are no such expressions used by St. Paul in his passage (Romans viii. 22, &c.) which can lead us to conclude, that by creature, he means the Gen-

tile world; and, therefore, the two passages are by no means parallel. Moreover, we do not see that the Gentiles did shew an earnest desire, or expectation, for the unfolding of the gospel tidings; but on the contrary, they opposed and traduced its preachers: and again, the Gentiles were not at this time eagerly waiting for the Gospel, for the door of faith had been opened to them, and a decree had passed in a general council concerning them; and again, can you say that the Gentiles were made subject to vanity, (*i. e.* corruption or idolatry,) *not willingly*—and so make out that neither Adam, nor the Gentile nations, possessed free will, but were irresistibly impelled, either by the Creator, or the arch-enemy of mankind. No—let us interpret Scripture by Scripture, and we shall find, that although, at Mark xvi. 15; 2 Cor. v. 17; and Gal. vi. 16; the word “creature” may apply to men only; yet that at Rom. viii. 39; Rom. i. 20; Ephes. iii. 9; Col. i. 15-16; Heb. iv. 13; it refers to all created nature—and see also, 2 Peter iii. 4; Rev. iii. 14, iv. 11, x. 6, as the beginning of creation, the origin of all things. Thus, in accordance with Scriptural references, we may say with Gresswell, ‘*All nature* is represented in its various parts, sympathising together in

the sense of moral and physical evil, to which it is subject in the present state; awakened to a sense of its condition, yet doomed to groan under the bondage of its own corruption, with nothing to relieve its sufferings but the hope of a future emancipation into the enjoyment of liberty worthy of the creature of God, and of a purification to come, for the recovery of its original likeness.' Such seems to be the true and natural exposition of the passage, and best consonant with the sublime imagery met with in the writings of St. Paul.

"The Fathers applied this sentence to animals; for Tertullian against Hermogenes, makes the following remark upon this very text: '*and the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God*'; then there shall be an end of death, when the devil, its chief master, shall go away into the fire, which God has prepared for him and his angels: then the manifestation of the sons of God shall release the world from evil, at present universally subject to it: then the innocence and purity of nature being restored, beasts shall live in harmony with beasts, and infants shall play with serpents: then the Father shall have subdued his enemies to his Son,

and put all things in subjection under his feet.' Origen and Lactantius also speak favourably of animals; and Manasseh, the Jewish rabbi, in his discourse on the resurrection, asserts, that dumb animals will have a much happier state than ever they enjoyed, when men shall rise again. And Philo, in his Book of Future Rewards, speaks thus, 'there is no doubt but that hereafter brute animals will be divested of their ferocity, and become tame and gentle, after the manner of other creatures, whose dispositions are subdued to harmony and love.' And, in another place he says, 'then, that is, when innocence shall reign in all the regions of restored nature, the whole race of scorpions, serpents, and other noxious reptiles, shall become harmless, and have no power to afflict people with their stings.' I would fully adopt the sentiment,* that our ideas of the attributes of God seem necessarily to point out a continuation of that mighty chain of living Beings, which is the astonishment of all contemplative minds. Must there not be a huge chasm, and a vast defect in the universe, if all nature is to be radically destroyed below man? Must there not be wanting, in this hypothesis, my-

* In conclusion of an Essay of Future Life of Animals, by the Rev. R. Dean, curate of Middleton, 1768.

riads of creatures to testify the excellence of the Divinity? What can exhibit the perfection of infinite life, but the communication of all possible degrees of it? of infinite goodness; but the gift of all possible degrees of happiness? and of infinite power, but all the possible varieties of Being, which can be conceived or imagined. We can look no way now but we meet with instances of the greatness of the Deity; and will there be fewer testimonies of His perfections in a better world? If anything is certain, it is that the perfections of God will never be less visible in His works than they are at present.

“Another correspondent writes to me, ‘It appears to be one of those fanciful theories (souls of animals,) we may very harmlessly indulge in, but that we have very little, if any, Scriptural authority for it; for I do not remember any text in favour of your theory so explicit as one against it, ‘the beasts that perish,’ which, I believe, is in the forty-ninth Psalm.’

“Now, if we turn to this passage, and compare it with the context, we shall see that the future life of animals is not at all affected by it. The word ‘perish’ has various significations, but is never used in the Scriptures to signify annihilation. It is often, and in this very place,

applied to men ; and we know that men, whether good or bad, will never be annihilated in soul or body. The term is used three times in this forty-ninth Psalm ; first, wise ‘ men also die and *perish* together,’ in this place it can hardly signify even death, the death of the body, for then the text would be, ‘ wise men also die and *die* together ;’ nor can it mean utter annihilation, for, if wise men were annihilated, then none can escape such a doom,—no, it clearly means that ‘ wise men also die, and are *forgotten* together,’ the memory of them perishes. This is the more apparent when we come to verse 12, ‘ Nevertheless man will not abide in honour ; seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish ; this is the way of them.’ Here man and beast are linked together in comparison—whatever is the fate of the one is the fate of the other. The Psalmist had been speaking of what men will do in order to be *remembered* after death ; how they build houses that they think shall *endure*, and call lands after their own names ; but it is all in vain, for their memory will not abide in honour, but they will be forgotten as beasts are forgotten when they die,—a living dog is better than a dead lion. And so verse 20 (see old version), ‘ man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts

that perish;' not like the beasts that will be annihilated, for man never can be subject to this lot, but he will leave no monument of wisdom and worth behind him, whereby he may be remembered any more than a beast that is forgotten. If you go carefully through the Psalms, you will find that wherever the word 'perish' is used, it cannot be received in the sense of annihilation, neither in the book of Job, where he says of men, 'they perish for ever,' (chap. iv. 20,) and in numerous other passages, can it be used in this sense. It is satisfactory to ascertain this, because I believe that these verses of the forty-ninth Psalm, as heedlessly accepted, very much militate, in many minds, against the doctrine of a future life to animals.

"And now, my dear friend, I must conclude, after having rambled on to a much greater length than I had intended, for here I find myself in the middle of the night, with candle flickering almost in the socket. I should have delayed till to-morrow, and written in more consecutive and logical manner, but that I purpose sending you 'The Penscellwood Papers,' wherein you will see this interesting question more largely handled by the ever to be revered Pastor. I trust that I have kept before me Milton's wise

counsel, albeit it may not have been primarily intended by the poet to meet such a case,—

“ But apt the mind or fancy is to rove,
Unchecked, and of her roving is no end :
'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learns
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle ; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.”

“ Surely this is a question which is before us in daily life, if it have but an influence on our conduct towards animals? Yes, my dear friend, let us by our actions *preach the Gospel to every creature*, that they may have sensible evidence that the Gospel is in us of a truth, and may be discerned by them through the humanity that presides over their condition ; this is what St. Paul so remarkably calls *holding forth the word of life*,—not in word, but in deed, by blamelessness and harmlessness.”

“ Mathews, in his *Diary of an Invalid*, gives a description of the blessing of horses by the Roman Catholic priests, and appends these admirable remarks :—‘ The best defence of such a ceremony will be found in the benefit likely to result to the objects of it, from its teaching

that comprehensive charity, which includes even the inferior creatures in the great circle of Christian benevolence. There is something that takes a delightful hold on the imagination, in the simple creed of the untutored Indian,

“Who thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

Without attempting, however, to raise the mysterious veil, which is drawn over the lot of the lower animals in the scale of creation, it is difficult not to sympathise with any doctrines that inculcate kind and humane feelings towards them.’

“With this which speaks all, and more than I could say, and in the hope of hearing soon again from you,—I remain, my dear friend,

“Yours truly and affectionately,

“ERNEST SINGLETON.

“Milton Rectory.”

“P.S.—You will be glad to hear that the Pastor of Penscellwood has received several cheering and most satisfactory letters in relation to his new work, to which I have just alluded. One nobleman, of great eminence in the literary world, is absolutely delighted with it, and thinks the question appertaining to the souls and future life of animals, ‘supported with so much more

authority and learning than I had ever conceived could be brought to its assistance.' This is but a scrap of the encomium, and in proportion to the worth of the Roman adage, '*dignum est laudari a laudato viro*,' this praise is valuable. His lordship also advances arguments, which I may, some time or other ere long, have an opportunity of copying for you; and he has been a great observer of the habits and ways of animals. Meanwhile you will, I have no doubt, read the book with attention, and consider that the subject is not to be passed over as a pleasant and speculative theory only, when it has so earnestly engaged the attention of our venerable friend. It is surprising to me that it has not more attracted the minds and hearts of the present clergy of the Church of England, although some good writers on the subject have appeared, for Tillotson, and many of the elder divines, thought it worth their study. Unless men can see the question answered in the affirmative in the Scriptures, for they cannot reasonably pronounce an absolute negative, they must be content to regard the state of the inferior animals as a mystery; beyond this, in either direction, they can hardly stir."

CHAPTER IV.

“He, when inform’d how men of taste could write,
Look’d on his ledger with supreme delight ;
Then would he laugh, and with insulting joy,
Tell me aloud, ‘that’s poetry, my boy.’”

CRABBE.

“But men and beasts, and all that lived and moved,
Were books to him ; he studied them and loved.”

Ibid.

THE next morning, Mr. Daisy having decamped at an early hour, Ernest and his sister, and Charles Henry, sat down to breakfast ; and Harriet Singleton, ere the breakfast-things were removed, took up her Album and read, in order to amuse poor Kerr, some of her brother’s lines written at different times, while he himself opened the letter-bag, which had arrived at an earlier hour than usual. The first she happened to select were some written on the shore of beauteous Ramsey Bay, where Ernest, when in a state of delicate health, had passed some summer months, and he was always particularly fond of the sea-side.

LINES ON RAMSEY BAY.

“ Upon the yellow sands
That skirt the girgling sea,
When the tide hath far receded,
That walk delighteth me ;
'Tis lonely, yet 'tis beautiful
Alike to ear and eye,
As ocean gentle murmureth,
And the white bird saileth by.

“ The hills stand in their strength,
The sun illumes them last,
It sinks, and then for ever
That day is with the past.
One eve the sun was setting,
(I tell you but a dream),
It cast o'er scenes beneath
A melancholy gleam.

“ A train of gentle children
Came slowly down the beach,
I saw no laughing faces,
I missed their merry speech :
A pretty little coffin,
In milk-white bands they bore,
And elder eyes were weeping
That e'en upon the shore.

“ Within that pretty coffin
Poor little Willy lay,
'Twas sisters that were bearing
A brother's form away :
With gentleness they stoop,
As they place it on the wave,
For the ocean's stilly depth
Was their Willy's chosen grave.

“ They each did cry most sadly,
It would have broke your heart,
To see those weeping sisters
From their lifeless brother part ;
In all their gentle playing
He ever was so kind ;
Sweet boy ! he goeth onward,
They’ll not be long behind.

“ And now his coffin parteth
From their pale and trembling hands ;
But, ah ! ’tis wafted inwards
Upon those yellow sands ;
They cannot thrust it rudely,
But they bear it forth again :
Ah ! Willy, can he look upon
The little angel train ?

“ But still the wave returneth
The blessed corpse on shore ;
Their tender hearts are bursting,
They cannot try it more.
And then those weeping sisters
Did bear the coffin home,
And from their happy brother
Their thoughts shall never roam.

“ And now I wandered lonely,
To ponder o’er the sight ;
And mournful, yet how blessed,
The feelings of that night.
’Tis thus our friends are parting,
And we join the funeral train,
And, when they ’re in the grave, we say,
They’ll ne’er return again.

“ Vain words ! they do return again,—
 The dead are with us ever,
 Communion with the saints above
 No heartless creed can sever :
 We look upon the vacant chair,
 We prize the favourite book ;
 We often seek the wonted walk
 In the valley’s quiet nook.

“ The words the dead have spoken,
 The feats they loved to tell,
 Are treasured since their parting,
 Remembrance keeps them well ;
 You cannot smother feelings—
 You cannot school the heart—
 Ye dead ! affection whispers,
 We never from you part.

“ You thrust them from your memory,
 Upon oblivion’s sea :
 But the wave that will return again
 Returneth them to thee.
 And friends may press around us,
 That wept with us full sore,
 Their kindness ne’er can lure us,
 To love the dead no more.”

Harriet Singleton perceiving that the attention of Charles Henry was aroused, proceeded to read another little ode which her brother had written when sojourning for a few weeks at Ilfracombe. It ran thus,—

“ Yes ; I have been
 On Aberystwith’s western and wide sea :
 And I have seen
 The tamer cliffs, where Tenby’s waters be,

And fair Beaumaris once embosomed me,
 Where to the strand
 The might of land
 Stands forth in majesty :
 But nought have I known fitted to compare
 With Ilfracombe, and now my heart is there.

 “My heart is there,
 And yet a quite uncared for stranger, I
 Did singly bear
 Against my own mind’s meek contumely ;
 For I had left much treasure, to be nigh
 Her healthy shore,
 Where the waves roar,
 And sometime the gentle zephyrs sigh.
 Oh ! I do love her wild uncultured hills,
 With her shadowy lanes, and their gentle rills.

 “Round by the Tor,
 That sweetly winding path is my delight,
 And from yon shore,
 Upward to the lone brambled height,
 Where soars the seamew in its wavy flight,
 ’Mid nature’s maze
 I love to gaze,
 ’Till I am wearied with the awful sight.
 And then I dream that I could live alone,
 And to the sea-wave sing, or ever moan.

 “On one late eve
 I met an old man, with such silver hair,
 I could believe
 The hoary god of ocean wandered there,
 If I might credit tales of old so rare.
 ‘Old man, I ween,
 You love this scene,
 And memory lingers round yon rock so bare ?’
 ‘This scene—this eve, is hated most to me,
 My sons were wrecked upon that ruthless sea.’

“I turned, and soon
Beheld a boy of merry heart and eye,
An idle loon :
Ah ! no, he watched a sail against yon sky,
No thought with him that aught could ever die ;
‘I’m watching here
For father dear,
He must return, for now the wind is high.’
My boy ; ere long you may be walking there
Sad as the old man with the silver hair.

“Again—a maid,
With deep blue eyes, and the consumptive cheek,
Had meekly strayed,
As one intent her lover there to seek,
Albeit the night wind blew so chill and bleak ;
But he came not
To the appointed spot,
And she returned as though her heart would break.
Maiden, I ween, *you* will not wander there
E’en like the old man with the silver hair.

“What moral here,
As wave succeeds o’er wave, to break away
And disappear,
So every mortal, in his struggling day
Comes clamouring onward, until he must lay
Down in the grave,
Where sleep the brave,
Or him who lived but as the impious may.
The God that feeds the limpet on the rock,
Reminds us of our nature’s final shock.

“Some ’mid the strife
Of fervent longings vanish from the earth,
Some yield up life
In moment of unconscious mirth,

The joy of many round the quiet hearth,
When I may speed
From this world's heed,
Unenvied of its crime or worth,—
May I just cease as the wave, when in love
It murmurs its last to the height above.

“ Dear Ilfracombe !
Ere present time be deemed as days of yore,
May I resume
My pleasant steps around thy noble shore—
If thou'lt forgive me that I cannot soar
In poet's strain
Thy charms to feign,
When truth, the charmer first, impels me more.
Take this,—the grace of rugged beauty thine,
And to embrace its friendship shall be mine ! ”

“ And has he been there lately ? ” asked Charles Henry, meekly.

“ No,” replied his sister ; “ but we hope to go there very soon, though it be a long journey, unless we proceed much by sea.

“ And shall I go with you ? ” asked Charles Henry, with some eagerness.

“ Certainly ! ” answered Harriet, “ oh, certainly ! My brother will be so glad to shew you all his favourite haunts there ! ”

Charles Henry looked pleased, and composing himself back in his chair, Harriet selected some more lines, and rejoiced that they were connected with the Isle of Man.

“You must know,” she said, “that when good and amiable Bishop Bowstead was there, his lordship was so kind to Ernest, and invited him frequently to Bishop’s Court, and on one occasion, when the bishop had wished to establish a Church Association on the island, his lordship had invited over some pious and excellent clergymen from Cambridge, where Bowstead was so beloved; among whom was the Rev. William Carus, the friend of Charles Simeon, and who has just written his *Memoir*.”

“Which was a long time in doing,” said Ernest Singleton, laying down a long letter, and taking up a note; “and, indeed, well it might, for I believe there was correspondence of the good man nearly enough to fill twelve volumes, and Carus is limited, by Simeon’s desire, to one or two; and perhaps he did well to wait for some expected symptom of re-action from the rapid growth of Anglo-Catholic principles, if such reaction is to be.”

“Well,” said Harriet, “I will just tell Mr. Kerr that my brother met these pious men at Bishop’s Court, and heard them speak at the public meetings at Douglas and Ramsey, and being much delighted with their ardent friendship for the bishop, and having listened to their

noble words, on behalf of the object the bishop had at heart, with great pleasure, he wrote these lines, underneath this motto,—

“Ancient of mothers, in thy barrier old,
With them that love thee, is best liberty !
Fain would we hide us in thy sheltering fold.’

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

“They came—a holy band
From Granta’s ancient halls,
And they trod upon our land,
And sat within our walls ;
Theirs’ was the burning heart,
The tongue and deed of zeal,
When distant seas might part,
To think upon our weal.

“And this, methinks, their speech—
‘We’ll lay aside our lore,
And we’ll stand on Mona’s beach,
As Christian men of yore ;
The Druid has been there,
The tyrant and the foe,
But souls shall be our care
Wherever we may go.

“‘We have an absent friend,
We’ll see him once again,
May God His guidance send
To the pilgrims on the main ;
And whether any hear,
Or whether they forbear,
As we preach the gospel here
We’ll also preach it there.’

“ That night was spent in prayer,
And then a voice was heard,
‘ Go onward to your duty,
It cannot be deferred ;
And ere the eye be weary,
Or the heart can lose its glee,
A blessed bark shall steer ye
To the isle upon the sea.’

“ And thus the good men came
To stand upon our shore,
And they lit as pure a flame
As Wilson lit of yore ;
Of Bethlehem’s lowly room,
Where lay the babe of glory,
To Calvary’s solemn gloom,
They told the awful story.

“ They climbed the mountain side,
They sought the tangled glen,
Most glad when they descried
The lonely homes of men,
Outspoke they then in word,
Affectionate and kind ;
And the rugged dweller heard,
And a light burnt on his mind.

“ I ween the silvery dawn,
The twilight’s mantle grey,
And all that can adorn
Creation’s elder day,
With all the stars on high,
Will be his gentler care,
And guide his earthly eye,
Upward the heavenly stair.

“ And nobly did they plead
For Mona’s barefoot child,
That had grown a fruitless weed,
Upon her hill-tops wild :
Till aged folks did say,
‘ We love those holy men,
Oh, may we hail the day
When they come here again.’

‘ Dear men ! ye rob the Lord,
Of half our holy love ;
For ye are the adored
That we would meet above :
Ah no ! the thought is base,
Ye walk in borrowed light :
Without His sovereign grace
Ye were the starless night.

“ God has on earth one dwelling,
Within one temple fair—
There is one chorus swelling
His praises everywhere.
With saints there is communion,
In heaven and on earth ;
Death is the better union,
The grand immortal birth !’

Poor Charles Henry seemed to be pleased with these lines, and on making a short but sensible observation, Harriet told him how nobly the Manx people had behaved towards her brother, in giving him, after so short a stay among them, a most costly bound edition of the works of Bishop Wilson ; and, indeed, Ernest Sin-

gleton was the first English clergyman whom they had ever honoured with a present.

“But,” said she, “Ernest really loved them, and used to walk among the glens in the mountains and deliver cottage-lectures, when requested by the clergy, besides preaching in their churches, teaching in their schools, and reading and praying with their sick—really I used to be quite angry with him, and think that his health would become still more delicate, and all the good to be derived from change of air and scene be utterly thrown away, instead of gaining and reserving strength for his anticipated duties in England.”

And, as she said this, her eye glanced on another scrap of his poetry, even one that contained warm feelings of affection for his sainted isle.

TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

“Dear Isle of Man ! can I forget the time
When once I loved thy mountain paths to climb,
Or ramble in thy valleys at mine ease,
Pleased with whate’er is mainly given to please,
Thy hills and glens rush o’er my raptured sight,
Glad scenes for one who wields poetic might ;
But I, a wanderer on thy holy shore,
Could only look, and wonder, and adore !
O happy he, who far from haunts of men,
Can seek the streamlet in the tangled glen,
Such as through fair Glenalden loves to hie,
In sparkling splendour ’neath the gazer’s eye :

A true Arcadia is that gentle dell,
And my glad soul hath always loved it well,
And now recalls the free and happy talk,
That erst beguiled so many an evening walk—
O blest are those who well their converse blend,
With God's most grateful gift—a genial friend."

"And next, Glenalden's sister, o'er me now,
Shews in the freshness of her spring-tide glow,
The flowery bosom of her heathery hills,
The merry music of her hastening rills,
The winding way, the depth of her retreat,
Beguiling onward, even wearied feet,
Where once good Murray, recreation sought,
(That bishop famed for high and generous thought,)
This my loved path, until yon mountain rude,
Like some vast giant in an awful mood,
Proclaims at once that we have nearer ken,
Of one who frowns o'er Sulby's gentle glen.

"Yes, Snafield, awful art thou in that might
That nature gives thee in thy cumbrous height ;
How wert thou formed ? not by the tranquil flow
Of waters parting from the olive bough ;
How then ? no longer let us idly yearn,
For truths philosophy hath failed to learn,
HE, the great God of nature's wondrous plan,
In the vast hills hath shewn His strength to man ;
And all the beauty of this teeming earth,
Displays that mercy which hath willed its birth.
O strength and mercy ! power and love divine !
'Thy very being calms this heart of mine,'
May every child of man in awe confess,
And most, the dweller in the wilderness !
"O Snafield ! it will nerve the heart of man,
And lift him wholly from life's narrower plan,
If thou wilt tempt him to thy broad hill-side,
And bid him gaze o'er yonder ocean wide ;

Then if his heart be really opened there,
And he would live a life of alms and prayer,
Accusing none ; but at himself alone
Casting each day the self-condemning stone,
There let him think of that blest man of God,*
Who lies beneath his Mona's lowlier sod ;
And on this brow erect some tribute dear,
Recalling once again the Manxman's tear ;
And to the seaman sailing far or nigh,
A welcome beacon, and a hope on high :
This would, indeed, wipe out a damning blot,
And look a glorious ' Forget-me-not !'

" O I would speak of Ramsey, and its bay ;
For on these sands I've lingered many a day,
Watching the sea-bird strike into the sea,
Or listing idly to the children's glee ;
And I would tell of many a walk around,
Where few have wondered in more praise profound.
Sweet is the cottage in its humble nook,
And sweet the girgling of its gentle brook :
How beauteous, too, that glen above the bridge,
In deep recess beneath yon upland ridge,
Just climb the summit of the headlong steep,†
That crowns the yellow sands of ocean deep ;
Thence let a view of Ramsey be thy lot,
And that one look is a ' Forget-me-not !'

" Dear Isle of Man ! from many a gentle spot,
A breeze wafts o'er the words ' Forget-me-not !'
O welcome words, for ye how many dare
E'en to the brink of battle's stern despair ;

* Bishop Wilson.

† The spot so admired by Prince Albert, and now called
" Albert Hill."

For ye how many plead their country's cause,
Her freeborn vigour, and her equal laws,
And all their meed in this their earthly lot,
O may my country's friends ' Forget-me-not.'
And if these words may warm a single breast,
And bless in prospect e'en the grave's deep rest,
Arising only from a human voice,
Lauding the creature of its captious choice,
What must they be when things beneath, above,
Rise in the majesty of godlike love ;
And with the heart of man combined, exclaim,
' In memory's treasures, O give us a name,
Remembering how we charmed your earthly lot,
O list our several claim—Forget-me-not !''

“ Thus speak we of the scenes that ever be,
The hills that look eternal and the sea,
All that will charm for ages yet to come,
When we have mouldered in the silent tomb ;
Yes—many a bard will sing of sweet Lizayre,
That Queen of Beauty amid all that's fair ;
And many a lover haunt Glenalden's vale,
And plead his suit beneath the moonlight pale ;
Each, too, will bless the scene that aids him well,
And bow to nature's all entrancing spell.

“ Now turn we to that heart-enthraling voice,
Which speaks affection's ever ardent choice :
Can we forget ; for one short hour forget,
The days, the months, that we in friendship met,
Met in the house, the glen, and on the hill,
Or in God's temple with united will ;
O halcyon days ! to be forgotten never,
Till brighter joys our earthly feelings sever,
Such is well oft the happier human lot,
That shapes in bliss its own ' Forget-me-not.' ”

“Warm hearts there are upon yon Mona’s isle,
And those that greet you with the gladsome smile
Sons of the Church are there of holiest zeal,
In soul devoted to the common weal ;
No loud profession of an empty mind,
No league for faction or for hate combined ;
But all sincere, and honest as the day,
Content to walk upon the ancient way,
Their watchword union : all their labour, love—
O they shall know a glorious rest above !
Then pardon me, dear friends, if I should dare
To hope that memory may enshrine me there ;
Ay, there, where once I spent a lightsome day,
Rejoicing in kind friendship’s choicest ray ;
And ye a token of affection gave,
Memorial of you to my silent grave :
Dear friends, adieu ! whate’er my humble lot,
Believe this lay, and then ‘FORGET-ME-NOT.’”

Charles Henry having made a remark that the scenery of the island must be favourable to the inspiration of those of poetic mood, Harriet Singleton proceeded to tell him of the gifted poetess, Esther Nelson, who was residing there during her brother’s brief sojourn. This young lady, the daughter of a Manx clergyman, published a volume of “Island Minstrelsy,” under the kind auspices of Charles Swain, the illustrious poet of Manchester, and in this volume are some pieces that could hardly be excelled by Mrs. Hemans, or Miss Letitia Landon. The lines entitled “My Childhood’s Prayer,” and those addressed “To Willie,” and “To the

Dead," were ever especial favourites with Ernest, and greatly he loved the allusions to the famed Hugh Stowell, and the old Church and Rectory of Ballaugh, in a truly poetical piece entitled "The Fallen Shrine." And then she went on to tell how poor Esther Nelson, to the intense grief of her family, was quickly laid in the grave, ay, she died as a poetess and one of acute feelings might be expected to depart. It appeared that the family had suffered much from domestic bereavements, and at last on one evening a letter arrived at Kirk Bride Rectory, bringing the mournful intelligence of her brother's decease in a foreign land; she read the letter, and from that moment never smiled, or even spoke,—on the following day she became a corpse. This latter sorrow came as a two-fold fulfilment of her own gentle lines on another brother's grave,—

"My brother's grave! and can it be?
These words do sound so strange:
He used to roam the hills with me—
The glens he used to range—
He used to mark the wild bird's flight,
Beside the rushing Shaane:
I cannot think that eye of light
May never beam again."

"Poor Esther Nelson!—but why 'poor?'—
thou wert rich in genius here, thou art far richer

in paradise now, peace is with thee, thou broken-hearted one ! ”

Such seemed to be the thoughts of poor Harriet and Charles Henry, for a deep pause ensued.

Ernest had finished reading his letters, and had invited his young friend to take a stroll on the gravel walk, when his sister perceived that something pressed upon his mind, and imparted a more than wonted serious look. She asked him what it might be—but,

“No,” he said, “only that some work was cut out for him to do. Heberden wanted him to attend at Mr. Creyke’s rectory on such a day, and, indeed, there was an earnest note from the Rev. Mr. Creyke to the same effect, and also Heberden wished him to write, or deliver extemporaneously, an address on Education at their National School Festival, and other matters connected with his own parish were pressing thoughtfully upon him ;” and in this way he calmed his sister’s mind, without thinking it necessary yet to disclose a further object that would, in an important degree, soon engross his best time and attention. Meanwhile his own, and Charles Henry’s spirits must be rallied, and so he renewed his invitation to a walk, and soon they were pacing up and down

a very nice gravel walk on the edge of a small fence by the side of the garden, which had been planned, executed, and adorned at intervals with classical statues, arranged according to Ernest's taste and directions.

Now poor Kerr was very fond of animals and birds, and Ernest Singleton himself was also particularly partial to them, and had especial reverence for a crow. "I never could bear to see a crow killed," he said to Kerr, "because, in addition to its being one of the handsomest indigenous birds of our island, it is so long-lived, that when any one shoots a crow, he may in a moment be cutting off the enjoyment of a century of life; there is something awful too in the look and aspect of an aged crow: a crow that has seen families in succession appear and disappear, and to whom certain haunts have become familiar; now is there not something majestic in the very walk of a crow, *vera incessu patuit Dea*, and its common hoarse scream is striking and enlivening?"

Poor Charles Henry agreed in these remarks, and having pointed out a bough of an aged oak, scathed by lightning, on which he had often observed a crow perched, as though it were a favourite place, and listened to its hoarse scream; one of the sable tribe, at that very

moment, was seen to be coming towards them, and announcing the arrival of himself and some other one, as yet invisible in the distance, by notes which seemed to be issued forth for the purpose of question and answer. Poor Kerr, as was his wont of late, took off his hat and kept tapping the crown of it with his fingers, as though to speed it on its way, and at this time, as at others, his eye gazed after the bird until it was fairly out of sight. Ernest Singleton merrily attempted to divert him, and by way of contrast to the poetic pieces which had been read by his sister at the breakfast table, quietly gave expression to the following ludicrous thoughts, while the poor crow, slowly and steadily as crow could do, continued its unwearied flight not far above their heads.

TO A CARRION CROW WHICH FLEW OVER OUR HEADS.

“ Where art thou flying to, thou great black crow ?
Is it for pastime or business I would know ?
Thy grey hood speaks to us of reverend age,
Older than mortal man, and very far more sage :
Art thou going to attend some assembly of Divines ?
Or where the Lord Mayor of thy great city dines ?
Thou must be a member of the stately House of Peers,
Art thou now filled with aristocratic fears ?
Or art thou her majesty’s secretary at war ;
Or an ambassador returning from afar,
Travelling incog ? I should like to know,
For really thou art awful—thou great black crow.

“ If it be not impertinent, where was thy birth-place ?
How ancient, how escutcheoned too thy race,
How many children and grandchildren own you ?
How does your highness feed the carrion crew ?
Perhaps you are about to join a committee of supply,
You’ll feather well your own nest, before you dare to die.
Have you any Poor Laws, or do you need Reform ?
Or as your fathers did, so do you keep out the storm ?
How does your pulse beat, do you ever feel in pain ?
You’re flying fast away, shall we see you e’en again
We only wish you’d tell us in truth before you go,
The thoughts of your anxious heart—thou great black
crow.

“ You still keep flying on—oh, you’ve nothing great to
tell,

Perhaps a pedlar travelling with broken ware to sell ;
Or a shabby married man, leaving children in the lurch ;
Or only a curate going dingily to church,
Or an undertaker bawling for a hearse,
Or an apothecary, making people worse ;
Perhaps a kind of scavenger, you wing away the dead,
Perhaps up many a chimney you’ve cried out ‘ sweep a
head,’

Have you Acts of Parliament, or any other law,
Forbidding you in lawful trade from roaring out your ‘ Caw ?’
You may fly on—I want not your private thoughts to
know,

Thou art no longer awful—thou great black crow.”

These lines amused poor Charles Henry, and Ernest was in the act of telling him how he had actually watched a flock of crows, on one evening, seemingly holding a kind of court-martial, or trial, of an offending one. The manner was this ; an immense flock assembled in a

large fallow field, they arranged themselves nearly in circular rows, with sentinels posted on the trees around, while in the midst were placed some two or three, or four or five (for I could not exactly see the number) apart from the rest. The deliberation lasted for some time, during which the voices of several of them were heard, and the whole appeared to be conducted with much gravity and solemnity; when suddenly, a company of crows, as though dispatched by authority, set furiously upon two of the crows stationed in the centre, and actually, on the spot, stocked them to death with their beaks. The whole company afterwards arose, as it seemed, in confusion, and there was much noise, as though of joy and congratulation, and they were soon on their flight to a neighbouring wood, where they usually roosted for the night.

“And this,” ended Ernest, “with my own eyes I witnessed.”

He had hardly related this anecdote, when a small fourwheeled carriage was driven up to the front gate of the little rectory, and Ernest at once recognised the Pastor of Penscellwood, who had come over from Belswardine; and it may, almost with actual literalness, be said, that he flew to meet and welcome

his most valued and venerable benefactor and friend.

“I am glad you are not from home,” exclaimed Mr. Churton, “though I was rather fearful you would be—” and he paused, as he leaned on Ernest’s arm, to reconnoitre the little Elizabethan rectory.

“Half an hour longer, and I might have been gone,” replied Ernest, “not on pastoral affairs,” and he stated this, for he knew the good pastor would not have wished to detain him then, “but I was going to visit my friend Mr. Heberden, who wishes to see me, not to-day, nor to-morrow especially, but some day soon,” and he conducted the pastor towards the house.

And Harriet! she had seen from the windows the approach of Mr. Churton, and what did she do? Run up and put on her best gown, arrange her hair, and give orders as to which room he was to be shewn into? no, for at once she went forth and hailed him, as she was best entitled to do, not as a stranger, nor as a formal visitor, but as her old parish pastor—the warm and tried friend of her family, her brother’s guide, counsellor, father! oh! what did she think or care about dress, or servants, or rooms; she went forth in her honest sim-

plicity, in the most earnest spirit of cordial welcome, not untempered with feelings of veneration, and her intense ardour was devoutly met by corresponding sentiments of unqualified regard and esteem.

“So here I am,” exclaimed Mr. Churton, as Harriet drew a large chair near to the fire, but which indulgence the old hardy pastor declined, “well here I am, far away from dear Penscellwood, but still among Penscellwood friends; ay, Penscellwood is a hearty place, as our country-people say, and few better people than our old Penscellwood people;” and he proceeded to answer a multitude of inquiries concerning kith and kin, which emanated in rapid succession from the mouths of Harriet and her brother Ernest. Everything was asked after—the old people, and the children, valued friends and mere acquaintances, the loved church, its yew trees, and tombstones, the hills, the woods, the paths, the lanes, the streams, and the old stiles; there were some old associations with these things, which led to their being asked after, and some fear, lest an old oak, or a veteran elm, or shady beech-tree with initials of generations carved on its smooth bark, should have been cut down, or fallen before the winds; so often do we think that a

few years' absence must work great changes, for they seem to us as though centuries were elapsing.

"And how like you your post of duty here?" asked Mr. Churton of Ernest, and he had sufficiently found out, both among rich and poor, how Ernest was liked.

"I like it well," responded Ernest, "Yes, I may say I love my work, and love my people."

"That 's well," cried the pastor, interrupting him, "you *must* love your work, or it will be uphill labour indeed; no man should be a minister of the gospel, but in the love of it—miserable indeed is the lot of him who has been sent into our ministry and feels himself to be slothful or unfitted for its high duties." Ernest burst into tears—but, turning aside his head, strove to hide his emotion.

Harriet would have inquired the cause, but he beckoned to her not to notice it, and since he moved to a more distant part of the room, with the intention of reaching a book, the good pastor himself did not perceive this tribute of affection.

The fact was, that the joy of poor Ernest on first welcoming the pastor into his house, and seeing him, whom he loved and revered before all men, actually seated before him,

and himself listening to the well known voice, and gazing on the old, friendly, and most familiar countenance, with the sudden thought that this deep pleasure would endure, as it were, but for a moment, this was too much for the affectionate heart of Ernest ; it overwhelmed him, and he wept. Oh, how his beloved sister and himself then felt, as they gazed on that venerable brow before them,

“ Weak, faint beginners in the way of grace,
Our beacon-light was his benignant face.”

CHAPTER V.

“ But strong for service still, and unimpaired :
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart,
Was to encourage goodness.”

COWPER.

Now the good pastor didn't come with the intention of paying his dear young friend a mere ceremonial visit—no ; he came to cram as much of inquiry and information, as it were possible to do, in the comparatively brief time allotted to him, at least, as he now intended, in a visit of a few hours. How often had he imparted rational and solemn counsel to Ernest's mind and heart—and now he came to witness the fruits of his efforts, and, if it might be permitted him, to impart still more. And Ernest ! he loved his counsel, this had made him what he was, and now, with the aid of that Blessing to which we all humbly look, he would reap further improvement from one, who

in his youth and manhood was inflamed with a noble ardour in the sacred cause, and whose feelings and judgment were now mellowed by that salutary corrector of the past, and best conductor for the future, experience. Here was the man, who, in his own neighbourhood, was the first, in careless days of the Church for ever passed away, to converse with the poor about their souls, even to walk by the side of the ploughman, and talk with that tiller of the earth upon heavenly duties and hopes, here was he come to see if his young pupil was, in like manner, earnest and impressive, and unwearied, amid advantages and disadvantages, in his ministerial and missionary vocation.

Ernest told him of the good done by Sir John and Lady Thorold, and their family, their example, their charities, and their instructions—and Mr. Churton congratulated him on this happy circumstance, for of all untoward hindrances in the pastoral care of a parish, a bad or profligate squire is the worst; far better in such case, even for the poorest of the people, to have no squire at all resident among them; but with the Thorolds at the head of his parochial department Ernest was indeed highly favoured, for they could do good, and did do it, in the best possible manner.

“And now,” asked the pastor, “what is the spiritual and educated state of your people? do they attend regularly at Church? and how do they pass the remainder of the Lord’s Day? these are usually my first questions on entering a parish new to me.”

“Their attendance at Church is good,” replied Ernest, “and I speak not of the general congregation, for we have many hearers who come irregularly among us; but, I find my own people maintaining a constant regard for the duty of assembling themselves together in public worship; and as to the portion of our Sabbath not spent at Church, I believe it to be differently observed by different persons, inasmuch as we have two public-houses which are commonly frequented by persons of other parishes who allure a few of my own, and then the families of farmers are in the habit of exchanging visits, which leads to the employment of servants, and appears to me not to be right; while many, I may say, very many do employ their time in reading the Scriptures, and in the perusal of other books, which, together with pious family conversation, tends much to instruct and elevate their minds.”

“But have you any poor persons who labour for themselves on the Lord’s day?” asked the

pastor, "for instance, do any cottagers dig or plant in their gardens?"

"I have heard it said," answered Ernest, "that such a one, and one of the incorrigible kind of old men has been named, does work in his garden, and we had a small farmer who always chose a Sunday for gathering the apples, and doing sundry light jobs with his men and boys, entirely keeping them from Church; but this has been remedied."

"And it is time it should," observed the pastor, "especially in this country, where we have a Christian Church established over the whole of the land. If the voluntary system, in regard to the propagation of the gospel, prevailed, and through the partiality and imperfection of which many portions of the country would be neglected, I should not be surprised at any evil practice, for such is the picture actually drawn of a region in which dissent is at work under the voluntary system."

"Not in our own country?" asked Ernest.

"No, it is of New England in America, where the Episcopal church, till of late years, exercised less influence than in any other section of the Union. A traveller, who seems to be a man of acute observation, says* that the fruits

* Ecclesiastical Reminiscences, p. 152.

of the voluntary system are just what might have been expected. 'In many agricultural districts the closed sanctuary on the returning Sabbath drives the idle to the tavern and the industrious to the plough. In several parts of New England that day is not in *any manner* distinguished from the other days of the week. The farmer, surrounded by his labourers, is seen engaged in the customary labours of the field; the farm-yard presents the usual busy scene; flour and saw-mills are going, stores and bar-rooms are open, and all the avocations of business and pleasure go on as usual.' Such must necessarily be an irreligious people."

"Thank God again for an Established Church!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Amen! and ten thousand times amen!" responded the Pastor.

"Still, I must confess," said Ernest, anxious to lay any doubt before the Pastor, and to acquire information from his well-stored mind, "that to me the question of the Christian Sabbath (and am I right in calling it a Sabbath?) presents many difficulties, and often have I felt a hesitation in enforcing a strict observance of its sacred time."

"And what are the difficulties? and what your hesitation?" asked the pastor; "you are

perfectly right in designating it *a* Sabbath, when it would not be correct to call it *the* Sabbath."

"My difficulties," replied Ernest, "consist in separating the Christian from the Jewish Sabbath; in proving the divine origin of the Christian Sabbath; and in so placing the liberty of this latter Sabbath before my people, especially in connection with any remarks on the fourth commandment, as not to lead to too great indulgence, or to a violation of its real requirements."

"I see your difficulty," said the pastor, "and it is a natural one; since the question of the Christian Sabbath is an exceedingly nice one, one that requires great discrimination, yet one which, to my mind, is satisfactorily clear."

Ernest listened with peculiar attention.

"First of all, recollect," began the pastor, "that we have little or no literal authority from the Scriptures for the keeping of our Sabbath. We must, in this sense, put patriarchal and Mosaic ages out of the question altogether. Indeed as Dr. Arnold has said, the Mosaic should have the preference of the Patriarchal law, but both are clearly abrogated as regards their literal fulfilment by Christians. All the texts which relate to the Sabbath, as they are given in the Old Testament are positively valueless, and

worse than valueless, as *literal* precepts for Christians ; and to put them in practice would rather be sinful, as St. Paul would tell us."

"The fourth commandment?" suggested Ernest.

"Yes, we do not think of keeping that," returned the pastor.

"We read it from the holiest place in our sanctuaries," observed Ernest, "and we pray God, 'to incline our hearts to keep *this law*.'"

"We do, indeed," replied the pastor, "but of course we only pray that we may act according to the *spirit* of that commandment. This is obvious, inasmuch as our Church could not call on us to pray for grace to keep the letter of it, for the letter of the commandment she herself teaches us to transgress, when she keeps holy, not the seventh day, but the first. You know that, through want of discriminating the *principle* from the *letter* of this commandment, there are numbers of Dissenters, who object to the public reading of the Mosaic commandments, and some clergymen make conscientious objections ; but there is no necessity of this, because the *principle* is that we set apart for the service of God a seventh portion of our time, and this the Christian church has always consistently done."

“But may we not say,” asked Ernest, “that the Sabbath-day is only changed from the seventh day to the first day of the week, but that still it is the same Sabbath? and that all the passages in the Old Testament which command the observation of the Sabbath are still in force in regard to the Christian Sabbath?”

“No, we cannot say so,” replied the pastor. “The Jewish Sabbath has not changed its day, there is no word in the Scriptures that tells us of God having pronounced a change; but the institution itself is abrogated. St. Paul himself tells us this, Colossians ii. 16, 17; and what is St. Jerome’s comment? ‘There is no sermon of the Apostle,’ he says ‘either by epistle or by word of mouth, in which he does not labour to prove that all the burdens of the law are now laid aside; that all those things which were before in types and figures, namely, *the Sabbath*, circumcision, the new moon, and the three solemn festivals, upon the preaching of the Gospel, ceased.’* ”

* “Fall not into Judaism, nor into the sect of the Samaritans,” saith St. Cyril, “for henceforth hath Jesus Christ ransomed me. *Abstain from all observance of sabbaths*, and from calling any indifferent meat ‘common or unclean.’ Especially abhor all the assemblies of wicked heretics; and in every way make thine own soul safe

“It is remarkable,” observed Ernest, “certainly very remarkable how that ancient father should class these matters together,—the Sabbath, which so many consider to be of eternal moral obligation, with the rite of circumcision so purely ceremonial.”

“And recollect St. Paul does so. But remember this, that I would hold a Sabbath to be of eternal moral obligation, but not the ceremonial one to which the fourth commandment alludes. Let me not be misunderstood in such an important matter; and therefore, I would say, though a particular law be abrogated, the principle of it, and the spirit of it must not be forgotten. For instance, the Jews have a day of rest, and Christians have a day of rest, this is the principle,—but the manner of keeping this day of rest by the two parties may be dissimilar; dissimilar even in regard to the day, which indeed seems to be left open.”

“Might we then,” asked Ernest, “keep the principle of a day of rest upon any day in the week.”

“I would not say that we, as faithful mem-

by fastings, by prayers, by alms, by reading of the divine oracles: living in soberness and godly doctrine for the rest of thy time in the flesh,” &c.—*ST. CYRIL, Sect. 37.*

bers of the true Catholic Church would have this liberty, because we are bound by the custom of the Church, but others who dissent from the Church might do as they pleased; so believed Calvin, who entertained serious thoughts of keeping the Sabbath on a Thursday, thus avoiding Sunday as the day adopted by Catholics, (what prejudice!) Saturday as the Sabbath of the Jews, Friday as that of the Mahometans. So believed Zuinglius, who, in his discourse against a new Arian heretic, says ‘Hearken now, Valentine, by what ways and means the Sabbath may be made a ceremony, if either we observe that day which the Jews once did, or think the Lord’s day *so affixed unto any time*, that we conceive it an impiety it should be changed into another.’ So believed Dietericus, a Lutheran divine, and Hospinian, and many others, who say it may be kept on any day, so that it be one in seven. And Heylin tells us that by the doctrine of the Helvetian Churches every particular Church may destinate what day they please to religious meetings: and every day may be a Lord’s day or Sabbath.”

“But do not the Scriptures of the New Testament seem to fix the first day of the week as our day of rest for religious purposes?” asked Ernest.

“In much degree they do,” replied the pastor, “but not absolutely. The Apostles and primitive Christians seem to have met together on the first day of the week, as St. Luke tells us. St. Paul appears to allude to this custom when he counsels the Corinthians, to ‘lay by him in store as God hath prospered him,’ on the first day of the week. And there are obvious reasons why this day should be a day of meeting and rejoicing among them, because our Lord rose from the dead on Sunday; His next appearance was on the next *first* day of the week; and on the first day of the week the promised Comforter descended upon the hearts of men. Still this *occasional* assembling on the first day, and we can only prove it as being occasional, stands not alone, for they met also on the seventh day. It was on the Jewish Sabbath St. Paul preached to the Philippians, and baptised Lydia with her household. Among the Thessalonians he reasoned three Sabbath days together, Jewish Sabbaths, out of the Scriptures. At Corinth he did the same every Sabbath day (Saturday) with the Jews and Greeks.”

“Then what is our strongest ground for keeping our Sabbath on the first day of the week, or indeed for keeping it at all?” asked Ernest.

“As Dr. Arnold writes,” answered the pastor, “we must set prominently forward, ‘the long and unvaried practice of the Church,’ and we shall find from the earliest ages that all orthodox Christians have been wont to keep the first day of the week as their great weekly festival. The very earliest of the fathers mention this; by some of them, as by Ignatius for example, it is called the Lord’s day.”

“And he was the disciple of St. John,” remarked Ernest, “so that it seems as though he understood St. John to allude to the weekly festival when he said, ‘I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day.’”

“We won’t press that signification,” replied the pastor, “because it is an ably disputed one, and St. John may have had regard to Easter day only; no, we must stand or fall on the universal voice of the universal Church, and this we certainly have, for we can demonstrate the fact—and then, it may perhaps be hardly too much to assume that it had an Apostolical origin.”

“But will this argument avail with those out of the pale of the Church, and who reject her Catholic voice?” asked Ernest.

“With those,” said the pastor, “we have nothing to do; they make their bed them-

selves, and they must lie on it. But I can tell you, that, if they reject this position, they can validly maintain their observance of the Lord's Day on no other; the Bible and the Bible alone will not serve them in this case; and moreover, let them reject the voice of the Church, and the proof of the canon of Scripture itself will be impaired; and with his Bible closed, what can a Christian say or do?"

"But the Dissenters are rigid in their observance of a Sabbath," remarked Ernest.

"So they may be," answered the pastor, "but what if they should be called on to prove it by an objector to their authority; and what if it should be discovered that theirs was the Judaical Sabbath in every essential respect, excepting the day? We learn from Collier's Ecclesiastical History what mistakes the Puritans made in this respect, and how Pharisaically severe and slavish were the rules of Dr. Bound's book, wherein it is strictly laid down, that, 'whereas all other parts in the Jewish economy were to cease under Christianity, this of the Sabbath was only to change the day, but to *remain unaltered in other circumstances*;' and in conformity with this rigidity of rule, 'no person was to discourse of recreation, news, or business.' Well, learned men soon became divided in

opinion, and many Puritans who searched into things more deeply than others, began to suspect that Dr. Bound's principles were wrong. But what was the course of these men? Because these principles tended to the advancement of piety, *they thought it more serviceable to let the mistake pass upon the people!** Yes, they would be rank Jesuits, doing evil that good might come, and supporting the fabric of their doctrinal church on a falsehood of which they were in themselves perfectly conscious."

"And, do you know," said Ernest, "I have often felt a reserve in speaking the truth on this matter, and this is one reason why I have endeavoured now to draw some sound information from yourself. There are Dissenters in this neighbourhood who will tell the people not to shave, or to wear nosegays, on the Sabbath-day; who would not suffer a shoe to be put on a traveller's horse, and such like things. Not long back a dissenting blacksmith greatly abused my friend Heberden,—and what do you think was the cause? Poor Heberden had a positive engagement in a distant part of the country, for which he must set out very early on Monday morning, not being willing to com-

* Collier's Eccles. Hist. vol. ii. p. 643.

mence his journey on Sunday evening. On Sunday his servant came to tell him that both the horses must be shod before he could set out. 'I must start at five o'clock to-morrow morning,' said Heberden, 'and I tell you, John, what you must do. You must go down to the blacksmith's this evening, and telling him the hour at which we must start, bid him be prepared to shoe our horses right early, this will set us forward, and be kind to him.' The man, who naturally intended to take a walk, did as he was told, and for this the 'pious blacksmith never ceased to abuse my friend, saying that, 'his heart was in the world on the Sabbath,' and that 'the next thing would be to send his horses to be shod on that day,' and so he went on, abusing and misrepresenting our really good and Christian friend."

"And so our blessed Lord was vilified," said the pastor, "and recollect wherever the Sabbath is discoursed on, *He preaches against too strict an observance of it*. We must do, as He did, tell the truth at all hazards, and fear not the face of man."

"Well, I have a case to lay before you, for your judgment," continued Ernest, "one that devolves great responsibility on the ministerial office and character. I have a man in

my parish whose profession is that of a fowl-badger, as it is called, that is to say, he is engaged during the week in attending cheap market-towns in distant parts of the country, where he buys a considerable quantity of fowls, and at the end of the week he conveys them to a large town, where the market is held on a Saturday, and where he sells them to much advantage; in short, he supports a wife and large family on the gain accruing to him from buying in the cheap market, and selling in the dearest. Now the best time of the market is late on the Saturday night, between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock at nights, after the colliers, manufacturers, and others have been paid their wages. Thus on Saturday night he regularly finds himself about thirty miles from home, and therefore is compelled to travel on *every Sunday*. He can never keep a Sabbath, never enter a church, and yet he must support his wife and family. How am I to advise him?—how speak to others, and let him escape?"

"Is he sensible of his transgression?" asked the pastor, "would he value the privilege of a Sabbath?"

"He would, indeed," answered Ernest, "for he told me so when I attended him during an

illness, and he confessed to me that his conscience sorely smote him."

"It is a hard case," said the pastor, "but not an irremediable one, unless he be a covetous man. At all events he must not continue to travel on every Sabbath,—for, consider what privileges he is losing in being absent from instruction in Church, what an example to others, how he must cause some trouble on the road where he stops, and how, alas! his heart will become hardened by such a course. No, he must moderate his plans, or give up his course of life altogether. It should be asked him how far lesser gain would support his family, supposing that he sold his fowls in time enough to leave earlier on the Saturday, so as to reach home on Saturday night, or whether he *must* go to that distant town at all? Again, he might set out on a Sunday morning, and stop on the road, so that he might attend a place of worship, and renew his journey in the evening. This would be an evil,—but surely the support of a man's wife and family in an honest way comes under the article of necessity. Much depends upon the temper in which a thing is done, whether humble or daring, and why should not this be a case in which God will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss? Oh!

if all the rich and powerful, all the farmers and tradesmen who do not labour, but who seek their pleasure on a Sabbath, could acquit themselves as this poor man might, they would be freer than they are from sins of presumptuousness and defiance ; but still, since it would be no consolation to this poor man to have all the rich world in hell with himself, he must do what is best for his own soul, quite heedless of the bad example of those higher and wealthier than himself. On every account he must satisfy his conscience, not by hardening it, but by compliance with its good promptings, and unless any moderate path can be pointed out to his satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of the Church's decision on the matter, he must abandon his calling even with the horrid prospect of poverty before his eyes. And this case, and many others similar to it, should arouse the laity and clergy of the land alike, to arise up and endeavour that no fairs or markets shall ever be held on Saturdays or Mondays, that thus every one may be free to attend on their religious duties on Sunday, and also to have their minds disengaged from intruding and engrossing thoughts connected with buying and selling."

" This would be a capital result," said Ernest ;

“and it ought to demand the attention of the bishops, and of every clerical meeting throughout the land ; for, indeed, the driving of cattle, and the travelling of caravans, carriages, and people, on the Lord’s day, to fairs, is a crying evil.”

“And this may all be done without inculcating the necessity of a Puritanical Sabbath,” observed the pastor, “which is a decided mistake.”

“It is,” said Ernest ; “and yet, as I have said before, I am so fearful of interfering in a matter which, we may say, it is better should be overdone than neglected—I am so fearful, lest some less conscientious persons should take advantage of any preaching against Puritanical observance of the Sabbath, and make it serve as a cloak for their utter neglect and desecration of the holy day ; in short, if you convinced a Dissenter that his manner of keeping a Sabbath was not Christian, and at the same time could not prevail with him to listen to the right way handed down by the Church, it would be probable that he would keep no Sabbath at all, but rather, finding that the Scriptures failed him, he would not suffer himself to be bound by what he would call human tradition, and human expediency.”

“Such cases might be,” said the pastor, “but who is to blame for them? Clearly those are to be blamed who place the Sabbath on a false foundation—who build an institution on hay, straw, and stubble—who misapply God’s most holy word—and who, when the light of truth beams forth, are compelled to witness the destruction of those wrong principles and opinions on which they have enforced a harsh and unnecessary practice, forgetting that while they may think it best for themselves to be on the more rigid side of conduct, yet that their harsh opinions and ideas have, through years and years, been casting an unamiable aspect over our most benevolent religion, and been deterring, it may be, thousands upon thousands from walking and delighting themselves in its paths of pleasantness and peace.”

“But you would not advocate the Roman Catholic manner of keeping a Sabbath in foreign countries, would you?” asked Ernest, in a subdued tone of voice.

“Not at all,” replied the pastor, “because I always regard the Lord’s Day as a day to be set apart for gaining instruction in the Lord’s ways; and, therefore, although the Roman Catholics may exhibit more warmth of a devotional kind than ourselves, although our Sun-

day may seem to them to be more like a fast than a festival, more like a Judaical Sabbath than a Christian holy-day, although their Churches may be abundantly filled with devout worshipers in the morning, yet I cannot abide the full encouragement of public amusements in the evening, I cannot choose that a congregation of spiritually-minded men should walk out of a church into a theatre, from awful scenes of a tremendous reality to the most frivolous sights of mere acting,—no, God grant that the foreign Sabbaths may never obtain countenance in England.”

“We must recollect, however,” interposed Ernest, “that the Roman Catholics do not cram all their public observance of religion into a Sunday, and spiritually starve themselves during the rest of the week.”

And this he said, remembering how the Countess Pazzi had taunted him.

“Certainly,” observed the pastor; “Friday is kept as religiously by devout persons as Sunday, but until this is also done in England, or even when it is done, let us not surrender one atom of the whole day of Sunday. Oh! my dear boy,” he continued, placing his hand on Ernest’s head, “go forward with your observance of the Lord’s day upon its best and

true grounds—it will be needed as long as this world lasts ; if there be a man, as Arnold says, so rich in the love of God and Christ, so perfectly conformed to the spirit of God, no doubt he needs not for himself the aid of carnal ordinances, nor needs he the help of one day out of seven to enkindle his heavenly affections, when all his life is passed as if he were in heaven already. Such a man may need not the guidance and instruction of a Sabbath, but where is such a man to be found ? and if found, could he himself not observe a Sabbath without harm and offence to others not so established in grace as himself ? No ; a Sabbath we must have, a holy, cheerful, and instructive Sabbath, and such a Sabbath the Church has always cherished—such a Sabbath the primitive fathers speak of—and such a Sabbath we have fair reason to believe is of Apostolic origin, albeit we cannot adduce the positive Scriptural text. Turn it into a day of pleasure and you mar its noblest purpose—turn it into a day of work and you deprive both man and beast of an incalculable blessing—of a period of rest, of a diversion of thought, without which the mind and heart of man would become alike ruined,—yes, insanity, and every moral evil would increase a hundred fold ; above all, it may be a

type of that hallowed rest which remaineth for the people of God."

The good pastor's voice faltered with emotion, for his whole heart was engaged in the utterance of his thoughts; and Ernest, after relating the state of education in his neighbourhood, was anxious to obtain information regarding the disposition with which the Fathers were to be read.

CHAPTER VI.

“Ridley in the disputation at Oxford, ‘And in that the Church of God is in doubt, I use herein the wise counsel of Vincentius Lirinensis, whom I am sure you will allow, who, giving precepts how the Catholic Church may be in all schisms and heresies known, writeth in this manner ; when, saith he, one part is corrupted with heresies, then prefer the whole world before that one part ; but if the greatest part be infected, *then prefer antiquity.*’”—

Life of Bishop Ridley, pp. 613, 614.

‘Unless I am much mistaken, the most wholesome part of the Reformation is in England, where, together with the love of truth, there flourishes the love of antiquity.’—*Casaubon, Epist.* 709.

“In doubtful questions, ’tis the safest way,
To learn what unsuspected ancients say ;
For ’tis not likely we should higher soar,
In search of Heaven, than all the church before :
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see,
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.”

DRYDEN’S *Religio Laici*.

“For points obscure are of small use to learn ;
But common quiet is mankind’s concern.” *Ibid.*

“I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain :
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.”

DRYDEN’S *Hind and the Panther*.

“THE Fathers,” exclaimed the pastor, “we cannot too carefully and diligently read them, too reverently speak of them, for they have indeed done good service towards the preservation of pure and genuine Christianity. All Reformers must agree in this; and it is no wonder that we see them all, Calvin included, strenuously endeavouring to enlist the sentiments of the ancient Fathers on their side.”

“This is remarkable,” said Ernest, “even in the foreign Reformed churches; and we see that the most inveterate enemies of the Church of Rome take their stand upon the Fathers.”

“It was so from the commencement of the Reformation, and continued throughout it,” observed the pastor. “Remember what constant aid Luther derived from them, and how, in his great contest with his powerful antagonist Eck, he prevailed over him, because, while Eck appealed to the Fathers, Luther quoted them in reply, and gained the superiority. In his famous appeal, also, addressed to ‘His Imperial Majesty, and the Christian Nobility of Germany,’ he says,—‘In this way must heretics be refuted by Scripture, as the ancient Fathers did, and not subdued by fire.’ You see how he approves the Christian course, and acknowledges the power of the Scriptural reasoning of

the Fathers; and so we find that he always appealed to their writings. 'When Luther,' writes Melancthon, 'expounds the passage of St Matthew, *Thou art Peter*, &c., he agrees with Origen, who by himself alone is worth a host; with Augustine in his homily, and Ambrose in his sixth book on St. Luke, to say nothing of others.' And Melancthon, who said, 'I would sooner die than be separated from Luther,' writes of himself, 'I believe in the Fathers, because I believe in the Holy Scriptures.' And Erasmus insisted that men should no longer study theology in Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, but go and learn it from the Fathers of the Church, and, above all, the New Testament; and, to further a knowledge of what he rightfully called 'the pure and simple Christianity of the Bible,' he published editions of Cyprian and Jerome, gave translations of Origen, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, which works, we are told by the historian* of those times of the Reformation, contributed greatly to spread a taste for the word of God and pure theology. And, for the same purpose we find even that ultra-Reformer, Zuinglius, studying the writings of Origen, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom, &c., himself saying, 'I

* D'Aubigné, vol. i. p. 87, &c.

study the Doctors with the same feeling with which one asks a friend,—what do you understand by this?’ thus going with familiar confidence to them for their assistance in the interpretation of Scripture. It is quite unnecessary for me, I well know, to remind you of our own first Reformers, and of the opinions of the great giants of the seventeenth century : you know well what Bishop Beveridge, Taylor, and Hooker, and many others have laid down ; but still I would caution you against using the Fathers as an absolute authority, for then they are made to usurp the place which can only be assigned to Scripture itself, and such a presumptuous course would have offended them before all other men—oh, they could not have borne such a rash idea. No, you must keep them in their places, make them thoroughly subordinate to Scripture, and then you will find them of inestimable value ; because, however differing, and however speculative, they may be on divers unessential points, (and what human minds are not so ?) you will find them, one and all, agreeing upon all the great and essential articles of Christian faith, and even on leading points of ecclesiastical government and discipline ; as Bishop Jeremy Taylor tells us that we learn from the Fathers ‘that thunder is not more heard

than this,' the government of the church by bishops 'is seen in all the monuments of antiquity,' and indeed, as I have just before observed, where would be the authority for the observance of the Lord's day, (and I may add, infant baptism, sponsors, &c.) without them; so that in two great matters, namely, the preservation in their integrity of the great and saving doctrines of Christianity, such as the Incarnation, the Trinity, the Atonement, the Inspiration of the Holy Spirit, &c., those jewels of the Christian hope and life, as also in the preservation of the casket in which those jewels are enshrined, namely, the Christian Church, by whose custody and ministry these jewels are kept polished, and delivered to the congregations of Christian worshippers, as well as exhibited before heathen minds, we cannot but discern the direct use of an earnest and searching investigation of the ancient Fathers of the Christian Church: but use them with caution, because the writings of some of them are voluminous, and treat on a vast number of non-essential subjects, which, however interesting they may be, are not to be placed in the category of necessary knowledge, or of saving faith."

"Even in points well established by the Scriptures, but on which men will still raise

controversy," said Ernest, "the additional evidence to be adduced from the Fathers is of use ; for instance, although Jones of Nayland has incontrovertibly proved the doctrine of the divinity of our blessed Lord from Scripture, yet, if we can add the testimony of the Church to such evidence, we surely do good, and no kind of harm, towards the firm establishment of the matter."

"Certainly," rejoined the pastor, "we thus add strength to strength. And in many other cases where proof seems to be plainly derived from Scripture, we may yet advantageously consult the Fathers, especially in our long and unwearied contest with the Church of Rome ; oh, it behoves the Protestant to be prepared to meet that Church upon this ground, and to prove, as he easily may, that the dogmata of the Tridentine creed are no less opposed to the real sentiments of the Fathers, than they are to the express declarations of the word of God. Never, then, let a Protestant shrink from taking up his firm position on the witness and testimony of the ancient Church—never let him yield the term 'Catholic'—never sever himself from a Church which is never being refounded with every man's life, but which is one and the same,—let him contend for the faith *once de-*

livered to the Saints, for, if he does not do so, Rome will have the advantage of him ; Rome will assuredly overpower him, when, but for his own imprudence or ignorance, the Church of Rome could have no cause of triumph. Oh ! the Protestant controversialists, ay, and the more simple-minded members of the Protestant Church, should be prepared, on any emergency, at once to refer to those passages in the primitive writings which prove so incontestably the modern origin of Popery—for, indeed the Roman Catholics themselves are so instructed, and it is quite common to meet with a Roman Catholic mechanic or peasant with the sentiments (adulterated, it may be) of the Fathers, and the decrees of councils at his fingers' ends, and too often the poor illiterate Protestant is compelled to slink away, because he has no knowledge of the effectual way of combating his more prepared and instructed antagonist."

"He might make use of his knowledge of the Scriptures," suggested Ernest.

"He might do so," answered the pastor, "but I fear he would fail, for his opponent would at once oppose his interpretation of Scripture, and overwhelm him with decisions and authorities, the worth of which he would not be able reasonably to dispute ; but let him bear in his

mind some plain statements of the Fathers, and he would be able then to argue with and gain-say the Romanist, however he might shift his ground."

"I see at once the value of such knowledge," said Ernest, "and moreover we know how all strive to obtain the Scriptures on their side, even Socinians and all sects, and yet cannot satisfy one another, but by their differences cast discredit on the authenticity of the Scriptures themselves, and thus keep many persons in an unbelieving state—but, alas! if such knowledge of the Fathers be requisite in the humbler members of our congregations, how ought we who are ministers to be thoroughly furnished with these weapons, and be ready to bring forth our 'treasure things new and old.' May I ask, then, what course I should pursue—for some writings of the Fathers I have read—but what systematic course, so that I might be better enabled to stem the encroachments of the Roman Church, or at least humbly to meet any summons, and be prepared to give an answer to every man that asketh me a reason of the hope that is in me, and thus efficiently to defend our Reformed faith."

"I will readily do that," said the benevolent pastor, "and as briefly as I can, not over-

burdening you with unauthoritative names and works. Now, let me see," he continued, pausing awhile, "you are aware how the persecutions, to which the primitive Fathers were exposed, called forth the most able men of their times, to appeal to the heathen rulers on behalf of a people enduring so much cruelty and injustice for believing and propagating tenets which their consciences assured them were based on truth, and were, to the exclusion of all heathen doctrines, religious truths. And although the apologies, as they were styled, of these learned and devoted men, were inefficient in mitigating the remorseless severity of the emperors to whom they were addressed, they are notwithstanding highly valuable as records, that can be depended upon, of the faith and practice of the ancient Church. Perhaps among the most important, as also the earliest of these, I would place the two apologies of Justin Martyr. The first, which is wrongly numbered as the second in his works, was presented to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, and to the Cæsars, Marcus Antoninus and Lucius Verus, and the second addressed to the Roman Senate, in the reign of Marcus Antoninus the philosopher. The evidence of such a man in regard to the faith and practice of the early Christians is particularly valuable,

for the powers of his mind, his literary attainments, and the sincerity with which he embraced the Gospel, and stood by its faith until martyrdom closed his earthly course, in the year 163, place that evidence beyond the reach of all cavil or doubt."

"Was he not a Greek?" asked Ernest.

"He was of Gentile or Greek extraction, though born at Neapolis, or Sychem in Samaria. After that he had vainly sought for truth among the different sects of heathen philosophy, he was led, through conversation with an aged disciple of Christ, and by farther reading of the Divine Scriptures, to imbibe clear and spiritual views of the Christian doctrines, and especially of the doctrine of the atonement, and the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's merits, upon which he firmly rested all his hopes of future blessedness. In other respects it is gratifying to find those great and essential truths, for which our Reformed Church is contending undauntedly in the present day, so clearly set forth, and so powerfully defended, in the second century of the Christian era."

"It is indeed," observed Ernest; "and this consideration must tend to nerve and encourage us in our work, and feel that it is

an honour and privilege to belong to such a true Church. Did Justin write many more works than these you have spoken of?"

"Besides his two Apologies," continued the pastor, "he wrote a dialogue with Trypho, a Jew, in which he meets and answers the usual arguments of that people against the Messiahship of Jesus, and well would it be if the Society for the conversion of the Jews would print and circulate a good translation of it. A part, also, of his Treatise on Monarchy, and two orations addressed to the Gentiles on the truths of Christianity, likewise remain. There are two pieces attributed to him, which, I believe I may say confidently, are not from his pen, although found in the common edition of his works;—the one, a treatise on the Physics of Aristotle; the other, replies to some questions of an orthodox Christian."

"How necessary," said Ernest, "to know what are genuine, and what are spurious, or interpolated, writings of the Fathers."

"Most necessary," replied the pastor, "especially in our controversy with Rome. Well, come we now to Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, so early as the year 178, and governing the church of that city for the space of twenty-four years,

even unto the period of his death by martyrdom. His five books against the heretics form the only work of importance handed down to us; and although, from the nature of the subject on which they treat, not so valuable to the general reader, yet there are many passages which assure us he had imbibed the orthodox sentiments of the venerable Polycarp, who was the instructor of his early years. The use which the Roman Catholics have made of Irenæus, in support of their doctrine of tradition, is not fair, and if he can be proved to fail them, their great support is gone; for he is more frequently and confidently quoted than any of the other Fathers."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ernest; "do tell me in what manner he is unfairly quoted,—this is knowledge of a most necessary kind in these days."

"Simply thus," replied the pastor: "In one or two insulated passages the word 'tradition' is used; but then comes the question, how is it used, and in what connection? Now we shall find that he uses the word, not as including a traditional revelation, distinct from the written word of God, but merely as proving the unanimous consent of all Christians to the truths which Scripture contains, as they are opposed to the

heretical doctrines which he refutes. Now, be it attentively remarked, that these heresies were commonly founded on tradition *as a distinct and more perfect mode of conveying God's will to man*; and thus you will find the Valentinians, and other heretics of those times, depreciating the Bible as a sufficient rule of faith; and contending that our Saviour gave to His disciples a more complete doctrinal code, to be handed down from age to age by traditionary teaching.*

“This makes a vast difference,” observed Ernest.

“In answer to these unfounded pretensions,” continued the pastor, “Irenæus replies, ‘We have not known the economy of our salvation by others, than those by whom the Gospel came to us, which they then first preached, and by the will of God *delivered* to us in writing, to be the foundation and pillar of our truth,’ † &c. Again, when he had warned Christians against thinking themselves ‘competent to mend the apostles,’ he writes, ‘The Scriptures are perfect, because they are dictated by the Spirit of God, and His Word.’ ‡ Again, ‘read diligently the

* Irenæi Adv. Hær. Lib. I. c. v. p. 15. London, 1522.

† Lib. III. chap. i. p. 98.

‡ Lib. II. c. xlvii. p. 73.

Gospels given to us by the apostles, and read diligently the prophets, and you shall find every action, every doctrine, and the whole passion of our Lord preached in them.’ * He then points out, both the consequences of turning away from the sure testimony of God’s holy word, and the way in which those, who could not from it derive any support for their errors, were accustomed to deteriorate it, ‘all this befel them, because they were ignorant of the Scriptures.’ † ‘When they are argued with out of the Scriptures, they become the accusers of those very Scriptures, as if they were not in all things correct, but wanted authority ‡ on account of their ambiguity; so that the truth could not be derived from them without the help of *tradition*.’ These extracts, you see, clearly militate against the Romish doctrine of tradition.”

“They do indeed,” responded Ernest.

“Then there is Clemens Alexandrinus,” continued the pastor, “an author that must be read with caution; and certainly he is not so clear in his views as some of those who preceded and followed him. Alexandria, as you may

* Lib. IV. c. lxvi. p. 364.

† Lib. III. c. xii. p. 231.

‡ Lib. III. c. ii. p. 199.

know, was famed for its catechetical school, and produced many eminent writers, whose sentiments were somewhat tinctured with a wrong philosophy. Ammonius Saccas, for instance, was the founder of a sect which professed to gather whatever was accounted excellent from the various divisions of the philosophic schools, and when all the various doctrines were collected into a whole, they called their sect by the name of 'eclectic.' This plausible scheme unfortunately led Pantæus, the founder of the Alexandrian school, to attempt the union of these philosophic doctrines with the Gospel of Christ, and thus we may suppose there was no small quantity of error leavened with the truth. Clemens Alexandrinus professed himself to be a disciple of this Pantæus, and therefore we may suppose that his views were not entirely pure. Yet, as a narrative of facts, and as an evidence of the faith and practice of the times in which he lived, he may with great propriety be brought forward to prove, that, however the philosophising Christian teachers of Alexandria may have adulterated the doctrines of the Gospel by a leaven of worldly wisdom, they were entirely ignorant of the corrupting tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, as they are now presented to its adherents.

“As regards which of these Romanist novel-ties?” asked Ernest.

“Against the doctrine of Transubstantiation,” replied the pastor, “and against prayers in an unknown tongue, Clemens may be quoted; and I would further say, that, notwithstanding his philosophic principles, there is much soundness in his views of Justification, and on this doctrine he differs from the Church of Rome, while he writes in full agreement with our eleventh Article.”

“Well may our Church,” exclaimed Ernest, “rejoice to look backward, ay, even to the day of her blessed Lord, as well as to the pure times of His immediate followers.”

“Next let us enter,” continued the pastor, “on the consideration of a celebrated, but in some degree peculiar, writer, Tertullian. He was assuredly a man of extensive learning and commanding talent, and, although he was led away by the wild and gloomy enthusiast Montanus, yet he was always held in the highest esteem by succeeding Fathers, who were enabled to separate the errors of Montanism from the orthodox portion of his works, and refer to them as an evidence of the general doctrine and practice of the Church in his time. You know, probably, what the learned Bishop Kaye says of him and

his errors, and, indeed, the bishop truly states, 'that the value of Tertullian's writings to the theological student, arises, in a great measure, from his errors; for when he became a Montanist, he set himself to expose what he deemed faulty in the practice and discipline of the Church, by which we are told indirectly what that practice and discipline were.'* Bishop Kaye inveighs strongly against those, who, taking a *royal road* to theological knowledge, are too ready to cast off the Fathers on account of errors which do not interfere with the handing down of much plain and undeniable truth, and we should no more cast off Tertullian on account of the extravagancies of Montanus, than we should refuse to read the works of the gentle, amiable, and accomplished Fenelon, because he betrayed a predilection for the notion of the mystics, even for the spiritual reveries of Madame Guyon; and the bishop argues in a perfectly just and reasonable way. The writings of Tertullian are very copious, as you will have found in reading Bishop Kaye's incomparable work. His Apology is, perhaps, the finest of his compositions, in point of elegance and beauty of language, and, I must say,

* Bishop Kaye's Eccles. Hist. of the Second and Third centuries, pp. 36, 37, 38, for the whole remark.

that to this he usually was but sparingly attentive. The prescriptions against heretics, which the Abbé Fleury considers one of the most useful of his works, in the refutation of heretical errors, affords much valuable information on the doctrines and practice of the true Christian Church. I will not now mention his numerous controversial works, but, as regards himself, I would just mention that he was of a somewhat morose and severe disposition, often harsh and unpolished, but of an undaunted bearing in the cause of Christianity, a man who would rather die than yield, and who taught that a Christian should never fly in times of persecution, but rather fearlessly seek the crown of martyrdom."

"This," remarked Ernest, "seems to have been the usual spirit of the early Christians."

"Yes, the Fathers thought nothing of death; to die for Christ was the sweetest thing in the world to them.* But I must proceed to another Father, one whose name appears most frequently in Ecclesiastical history, and who seems to have possessed the greatest influence in his own and succeeding ages, namely, Origen. He was a

* As sings Prudentius,

"Hoc jam quod superest, cedo,
Quo nihil est pretiosius,
Pro Te, Christe Deus, mori!"

native of Alexandria, a pupil of Clemens, and the pupil appears to have shared the master's love of philosophic lore, and this, combined with the pride of intellect, together with the extraordinary deference paid to his deep stores of learning, probably led him into the error of desiring to strike out something new and startling from the text of Scripture. Certainly he seems to have laboured to find a hidden meaning in every passage, and to have allegorised the sacred text, till its real and simple purpose was confounded or lost."

"A fault of our own days," observed Ernest, "for do we not often observe a forced or fanciful interpretation of Scripture parables and texts pervading modern discourses, especially in cases where clever men are thrown upon the voluntary system, and are driven to extreme inventions in order to keep up the numbers and respectability of a congregation."

"We see much of this," rejoined the pastor, "very much of the reveries of a wandering and unchastised imagination, and in an intellectual age, especially when mental efforts become forced and artificial through outward circumstances of pressure, we shall have many imitators of Origen, however they may fall short of the great original. Well, Origen was a noble

Father, and some of his writings are perfectly clear from every subtlety of error. His work against Celsus is, perhaps, the best reply to the cavils of infidelity which has ever appeared, and certainly it is one of the most able of his productions; indeed, the ingenious and accomplished heathen philosopher encountered in Origen an adversary fully competent to stand forth as a successful defender of the faith. His Dissertation on Prayer is also very valuable; and many of his other writings, though error be diffused among them, afford most useful information on the practice and discipline of his times. We should not forget that this most eminent and brilliant Divine of the Eastern Church gave abundant proofs of his sincerity in the cause of the Gospel, suffered severe persecution for the Cross of Christ, was unwearied, both as a public preacher and a voluminous writer, and that, amid much which may be exceptionable in his writings, we find the great truths of the divinity and atonement of Christ, and justification by faith in Him, clearly and powerfully set forth."

"And good may spring out of his errors," said Ernest; "and since the Church is fully aware of them, it is not likely in this age that many would be beguiled. Men of intellect will

speculate on divine things, and it is well that this speculation should have advanced to its utmost tether, and been confuted, for then succeeding ages are admonished and fortified."

"Just so," continued the pastor; "that is a very appropriate remark, and in this light we should look upon error, instead of dismissing with an air of contempt those very valuable and superior writings into which some mistaken sentiments have undoubtedly crept. Indeed, if we carried out this rule invariably, we should hardly ever be contented to read any human writings whatever, whether ancient or modern."

"I was just thinking so," exclaimed Ernest.

"Come we now to a character very different from that of Origen,—I mean Cyprian. He is truly one of the most unexceptionable of the Fathers, and though not so deeply learned, or of so shining an intellect as the famous and gifted Origen, yet he appears to be wholly free from that subtilising spirit which became a snare to the Alexandrian presbyter. Oh! he loved the simplicity of the Gospel, and under the guidance of that Spirit which opened his heart to its reception, ever maintained a humility and teachableness of mind which is so peculiarly pleasing and desirable in a Christian man. We have full evidence in his writings of the

clearness of his doctrinal views, and the sincere boldness with which he embraced, and stood fast to, the Christian faith, amid cruel persecutions, hard trials, and eventual martyrdom. With the exception of St. Augustine, no Father manifests the fruits of divine teaching more certainly, or wrote Works which the Christian of this evangelical day will peruse with greater interest, or in which an earnest zeal for the propagation of true and undefiled religion among mankind can, in the most impressive language, be more abundantly and faithfully displayed. Every Christian man should read the writings of this good and undaunted Bishop of Carthage."

"I think," said Ernest, "his works have been lately edited by the Rev. Charles Thornton, (a son of the celebrated and benevolent John Thornton,) who was minister of Margaret Chapel, Oxford St.,—are not some of Cyprian's controversial works of value?"

"Inestimable worth," continued the pastor, "consisting, as they do, principally of letters, which contain many admirable lessons for guidance in the times of persecution; others relating to points of discipline; and his correspondence with the Roman bishops, Cornelius and Lucius, on the Novatian Schism. There

is, also, a dissertation on Discipline — on the Unity of the Church—and on the Lord's Prayer —an exhortation to martyrdom—a treatise on Death—an address to a Heathen Judge—a treatise on works of Piety and Mercy, and two on Envy and Patience, all of which well deserve an attentive perusal; and lastly, there is his celebrated controversy with Stephen, Bishop of Rome, on rebaptisation of those who had been baptised by heretics, in which he nobly and mildly maintains the independency of his own Church, rebukes Stephen for his arrogancy, and altogether furnishes us with strong evidence of the little respect which was at that time paid to the chair of St. Peter; and thus, of course, witnesses against the Papal supremacy.”

“ Ah! ” exclaimed Ernest, “ I have wished much for an explanation on this head. I was reading the other day a most interesting and exciting novel, called ‘ Hawkstone ’ ”—

“ I have read it,” interposed the pastor, “ ably written, but too exciting; the bad characters too deeply steeped in duplicity and wickedness,—really it makes one shudder at the depravity of human nature.”

“ Perhaps, then,” continued Ernest, “ you remember that scene between Villiers and MacCarthy, at Rome, where Villiers informs the

priest that the supremacy of the Pope is mainly founded on spurious writings of the Fathers; and alludes to a passage in St. Cyprian's works, which has been interpolated"—

"I recollect it well," answered the pastor, "and the effect this announcement had upon poor Macarthy, even to annihilate all his religious hope"—

"Yes:" said Ernest; "and may I ask you to what passage of St. Cyprian the author of 'Hawkstone' alludes?"

"I take it," replied the pastor, considering, "I take it as an allusion to a passage in Cyprian's beautiful treatise on the Unity of the Church, which the Father illustrates by referring to our Saviour's words to St. Peter, 'Thou art Peter,' &c., which he supposes to have been spoken to him in the name of the rest, for he tells us that the other apostles were entitled to an equal share of honour and dignity with St. Peter, the words are, '*Hoc erant utique et ceteri Apostoli, quod fuit Petrus, pari consortio præditi et honoris et potestatis;*' but the following passages have been interpolated, 'He hath built his chair on him alone,' (namely Peter,) 'and commanded him to feed his sheep.' The primacy was given to Peter, 'to shew that there is but one Church,' is in the original; but there

is appended, ‘and one chair of Christ, who left the chair to Peter, on which he had built his Church.’ Now these words are not found in the edition of Gryphius, of 1537; Morelius, 1564; nor in that published at Oxford, which Du Pin describes as the most correct: and, although admitted by Rigaltius into the text, he confesses the spuriousness of the clause in his notes.”

“I think,” said Ernest, “that the words remain in the edition given us by my old friend and schoolfellow, Wigan Harvey, of King’s College, Cambridge, in his ‘*Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Vindex Catholicus*,’ a book in support of the primitive nature of the Articles of the Church of England”—

“Which makes it the more strange,” observed the pastor; “and he should have been very careful in selecting the best edition. Pamelius and Manutius have certainly not been equally candid as the others I have mentioned; neither have the Benedictine fathers, who may be accounted the authentic editors of the Roman Church, hesitated to avail themselves of this untenable testimony to the pretended supremacy of St. Peter.”

“I am almost confident the spurious sentences are in the edition alluded to, which is a most

valuable work ; and I have greatly admired the treatise on the Unity of the Church, although it contains some very strong statements, such as, ‘ he cannot have God as his Father, who has not the Church as his Mother,’ and again, ‘ he who holds not this unity, holds not the law of God—holds not the faith of the Father and Son—holds not life and salvation.’

“ But you must recollect,” remarked the pastor, “ that there were no ‘ various denominations,’ no spurious or counterfeit Churches in those days, excepting such as were walking in open heresy, the words ‘ Catholic Church’ at that time not only denoted universality, but also orthodoxy of doctrine ; and the Church was the ark of safety, and ‘ inside or outside ’ were the terms that decided a man’s being found in Christ. Beautiful and admirable, indeed, is Cyprian’s book on the Unity of the Church, and it cannot but do good to any Christian of the present Dissenting times, so well does it support the ‘ Prayer for Unity’ in our book of Common Prayer ; but, come now, we must be hurrying on to some others I wish to recommend to you.”

“ This is so kind of you,” said Ernest, “ and such a treat to me.”

“ But I must be brief,” continued the pastor,

“and Lactantius shall be our next in chronological order. He has been called the ‘Christian Cicero,’ on account of the elegance and purity of his style (in which he is by no means excelled by Cyprian) ; yet, if we may credit St. Jerome in this particular, his writings are not altogether free from the leaven of false philosophy.”

“You must be careful,” said Ernest, playfully, “not to put your own witness out of court, for I think he gives you able support in your opinions on the souls and future life of animals.”

“He does,” answered the pastor, “in common with other Fathers, and, of course, I include not that (smiling) in his *false* philosophy. Most true is he in many things, and in his Christian Institutes ably exposes the errors of heathenism, and defends the Christian religion, although he is hardly sound and orthodox in some respects. His ‘Deaths of the Persecutors’ written shortly after the accession of Constantine, and the consequent decrease of the Pagan power, for then a king was becoming a nursing father to the Church, details the different persecutions suffered by the Christians, and demonstrates the judgments of the Almighty, in the violent deaths of those emperors who had been most conspicuously cruel.”

“Useful as a warning in these days,” remarked Ernest, “when persons are quarrelling with civil governments for their countenance and establishment of the Christian religion.”

“If people would but read, and ponder on the events of such ancient history, they would be the wiser and the better for this employment of their time. Mark, now, the troublous times in which Athanasius lived, and lifted up a noble testimony to the truth—ay, it was *Athanasius contra mundum*. The heresy of Arianism, which originated in his own episcopal city of Alexandria, was rapidly spreading its infection over the whole of the Eastern Church. For nearly fifty years, the fifty years of his episcopate, this truly spiritual and distinguished man bore the brunt of persecution, and suffered exile, privation, and great suffering, in his strenuous exertions to uphold the integrity of the Christian faith. The views which he opposed, those Arian doctrines, were favoured by the Imperial Court, and thus, supported as they were with great ingenuity, made a fearful inroad on the Church.”

“Another instance,” observed Ernest, “of the desirableness of the State upholding an orthodox Church.”

“This but increased Athanasius’s zeal for the truth, and an active opposition to the prevailing heresy brought him into great trouble. He was at different times banished from his See, and obliged to hide himself from the rage of his opponents, among the tombs of his ancestors, or in the deserts of Egypt ; while an Arian bishop actually usurped his place in Alexandria ; and it is said that this bishop, who entered Alexandria at the head of the Imperial troops, expelling by force, and with much bloodshed, those who supported Athanasius, by some unaccountable mistake, actually is enrolled as a saint in the Romish calendar, and is addressed in the Missal, as ‘ helping, by his *merits* and intercession, to cleanse the faithful from their sins.’ ”

“What an egregious blunder ! ” uttered Ernest.

“If true, it is indeed. Poor Athanasius,” continued the pastor, “was one of the greatest men of which the Church can boast, and how intense and continued were his sufferings ! His deep mind, his noble heart, his unconquerable fortitude, his unlimited benevolence, sincere humility, lofty eloquence, living faith, and strictly virtuous life, gained the honour and love of all, save of his implacable and heterodox enemies.

Ninety Arian bishops, assembled at Antioch, condemned him ; on one occasion, when he was preparing to celebrate a festival in the Church, five thousand soldiers suddenly rushed in to make him prisoner, but the surrounding priests and monks placed him in security. When he was compelled to fly into Egypt, in order that the hermits, who would not betray him, might not be maltreated, he went into such parts of the desert as were entirely uninhabited. A faithful servant, at the imminent risk of his life, supplied him with the means of subsistence, and in this solitary spot the great and dauntless man composed many writings, teeming with eloquence, to strengthen the faith of the true believers, or expose the falsehood of his enemies. When he returned to power, he exercised a rare mildness towards his enemies, and the style of all his writings may be said to be remarkable for its clearness and moderation. His ‘ Oration to the Gentiles,’ which is a work apart from the Arian controversy, explains the origin of heathen idolatry, and proves the superiority of revealed religion.”

“ And what is your opinion,” asked Ernest, “ regarding the authorship of the Athanasian creed—is it, or is it not, the production of this noble Athanasius ?”

“It is commonly allowed by learned men,” replied the pastor, “not to be his composition, but supposed to be compiled from his writings. Whether this be the case or not, it is rightly called ‘Athanasian,’ for it contains, in a precise manner, his doctrines. The general testimony of learned divines assigns its authorship to Vigilius, a bishop of the sixth century; but Dr. Waterland, a man of vast and erudite research, after proving that it was known before the sixth century, gives it as an opinion of his own, that it was compiled in France, as early as the year 450, by Hilary, Bishop of Arles. It was not admitted into the Roman Church till the year 930 at earliest; but a creed 1300 years old, as Bishop Mant remarks, and generally received into the Church for 900 years, ought not to be treated lightly or irreverently.”

“Still,” said Ernest, “though I would treat such an ancient and important document with all becoming regard and reverence, yet I must be permitted to say, that I had rather avoid reading it, and wish with Archbishop Tillotson ‘that we were fairly rid of it.’”

“Its statements,” answered the pastor, “are according to Scripture.”

“So I believe them to be,” returned Ernest; “but it is the concluding sentence that I would

object to, namely, ‘This is the Catholic faith, *which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.*’ Now, we cannot tell what amount of faith is sufficient to save a man, for a man may cry at the last, ‘Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief,’ and yet this man may know nothing of the doctrine of the Trinity. And even in cases where a man deliberately rejects a belief in the divinity of the Saviour, we will suppose an Unitarian like the American Channing, a man of unblemished life, and devoting his whole time and talent to the extension of belief in the Lord Jesus according to his own best ascertained way, can we positively assert that such a man cannot be saved—especially since we know that what is impossible in man’s opinion and ability, may be possible with God ? ”

“ I confess,” said the pastor, “ you put the matter strongly, and I could almost cry out with the imperishable poet,

“ Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
The Egyptian bishop of another mind ;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
’Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains,
All, who believed not all his zeal required,
Unless he first could prove he was inspired.”

“ Those lines,” continued Ernest, “ exactly

express the sentiments I would entertain. I believe the Athanasian Creed to be Scriptural ; but I would not dare to assert that all who deny assent to these Scriptural views, cannot be saved ! I do not mean to analyse the creed, or to adopt Dr. Joseph Warton's note, in which he notes it as an absurdity that one sentence should declare the doctrine of the Trinity to be incomprehensible, and another immediately succeeding should attempt to explain it, because we may endeavour to proceed certain assured lengths in explanation, and yet own that the matter is in its whole bearing incomprehensible ; just as I believe the nature of the Lord's Supper will always remain a mystery, and is essentially a mystery to those who must offer an attempt at explanation ; neither do I wish to investigate what took place at the Council of Nice in this matter, nor to question the history of that Council ; least of all do I wish to enter upon metaphysical inquiries with Dr. Clarke and Bishop Pearson, on the eternal generation of the Son, or his absolute *equality* with the Father ; neither would I for a moment hold the opinion that a man is not accountable for his belief, but this I do maintain, that I am not authorised eternally to judge of any man's state, be he Christian, Jew, or

Infidel, either as regards his condemnation or his salvation. Neither will it be of avail to say, that the creed does not mention particular individuals, but rather alludes to whole bodies of men, because these bodies of men are but made up of individuals, and the creed positively states that unless a man, *any man*, believe these doctrines faithfully, he cannot be saved."

"You have stated enough," said the pastor, in a mood of deep reflection, as he muttered the words,

'And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone ;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man ?'

"*how far ?* that is the question. Surely to ignorance, unblameable ignorance—surely to heathen nations on St. Paul's own shewing,

'because a rule revealed,
Is none to those from whom it was concealed.'

"And surely to those who try their very best, with prayer for God's enlightening grace, and yet cannot conscientiously embrace Christian doctrine in this, as we believe, most orthodox light. Oh, surely these blind eyes will be opened hereafter, surely men will be saved, as it were, in spite of their conscientious but short-coming belief! ay, the pity and compassion of the Son of God,

which now beholds their struggling and grovelling condition, will clear up all to them, and open the real vision to their mistaken souls. You are right, Ernest, yes, you are right, we cannot finally judge any man—the Apostles themselves were not permitted to do so—and, therefore, I do sincerely desire that the decisive and condemning sentences, at the commencement and the conclusion of this important and excellent summary of Christian faith, were wholly expunged—and I must own, that for a considerable number of years, from a kind of natural repugnance, I have omitted the reading of this creed as it is ordered in the rubric ; and since rubrics are so ill complied with by our highest Ecclesiastics, I see not why, on considerate reasons, bishops should not hesitate ere they rise up to enforce compliance with this particular one.”

“ I felt confident,” said Ernest, “ that your kind disposition, and searching mind, could not favour the declaration of condemnation in the Athanasian Creed, and it is omitted altogether in the Prayer Book of the American Episcopal Church.”

“ I am sorry for that,” said the pastor, “ it might have been altered, for the body of the document contains important matter, and it is

far too venerable and ancient to be dealt with thus summarily; so if I were of the American Church I should move for its restoration, with the exception of the part we have just considered, and since we know how many Presbyterian congregations have become Arian, and are becoming so now, most especially in America, it behoves the true Catholic Church to maintain resolutely every creed which declares the faith of the Church for so vast a number of years—it is a surviving witness of the voice of the early Church which cannot be dispensed with—and surely it is an honour, as well as an advantage, to any Church to battle for its retention.”

“Most fully do I see the reasonableness and expediency of its retention,” said Ernest.

“Well,” continued the pastor, “I must get on quickly with my limited list, and indeed some must be passed over. Let Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers in France, most appropriately now engage our brief attention, for he was, in the hands of Providence, upholding the same cause in the western, which Athanasius defended in the eastern Church.”

“Was this the Hilary,” asked Ernest, “who is thought to have composed the Athanasian Creed.”

“No,” replied the pastor; “although he might have done so with great propriety, because that Hilary, who was Bishop of Arles nearly a century later, was considered to be a semi-Pelagian, although enjoying the honours of canonization. Our St. Hilary endured much persecution from the Arians, with Saturninus at their head, for his zeal in behalf of the doctrine of the Trinity, and they persuaded the Emperor Constantius to banish him. He wrote a treatise against Auxentius, Bishop of Milan, a favourer of Arianism, and two expostulations to the Emperor Constantius on his persecution of those who adhered to Trinitarian doctrines. One of these is written in an admirable spirit of Christian mildness and forbearance; while the second, composed when he had witnessed the continued severity and injustice of the imperial proceedings, partakes in some degree, as well might be expected, of the exasperated feelings and personal anxieties of its author. His larger work, comprising the twelve books on the Trinity, resembling in many respects the Institutes of Lactantius, contains a regular and very clear defence of that most important doctrine, while it shews the correctness of the author’s views on all the leading truths of Christianity. His Commentaries, also, on the Gospel of St. Mat-

thew, and on the Psalms, are very valuable, as is also the Book of Fragments, collected by some unknown hand, from parts of his works now lost."

"Are his works easily to be obtained?" asked Ernest.

"I think they are," answered the pastor; "you will get them from Straker in the Strand, I have little doubt. I myself have the folio edition, printed at Paris in the year 1693. And now for the Great St. Basil (as he is commonly called), so famed for his letters, which are eminent for the simplicity and beauty of their style. They are partly historical, and in these we have a vivid picture of the events which occurred in his time, together with striking portraits of those men who occupied the most prominent stations in the Church; and also they are partly moral and didactic,—in these are found some impressive exhortations to the practice of piety and religion, and able discussions on those points which engaged the attention of the controversial combatants of his age. We have not many of his comments on the Scriptures, although he is mentioned as a voluminous writer on the sacred volume, but his sermons on Genesis, the Psalms, and Isaiah, are the principal. The Homilies of St. Basil

are numerous, and generally speaking, of a practical nature. Some of them are addressed to those who led a solitary life, and form, together with his rules, a complete code of monastic institutes. There are also some Liturgies attributed to him, but they are so interpolated, that it is impossible, supposing they are genuine in part, to separate what is his, from what is clearly by another hand."

"Was he not driven by necessity," asked Ernest, "to seek the calm retreat of a solitary life?"

"He was," replied the pastor, "for he lived in times of great turbulence and discord, when the Arian Emperor Valens was unceasingly persecuting those who adhered to the orthodox creed, and therefore it was not to be wondered at that his serious and thoughtful mind should have led him to admire and imitate the retired life of those who fled from the noise of controversial strife, to hold and maintain, in the stillness of the desert, that contemplative communion with God, which could not be quietly preserved in the haunts of men. In solitude the mind is strengthened, indeed all great minds love partial solitude, and St. Basil was nobly preparing himself in the desert for the arduous toils of an active and intellectual life among

the multitude. He was called to fill the See of Cesarea—and how it tells honourably for the sincere honesty of primitive times to behold bishops chosen from men of such lives—where he filled a station at once important and difficult, and ever was incessant in his labours; while, from the firmness of his conduct, combined with the universal opinion of his piety and zeal, he was enabled to uphold the orthodox faith in his diocese, though exposed to the bitter enmity and persecution of the emperor. He was an eloquent man, and his familiar acquaintance with natural beauty, enabled him to fill his discourses and writings with a sweet and grand imagery derived from that source.”

“How aptly, then,” exclaimed Ernest, “has Isaac Williams, that true-born poet, portrayed his character in one of his shorter pieces,

‘Beautiful flowers, round Wisdom’s secret well,
Deep holy thoughts of penitential lore,
But dressed with images from nature’s store,
Handmaid of Piety! Like thine own cell,
By Pontic mountain wilds and shaggy fell,
Great Basil! there, within thy lonely door,
Watching, and Fast, and Prayer, and Penance dwell,
And sternly nursed affection heavenward soar.’ ”

“Very true, and very beautiful,” uttered the pastor; “those Oxford men have a touch of the primitive Saints about them, and we need

to see more of this holy and stedfast character in our Church. And next we come to, perhaps, the most popular of all the Fathers, and a man of poetical spirit, good St. Ambrose. No expense had been spared on his education, and after having attracted considerable notice by his pleadings, he was appointed Governor of Milan, in which place, he and his brother having come from Treves in France, where his father resided as Governor of Gaul, had commenced the practice of the law. His kindness and wisdom gained him the esteem and love of the people, but the prosperity of the place was much interrupted by the disturbances arising out of the doctrines of Arius. An Arian named Auxentius was Bishop of Milan at this time, but he died, and then the two parties were very anxious to select the man most favourable to the views of each. It is related that on the governor coming to the Church, for the purpose of moderating, by his presence and advice, the spirit of the contending parties, a voice was heard in the crowd ‘Ambrose is Bishop!’ This unexpected incident at once united the suffrages of the orthodox portion of the people, and he was declared their future prelate. Perhaps there never was any one who more sincerely regretted elevation to the Episcopal dignity

than Ambrose, one who could more cordially have uttered the words 'nolo episcopari.' It was by no means at this time an enviable post. His own views were serious and Scriptural, and Arianism was countenanced by the emperor, and professed by all who sought favour and preferment at Court, so that he could only expect persecution and difficulty, while the suddenness of the transition from a secular office to a spiritual would appear to one, viewing the elevated station of importance he was called to occupy in the Church, as every way most objectionable. He consequently used various means to avoid this mark of preference, actually taking flight by night, and offering many excuses, but the emperor would accept of none, because he hoped to influence his future conduct, and draw him over to his views."

"Was Ambrose a layman when thus elected?" asked Ernest.

"He had been only a catechumen," answered the pastor, "not even having been baptised; but, on his consent to accept the Episcopate, he underwent that ceremony, and eight days after was consecrated a priest. Once entered on the duties of a bishop, he was zealous in the fulfilment of Episcopal labours; nor, though exposed to great personal peril, did he hesitate

to oppose the Arian principles, which the Court sought to forward by every possible means. Ambrose obtained great honour and love by his conduct as bishop. His unwearied exertion among the people, both publicly and from house to house; his unbounded charities, including the appropriation of all his worldly wealth to the wants of the poor; the meekness and lowliness of mind, which led him ever to esteem others better than himself, together with the firmness with which he supported the truth against all gainsayers, won for him the esteem and regard of his flock, so that although the emperor's hatred would have often used force to banish so uncompromising a bishop from the city, yet it was kept in check by the fear of popular commotion; yes, the whole city, nearly, would have arisen in defence of the bishop, and, like the people of the Isle of Man around our pious Bishop Wilson, have stood by him at the peril and sacrifice of their lives.

“His principal works are, a series of Commentaries on the Old Testament, commencing with his treatise on the Creation of the World, and continued in those on Paradise, the history of Cain and Abel, on the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and on the benedictions of the Patriarchs; also Commentaries on some

Psalms, and on St. Luke. He likewise wrote Moral Essays, a striking one on the benefit of death ; he was the author of two books on Penitence ; and the treatise on the Ministerial office and duties is thought to be the one of no mean importance. His controversial works consist of five books on the Trinity, three on the Holy Spirit, and one on the Incarnation of Christ. There are also numerous Letters, and two Orations on the deaths of the Emperors ; but the Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, found in the usual edition of his works, are not his, but were written by Hilary the deacon, about the same time."

" And did he compose the Te Deum ?" asked Ernest, " that entirely unexceptionable and most moving song of the really Catholic Church."

" It is almost impossible to answer that question," said the pastor. " St. Ambrose continued to be a burning and a shining light, as Bishop of Milan, for upwards of twenty years, and having converted St. Augustine, it is said that he composed, after a wonderful manner, this divine hymn, (for though the structure is human, the materials are *divine*,) at the baptism of Augustine, at which time it was first sung. It is certain that it was known in the

time of St. Ambrose, for he himself mentions that the people daily repeated it with great devotion and delight; and it is known that he greatly improved the singing in the Western Churches. Nothing can exceed the combined majesty and simplicity of this most sacred and entrancing song."

"Our own zealous and pious Cecil has well said," observed Ernest, "that a Church can never decay which daily offers up the inspired confession, 'Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!'"

"It is remarkable," continued the pastor, "that the longest and most resolute opposition to the encroachments of the Papal See should have occurred in Italy, and many ages elapsed before Milan could be brought under the dominion of the supreme Pontiff, or its people be induced to exchange the ancient and more Scriptural services of their Church, for the Roman formulary."

"Perhaps," suggested Ernest, "the remembrance of their loved Ambrose disinclined them to the yoke of foreign rule, and with him none of the Roman prelates could be compared."

"Possibly it did," resumed the pastor; "for long and long would the people cherish his

memory in their hearts, and venerate the ancient customs of their Church, as observed and sanctioned by him. Well, there is a contemporary of his whom we must not pass over, Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis. He merits particular attention from us as an opponent of the increasing superstition of his times in the worship of images, and the invocation of Saints. He likewise foresaw danger as likely to arise from the extending popularity of Origen's writings, and laboured, with St. Jerome, to point out the consequences from a too general application of his peculiar mode of interpreting the Scriptures, but the followers of Origen continued to gain ground among the eastern Christians, by whom his allegories were highly relished. The principal work of this Father is his book on Heresies, which contains a description and refutation of all the various heretical dogmas which obtained publication previous to the period in which he wrote. Unfortunately he differed with St. Chrysostom at the last."

"So sings Isaac Williams," said Ernest.

'Alas ! that strifes should come, e'en at the tomb,
'Twixt thee and Chrysostom,
Good Epiphanius ! by the zeal of truth,
Kindling to second youth.' "

"Then come we to St. Chrysostom," ex-

claimed the pastor; "good old John Chrysostom, of whom the people used to say, 'they had rather the sun should cease to shine, than John Chrysostom cease to preach.' He was a man endowed with uncommon powers of oratory, and faithfully adhering to the truth amid surrounding error, was especially instrumental in awakening the inhabitants of the luxurious capital of the Empire, from the slumber of sin and ignorance into which they had fallen. He acquired great influence through the power of his talents; and with God's help, nobly stemmed for a time, the opposition he had to encounter from the followers of the Court, and the admirers of Arianism. He laboured daily in preaching and expounding the Word of God, and his appeals produced a great effect on a people peculiarly open to the influence of an elevated and overpowering eloquence. But he was not permitted long to pursue this useful course in peace; for the boldness with which he reprehended the vices of the age, excited the hostility of all who were lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. They could not brook the uncompromising manner in which the Bishop pointed out the impossibility of serving God and mammon; and as the warmth and zeal of his temper led

him to animadvert with severity on the unchristian life of the Empress Eudoxia, this conduct afforded a pretext, which the voluptuous eagerly embraced, to represent him in such a light to the Emperor, as to procure his banishment forthwith from Constantinople; an event which ended in his destruction, from the harshness with which he was treated, and the privations he was cruelly made to endure. The works of Chrysostom, which consist chiefly of homilies on a large portion of the Old, and on the whole of the New Testament, give ample witness to the indefatigable diligence with which he pursued the important callings of a Christian pastor; while his 'Tract on the Priesthood,' esteemed the best of his productions, both indicates the solemn and serious views which he entertained of its obligations, and contains at the same time, admirable lessons for the guidance of all who are called to minister in holy things."

"I have his 'Homilies on the Epistles,'" said Ernest, "and greatly I prize that book. How well, and to what length, he speaks of St. Paul's chain in his homily on the Epistle to the Ephesians, and indeed, he says himself: 'this chain of Paul hath been long, and hath held us a great time. For indeed it is long, and a greater ornament than any chain of

gold.' And how he seems unknowingly to have prophesied of his own chains, when he says, 'Nothing is more blessed than that chain. Oh that I were now in those places, where it is said that those bonds remain. Good cause why, and I will have in admiration those men for their earnest desire to Christward. I would gladly see those chains, which the devils do fear and tremble at, and the angels do reverence. There is nothing better than to suffer some kind of adversity for Christ: I do not count Paul so blessed, for that he was taken up into Paradise, as I do for that he was cast into prison. I count him not so blessed, for that he heard unspeakable words, as for that he endured his bonds,' &c. And then he goes on to prove how St. Paul himself esteemed his bonds more, for he says not, 'I, which heard unspeakable words, beseech you: but I, the prisoner of the Lord.' And again, 'Oh blessed hands, oh blessed hands, which that chain adorned. St. Paul's hands were not so honourable, when they raised and lifted up the lame man in Lystra, as when they were bound with chains. If I had been in those days, then would I have most embraced them, then would I have laid them even upon the apple of mine eyes,' and in this style he goes on at great length."

“And this,” observed the pastor, “which might seem like boasting in many men, in brave John Chrysostom turned out to be the truth; and we at this time cannot but derive courage from his steadfastness in peril and persecution.”

“Yes,” said Ernest; “as he preached of St. Paul, oh that we might say of multitudes in these days, ‘Paul’s chain,’ he says, ‘entered into the prison, and made all that were in the prison to be of the Church.’ Alas! what a spirit of railing and accusation is abroad, and how people love to slander, and to listen to slanders; well would Chrysostom rebuke them. ‘He (the devil) openeth our ears unto slanders, and look, he who reporteth falsest, is the most credited. For they have enmity to decide the matter, and not truth to judge it.’”

“How true of our political Dissenters,” uttered the pastor compassionately.

Ernest continued—“‘And as, where there is friendship, even those harms that are true seem to be false; so also, where there is enmity, even those that are false seem to be true. The mind is altered, the judgment-seat is diverse, not hearing uprightly, but with great partiality, and inclination one way.’”

“Admirable words!” said the pastor; “no bishop of our own day could speak with more discernment.”

Ernest continued: “‘And this enmity, making men to suspect words that are spoken one way, as though they were spoken another way, and the very gestures and everything else, doth make men savage and wild, so that they cannot hear anything, but it maketh them utter all their words with reviling.’ And then he tells us how such conduct in us makes the devil joyful, and gives this pithy counsel: ‘Be an enemy, but the devil’s enemy, not an enemy to a member of thine own; we are not to spare ourselves, but be peaceably affectioned one towards another.’”

“Amen,” cried the pastor, as Ernest ceased; “as much as lieth in us, let us live peaceably with all men; ah! how earnestly have I felt the force of our Shakspeare’s words,

‘’Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men’s love.’

“Albeit, like the good speech of Balaam, this was spoken by a treacherous and dissembling one; well, here is a prayer from a better one,

‘God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.’

“And now for St. Jerome — whose extensive learning and untiring industry have gained for him the appellation of the most literary of the Latin Fathers. Monachism never appears in a better light, than when adorned with the name of Jerome. He was educated at Rome in all that could be useful and ornamental, for his parents were opulent and liberal. At that period the residence of Athanasius and some of his friends from the Egyptian deserts at Rome, brought the monkish profession into high repute. It was impossible to listen to Athanasius and not behold its good influence, so to one of Jerome’s literary taste and habits it offered many inducements; for then it merely comprised a renunciation of worldly pursuits, together with that retirement from the busy haunts of men, so peculiarly delightful and captivating to the studious or the pious mind. On assuming the cowl he retired to the deserts of Syria, where he studied with unceasing diligence for four years, gaining a knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac languages. When he returned to Rome, a circumstance occurred which drove his sensitive mind to seek its loved peace and solitude again—and afterwards he established a monastic institution at Bethlehem, over which he presided until his death.

“The most important of his writings are, perhaps, his numerous epistles, for he maintained a continued correspondence with all the eminent men of his time. In these are included comments and criticisms on various passages of Scripture, together with refutations of the many prevailing heresies. He studied and attacked Origen, and yet fell into Origen’s errors. His Latin version of the Old Testament from the original, is the foundation of the Vulgate. In the controversy with Jovinian and Vigilantius, the opponents of asceticism, his immoderate zeal for the monastic life led him to use expressions which manifest more vigour and glow of feeling, than maturity of judgment.”

“Is he not claimed by the Presbyterians,” enquired Ernest, “as rather supporting their views of Church government; and does he give them any countenance?”

“Not at all,” replied the pastor; “they lay hold of certain words under a mistaken view of them. It appears that at Rome the deacons who were wealthier than the Presbyters, sought to be placed *officially* above them, an insolence which St. Jerome could not brook; and therefore, in his letter to Evagrius diminishes by all means the pride of the deacons,

and lifts up to the utmost the authority of the Presbyters; and among other statements, shews them how in Alexandria, even from St. Mark to Heraclas and Dionysius, bishops there, the Presbyters have evermore chosen one of themselves, and not a deacon at any time to be a bishop. ‘Nor let any man think that Christ hath one Church at Rome, and another in the rest of the world; that in Rome he alloweth deacons to be honoured above Presbyters, and otherwise will have them to be *in the next degree to bishop*’—and again, ‘To the end we may understand that those Apostolical Orders are taken out of the Old Testament, what Aaron and his sons and the Levites were in the Temple, the same in the Church may bishops, Presbyters, and deacons, challenge unto themselves.’ Indeed, the Presbyterians gain nothing from Jerome, for I might multiply passages in favour of episcopacy from his writings; and few of the Fathers would aid us better against the novelties of Romanist and Presbyterian Orders, and in proof of the correctness of the opening assertion of the Preface to our Ordination Service.”

“I am glad to hear that,” remarked Ernest, “for then I have no doubt at all on the verita-

ble antiquity of our three orders in the Christian ministry."

"And now," said the pastor, who seemed to be a little fatigued with his long converse, although he had carried it on with an alert spirit in the love of it; "I think I must bring to a close my few hints to you respecting those deservedly great and noble men. I would have spoken to you of St. Augustine, a man who cherished clear and evangelical views of Gospel truth, and who occupies an elevated post among the ancient Christians, but that I know that you have diligently studied his many works, and are familiar with his views as with those of any living divines. You will recollect how he brought forth the doctrine of Predestination; a doctrine which few, if any, of the previous Fathers had held, and therefore, you must advance with him cautiously. Other celebrated Fathers, too, I must pass by, such as St. Cyril, Gregory Nyssen, and Gregory Nazianzen; this is a meek and eremetical saint indeed, and I have purposely avoided speaking of those most primitive ones, Polycarp, Ignatius, Clemens Romanus, &c., because you have them in Archbishop Wake's edition, with his learned and excellent preface."

"I have," said Ernest, "and have read them

thoroughly. Let me ask you, however, what you think of Cureton's discoveries; and do you think the non-Episcopalians gain much?"

"Not much," replied the pastor, "even supposing that the Syriac MSS. be the best, which I very much doubt, because, let it be allowed that the Syriac versions are the oldest copies, still those in the original Greek may be the truest. Certainly for the restoration of works that are lost in the original Greek, we must go to the Syriac or Aramaic; the earliest version of the New Testament is undoubtedly the Syriac; and, after the Septuagint, that of the Old Testament also. The New Testament is filled with Aramaisms, and one of the Evangelists is believed to have written his gospel in that tongue. The work of translating from the Greek into the Syriac was, as we are told by Eusebius, commenced very early; and the point I wish to ascertain in regard to these Ignatian epistles, is, which is the oldest, as proved on good grounds, the Greek or the Syriac versions; let this matter be thoroughly cleared and settled. But should the Rev. Wm. Cureton's ancient Syriac version be found to be the most genuine and authentic, still the non-Episcopalians do not gain much advantage; for, although some strong Episcopalian pas-

sages are struck out, still enough remains on record against their tenets, and quite sufficient for the purposes of the Church."

"I am glad to hear that," said Ernest, "and I should expect that nothing in the fathers could be brought *against* our Church, while very much in favour of its whole doctrine and ancient constitution."

"Truly so," continued the pastor; "and now let me exhort you, my dear Ernest, to study diligently, minutely, and with enlightened mind, the Holy Fathers of the Church. The pious and learned Dr. John Fell, one of the chief ornaments of the University of Oxford, said, 'By this most certain sign, and by this most characteristic mark, will they prove themselves the Church's genuine sons, in that they look up with a singular reverence to her most Holy Fathers;' and the same distinguished man in the preface to his edition of 'Clemens Romanus,' seriously exhorts theological students, 'to keep far away from the muddy pools of those who would be called 'modern divines,' and seek the everlasting and clear fountains, holy and full of grace, beyond the credit of gentile theology.'"

"And when did Dr. Fell write this," asked Ernest.

"He died in the year 1685," answered the

pastor, "so we may be sure he agreed with our great Protestant divines, such as Andrewes, Beveridge, Hall, and others of that time, and in his term of 'modern divines,' alluded to the puritan innovations."

"So I was thinking," observed Ernest, "but was not quite certain of the period in which he wrote."

"The most learned divines of our Church," continued the pastor, "have constantly and openly declared that they wholly embraced the consent of the ancient Fathers, and that they never would admit anything, either in way of doctrine or ecclesiastical government, which was contrary to it. The eminent Saravia, whom we justly number among our divines, says, when writing against Beza, 'no innovations may be made contrary to the unanimous and constant consent of all the Fathers of the ancient Church, without the express command of God. For this I freely declare, *whosoever takes away all authority from the Fathers, leaves none for himself.*'"

* There is this sentence in an argument against Luther, "Doctorum vero nemo tam vetus est, nemo tam sanctus, nemo tantæ autoritatis in tractatu sanctarum literarum, quem non iste novus doctorculus, sanctulus et eruditulus magnâ cum autoritate rejiciat. Quamobrem, quum Lutherus omnes contemnat, et credat nemini, debet non indignari, si nemo vicissim credat illi."—Assertio adv.

Ridley, in speaking of Knox's opposition (at Frankfort) to private baptism, asks 'What would he in that case should be done? Peradventure he will say, it is better, then, to let them die without. For this, his *better*, what word hath he in Scripture? And, if he have none, why will he not rather follow that, which the sentence of the ancient writers does more allow? *From whom to dissent, without warrant of God's word, I cannot think it any godly wisdom.*' "

"Just the sentiment of Saravia," exclaimed Ernest, "and I know that Alexander Knox, a different Knox truly, in writing to Bishop Jebb, somewhere calls it, 'a golden saying,' and thinks it the right principle, and safe path, as well expressed as it could possibly be in human language."

"The good and great Jewel, in his 'Apo-Martin. Lutherum, edita ab invictissimo Angliæ et Franciæ rege, et do. Hybæniæ Henricos ejus nominis octavo.

It is not true that Luther despised the Fathers: for, on the contrary, he greatly valued them. In his celebrated controversy with the learned Eck, as well as at other times, he largely appealed to their writings and sentiments, and came off victorious on the strength of such appeal. We cannot approve of all that Luther said, either of the Church of Rome, or of Calvinism, (to which he was a bitter enemy,) but he can hardly be styled, "novus doctorculus, sanctulus, et eruditulus!"

logy,'” continued the pastor, “writes ‘We have approached as near as ever we could to the Church of the apostles, and ancient Catholic bishops, &c., and have not only modelled our doctrine, but also the sacraments and form of public prayer, after their rites and customs.’ The learned Bilson, in opposition to the Puritans, addresses them, ‘Be not unfair, we refuse none of those things which the primitive and ancient Church of Christ ever generally approved and adopted, as contained either openly or by implication in the Scriptures. No—this is your custom.’ So the great Casaubon, acting as interpreter, for the king and Church, ‘Our king,’ he says, ‘together with the Church of England, declares that he acknowledges that doctrine to be both true and necessary, which, flowing, as in a channel from the fountain of Holy Writ, has come down to these times by means of the consent of the ancient Church.’ Montague, in his ‘Origines,’ thus answers an objection, ‘But we must obey God rather than men,’ say they. Very good, in case God commands one thing, and man another. But that is the question; they should prove, and not give sentence. Nay, there is no question. We hold firmly, against the whole faction of innovators, *that from God, from God’s word, mind,*

and will, the ancients did never depart.' The sweet and pious Bishop Hall, says, 'Surely whosoever willingly subscribes to the word of God, sealed in the everlasting monuments of Scripture, to all the ancient creeds, to the four general councils, to the common consent of the Fathers for six hundred years after Christ (which we of the Reformed Church religiously profess to do); if he may err in small points, yet he cannot be an heretic.' Sir Dudley Carleton, in a noble speech * (1618), said, 'When the king thinks it fitting and necessary to cause any matter of religion to be examined and decided in the Church of England, his majesty causes a synod to be called, consisting of bishops and other ecclesiastical persons; appoints them a place and time for their meeting, and communicates to them the affairs in general about which they are to treat, giving them, by his letters patent, a power to debate upon and decide the same. They, conforming themselves to such orders, set about the work, and confer upon the points which are in dispute, in order *to regulate them according to the word of God, the canons of ancient councils, and the doctrines of the Fathers.*' Dr. Hammond writes,† firmly

* Gerard Brandt. Hist. of Reformation, vol. ii. p. 447.

† Works, vol. iv. p. 470.

as soundly, ‘Our most beloved mother, the Church of England, is certainly solicitous to avoid, with all cautious diligence, this rock of innovators. It is her ambition to be distinguished through the whole Christian world, and judged by an equitable posterity, under this character, that in deciding controversies of faith, or practice, it has been ever her fixed and firm resolution, *and on this basis she has rested the British reformation*; that, in the first place, respect be had to the Scriptures, and then, in the second place, to the bishops, martyrs, and ecclesiastical writers of the first ages. Therefore, whatever hath been affirmed by the Scriptures in matter of faith; whatsoever, concerning ecclesiastical government, she hath discovered to be the appointment of the universal Church, throughout the world, after the apostles, these things she hath taken care to place, as fixed and established, among the articles of religion, determined never to permit her sons *to alter or abolish what hath been thus decided.*’ ”

“A very plain and straightforward account of the principle of the Church of England in this respect,” remarked Ernest, “and perfectly consistent and agreeable with her articles and prayers—the Scriptures first, the Fathers second,

and in harmony with, and in support of, the Scriptures."

"Just so," said the pastor; "and in this manner speak Beveridge, Bull, Nelson, Pearson, and a host of discerning and incomparable divines; but come we to a later age, for to quote all the good things our best divines have said on this matter would occupy us long indeed, so we hasten on to what Bishop Jebb said, in his letter to Dr. Nash: 'We would guard,' he writes, 'against the abuse of human authority more cautiously than the advocates of private judgment. With them we reject the domination of the Pope; but we do not, with them, erect 50,000 Popes in his room; and the voice of *antiquity, universality, and consent*, to which we listen, we take not to be the voice of man, but the voice of God, speaking that, by His providential and gracious guidance of the minds of men in all ages, which no private individual, nor any contemporary body of witnesses, could, of their own wisdom, be competent to pronounce, or to discover. Our principle, in truth, is no more than has been maintained by the best and ablest sons of our Church; and it has been well condensed by Beveridge, when he says, '*Quemadmodum enim, omni in re, consensus omnium vox naturæ est, ut ait Cicero—sic etiam, in hujus-*

modi rebus, *consensus omnium Christianorum vox evangelii merito habeatur.*' And again, 'De patribus, *non singulis seorsim, sed omnibus conjunctim loquimur.*'"

"The popular principle," said Ernest, "truly Lepeletier like, which proclaims that the voice of the people is the voice of God."

"'It,' continues Jebb, 'has been admitted (the rule of Vincentius) expressly, even by CHILLINGWORTH, and that it has been unreservedly acknowledged, as a just and true guide, by Bishop TAYLOR, in one of his latest works, his visitation sermon at Connor; a tribute, this last, the more remarkable, because in his 'Liberty of Prophesying,' and in his 'Ductor Dubitantium,' he had spoken less respectfully of the principle; and his remarkable change of language can be accounted for only by his having undergone a correspondent change of sentiment. He had seen, felt, and weighed, every difficulty; and the result of all was, a deliberate persuasion that Vincentius was right, and that he himself had been wrong.'"

"Bishop Jebb says, in that long and excellent 134th letter to Alexander Knox, that a little persecution may be permitted now a days against the Church, to train up men with an attachment for her, as distinct from the State,

and as ‘dignified only by her intrinsic excellence, by her venerable antiquity, and by her apostolic institution ;’ and then he tells us, ‘the scribe is to bring forth things new and old. *To the ancients we must go*, indeed, by day and by night, in order to acquire true and settled principles.’”

“And yet modern people,” remarked the pastor, “consider the Fathers as a well meaning set of men, but quite behind hand in earnest matters of religion, as Montague said, ‘I see the hoar hairs of antiquity, not merely hooted at, but assailed by mere boys and men of no estate, wiseacres that think themselves wits.’ The levity and ignorance of such persons put me in mind of what Dr. Johnson said, to one who ignorantly spoke of a circumstance well known in Icolmkill.* ‘You are like,’ observed the gigantic doctor, ‘some New-England men, who came to the mouth of the Thames. ‘Come,’ said they, ‘let us go up and see what sort of inhabitants are here.’ They talked, sir, as if they had been to go up the Susquehannah, or any other American river.’ Thus spoke the leviathan of literature to his conversational companion, and this would, indeed, convey a good rebuke to those who think slightly of the

* Tour to the Hebrides, p. 329.

Fathers—to those, rather, who never even attempt to go up the river of time (for would they but do so, they, in common with the New-England men, would soon find out their mistake), and be ready, on their return, to exclaim with Pacianus of Cyprian, ‘*Quid? Parva nobis de apostolicis viris, parva de primis sacerdotibus, parva de beatissimo Cypriano martyre atque doctore currit auctoritas? An volumus docere doctorem? An sapientiores illo sumus, et spiritu carnis inflamur adversus eum, quem æterni Dei testem nobilis cruor et clarissimæ passionis corona produxit?*’ Oh! the passage is a noble one throughout, and you will find it in your friend Harvey’s collection of ancient writings.”

“I shall certainly look for it,” said Ernest; “and I think it follows Cyprian’s treatise on the Unity of the Church. But, speaking of Dr. Johnson, in what beautiful language does he describe the sensations of the mind amid the ruins of Iona: ‘Far from me,’ he says, ‘and my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue.’”

“A devout desire, indeed,” said the pastor: “and in the same passage I think he says, that

‘ whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings.’ ”

“ Yes,” said Ernest, “and how well does that apply to the sainted ground, and the sainted times of the Fathers; surely this is the course for an intellectual and religious mind to pursue.”

“ And it will then converse with the highest order of intellect,” remarked the pastor, “and with the rarest specimens of pious character. In this advanced period, if the Fathers were set down in London or Manchester, or any place where intellect is best cultivated, they would not be superseded by any; I verily believe they would excel all.”

“ And yet how flippantly will modern religionists speak—even some churchmen seem to forget with what reverence our own Homilies speak of the learned doctors of the purest ages of the Church.”

“ Some may so speak,” said the pastor, “but they are inconsiderate and inconsiderable persons. I heard one once say, he could go to heaven without the Fathers. Perhaps so, I replied, we know not how little may convey a soul to that happy end; but recollect, there is

the religious course on earth to be minded, and without the Fathers you would have little or no proof of your Lord's day, your infant baptism, or of the purity and integrity of your Scriptures,—but see, Miss Singleton has entered, so I must end in the words of Bishop Bull, ‘O! young men, if you would not be deceived by these would-be theologians, next to the Holy Scriptures

‘Be the Fathers’ works
By day and night for ever in your hands.’ ”

The pastor arose, and Ernest tendered him right hearty thanks for the kind instruction he had given him, but he turned off to speak of other things. Now Harriet Singleton had not been idle, for she had sent back Sir John Thorold's horse and carriage, she had prepared dinner, ordered bed linen to be well aired, had a fire lighted in another room, in short, it was plain that the pastor must be detained for the night. Harriet was resolute—Ernest delighted—and the pastor?—he cheerfully resigned himself to his fate.

CHAPTER VII.

“Believe it, my good friend, to love truth for truth’s sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed plot of all other virtues ; and if I mistake not, you have as much of it as ever I met with in any body.”

LOCKE TO ANTHONY COLLINS.

“Thus Annesley found us—godless, reckless, wild,—
’Tis strange to ponder how we were beguiled :
How feet that spurned at holiness before,
Were drawn to crowd about the temple door :
How the deaf ear was chained, the cold heart wrung,
By the soft music of that gifted tongue.
At first we learnt to love him—then to hear :
He won our sympathy, and then our ear :
We loved to follow where he chose to guide,
And thus he led us to the fountain’s side ;
And when we heard those rills of comfort flow,
Is it a marvel that we loved him so ?”

ANNA HARRIET DRURY.

THE good pastor partook of Ernest Singleton’s frugal dinner, and, as we may well anticipate, slept at the little rectory that night. Oh ! it would have cheered a very eremite, ay, brought a pillar-saint down from his eminence, to have seen how Harriet Singleton’s eyes

sparkled with delight, not so much, we can believe, on her own happy account, but because his stay gave such real delight to Ernest, and his conversation would be matter for contemplation and practice, for months, yea, for years and years to come, should life and health be providentially continued to him.

Soon as dinner was over, Ernest lost no time in extracting thoughts of wisdom and counsel from the fertile and experienced mind of the aged pastor. They spoke of many Christian doctrines and sentiments, which cannot be recorded with propriety here, but which were of infinite moment in rightly forming and maturing 'a more excellent way' for Ernest henceforth to walk in. The pastor was a true Christian man—he felt that Christianity comprised something more than a round of ceremonial observances, combined with the publication of certain doctrines—it was more than separation from the world—more than the commingling with a party—more than the mere reception of a new name at baptism. Christianity, in his mind and heart, was the kingdom of Heaven; he felt and knew that a man must receive a new spirit from above in order to apprehend it; there must be baptism with water and with the divine Spirit. He loved the first ages of the

Church, because faith was then strong, and men laid hold on the promises as though they sought earnest realities. And though, at this time, he thought the spiritual life of the Christian was less distinct from the life of the natural man than it ought to be, yet he beheld within the Church a perception of heavenly things which quite reconciled him to his position; he saw a higher standard of holiness, and a larger heart of charity, than he could recognise without her pale; and, while he held that, although through the Church we enter into the kingdom of heaven, and only in a spiritual sense is the Church the kingdom, we may well imagine how sorely he grieved whenever he beheld any declension which served to amalgamate the Church with the world, and frustrate the high purposes of its ministerial institution and vocation. In the pastor's thoughts, all the great teachings and uses of Christianity were well balanced—there was a place in his mind for everything, and everything in its place—each received its proper share of importance, or was kept in due subordination, as the case might demand. He had no short-lived hobbies to ride to death, no large and strained outgoings of minor things, with small incomings of essential ones. There was a calmness and solidity about his sayings

and doings, which might not be admired by those who like exaggerated statements and eager disputations, but he was justly appreciated by the sober, the docile, and the wise; for there was a charitable and Catholic spirit and temper within him, which, while it stopped not to be enamoured with new and trifling questions of dispute and rivalry, bade him seek, first of all, to fulfil the noble witness which every Christian, be he clerical or lay, is deputed to bear to the world."

"And now," said the pastor to Ernest, as he looked with feelings quite of paternal affection towards him, "we have been talking this morning of those ancient times, which are the best times, and never have or can be excelled; but what is the use of conversing about, or admiring the Christianity of that early age, unless we strive to embrace it in practice, for, alas! too many content themselves with being laudators of past times, and quarrellers and revilers of present days, when they might do much in the work of restoration. Be sure, then, that you shrink not from work, but labour hard among the poor, for they have a severe time and trial, and must need the sight of a Christian comforter among them—staff in hand—nailed shoes—a well worn Bible—the perseverance and

spirit of a sportsman over hill and dale, for the Christian seeker-out of the helpless ones must never tire."

Harriet began to assure the pastor of Ernest's devotedness in this department of ministerial faithfulness, and was recounting the days that he returned home wearied and worn out, when Ernest, in order to check his sister in the most effectual manner, commenced relating the particulars of a society which had been lately formed among the clergy, and which was said to be spreading far and wide, claiming the most devoted and indefatigable sons of the Church as its members.

The pastor asked information concerning its rules and peculiar objects.

"Its distinguishing object," answered Ernest, "is the promotion of devotedness to the pastoral work, in regard to visiting the poorer classes, and hence its members are usually designated 'the Shepherd Clergy.' To make this feature the more apparent, although they need not an outward sign or symbol, the rural clergy wear a kind of shepherd's frock; and this garb, it is said, tends to excite the goodwill of the peasantry towards them, for they look upon the adoption of this humble dress as the token of a humble mind, a mind unworldly, and not swayed by the fashion of the day."

“ Mr. Heberden called here the other day in his shepherd’s frock,” remarked Harriet, “ and he was describing to us its extreme convenience.”

“ That will be something in its favour,” observed the pastor, “ otherwise, you know, these external signs do not always cover inward humility of disposition—there may even be a sort of pride in the adoption of them—but, nevertheless, I shall be glad to hear a description of this ‘ shepherd ’ garment.”

“ It is just like a farm-bailiff’s frock, as worn in most counties,” proceeded Harriet, “ that is, it is, to all appearance, a smock frock, only that it buttons and opens adown the front, which seems to be the distinction between a farmer’s or shepherd’s frock, and that worn by a day labourer.”

“ And much more convenient to put on and off,” observed Ernest.

“ That was what Mr. Heberden said,” continued Harriet, “ and he shewed us how easily it was done.”

“ You don’t mean to say,” asked the pastor, “ that it is like a common white smock frock ?”

“ No,” replied Harriet, “ it is made of black duck, and the outer work, which is just after the pattern of a labourer’s frock, is done with

crimson thread, and on the left side is a small cross, over a heart worked in the red thread."

"This appears on Heberden's frock," said Earnest; "but, I believe, some of them are plain black, and worked with black thread; our dear friend Heberden is a dauntless man, and likes to show his 'colours' before the faces of all men."

"I am sure Mr. Heberden," continued Harriet, "gave a very good reason for the symbols, as well as for the convenience of the costume. He told us how ill-suited other garments were to his walking excursions in all weathers, when he was often compelled to obey a sudden summons, after having been for some hours seated at his studies. A great coat, he told us, is far too warm, and he had a horror of accustoming himself to so much warmth; a Mackintosh cloak was out of the question, because it confined perspiration, and eventually produced rheumatism; camlet cloaks were too easily torn and worn out; but this was strong and light (for much of the double work of a common smock frock is dispensed with), and was just sufficient for the purposes of due warmth, and the keeping out rain. He assured us that his frock would last him ten years, if he himself lasted so long."

“ Well, Heberden is a good judge of this kind of clothing, for he walks immensely,” said Ernest, “ and his pastoral duties take him over all descriptions of country. Sometimes he is climbing steep hill sides covered with low bushes and sharp stones ; sometimes he must cross the foggy and wet moors ; sometimes his way lies across fields where difficult hedges have to be surmounted ; and sometimes he travels a long way through woods — indeed, seldom is he confined to the smoothness of the turnpike road.”

“ He told us,” remarked Harriet, “ how many cloaks he could shew us at home, the skirts of which had threaded out, from being continually torn in his necessary rambles.”

“ The last time I was with him,” said Ernest, “ we had been visiting a sick youth, at a cottage situated in one of those lonely places so common in this country, and we were coming up an intricate path, through a steep wood, the only path leading direct from the cottage, and when my coat was suffering, and Heberden’s frock was nobly contending with the briars, he turned suddenly round to me, and said, ‘ I should like to have our good bishop here, and see how his lordship’s silk apron would stand this work ; ay, in

many a walk I should like to have him as a partner."

The pastor smiled, and observed that the bishop himself had been a devoted parish priest, and would have been, most probably, a wearer of the shepherd's frock.

"Then Mr. Heberden would so like the bishop," said Harriet, "and I am sure he would like our kind friend. He was quite enthusiastic about his frock, and extolled the ease with which it was put off and on, which he thought a desirable matter."

"And is there anything else peculiar in their dress?" asked the pastor.

"I am not yet taken into their secrets," replied Ernest, "although they have for some little while wished me to enrol myself among them. I believe, in addition to the shepherd frock, in common parochial wear, they adopt on Sunday, and when they may go out to dinner-parties (although they somewhat eschew these), a crimson waistcoat, made of silk in the summer, and of velvet or cloth in the winter. This they wear as a symbol of what should be sacredly in their thoughts, and in which their bodies should be enveloped, on account of its being the essence of their hope; and also, I believe it is adopted with some regard to the

old-fashioned red waistcoats (which, with the old red cloaks for women, are the best of apparel), formerly worn by the shepherds and peasantry of the country, with whom they desire to ingratiate themselves."

"A very laudable desire," said the pastor, as his countenance beamed most kindly, "for on this foundation only can the poor man's Church be enabled to stand. But tell me whether they have any peculiar opinions or principles."

"Only one," replied Ernest; "one which our Church so prominently and repeatedly recognises, but which the manners and habits of her ministers place in abeyance. Oh! we are not so warm-hearted as the Church we serve."

"That is perfectly true," said the pastor; "the clergy may say to their people 'The Lord be with you,' ever so solemnly, but they cannot expect the people to respond devoutly and affectionately, 'And with thy spirit,' unless they do live in the hearts and affections of the people committed to their Christian, and hence benevolent charge."

"That is just what the 'shepherd clergy' say," proceeded Charles. "They proclaim that we want a **BROTHERHOOD** *in the Church*—we want that carried out into practice which we

often repeat in words. We say, 'dearly beloved brethren' to our living flock, when they appear in the Church; we call a deceased member of our Christian community 'our dear brother,' when we perform his funeral rites; but do we act as brothers out of the Church? that is the question the shepherd clergy ask."

"And it is a very great pity," said the pastor, "that our conduct should leave room for such a question to be asked. Alas! alas! a bishop officially addresses any of his clergy as a 'beloved brother in Christ,' and there his affection too often ends; and the clergy regard the opening address and invitation, at the commencement of the Church service, too much in the light of a cold official document; this must be the case, however well and correctly it be read, if its words are not carried out into daily practice. Besides, I am sure there is a great yearning in men's hearts after unity and sympathetic regard, and, if they cannot find a satisfactory home for the cherishing of these feelings in the Church, they will resort to temporary meeting-houses, to political unions, to socialist societies, and other clubs and parties, in which the principle may find its vent in a way not creditable to Christians, or to be desired by any man of good judgment. Now, if we can

rescue our people from this *dernier ressort*, as we may call it, when we ourselves drive them from us, we shall achieve a great good, both for individuals and for society in general — ay, more real good than Parliament could ever do—and, therefore, I am truly cheered by what you tell me, and earnestly wish that such a feeling may go on and become universal. Let me trust that they put forward no narrower principles that may tend to mar this grand one—the very sun and life of Christianity.”

“No,” said Ernest, “they seem to be truly sound and liberal in their thoughts and most cherished sentiments. They say that of all philosophical or religious systems ever broached, the Christian religion is the only one which calls men ‘brethren.’ Now Heberden has some Roman Catholics and some Wesleyans in his parish. He asked ‘how he was to treat them?’ The answer simply was, ‘You are a Christian, the Roman Catholics form the great mass of Christendom, you must treat them as one Christian should treat another.’ Of the Wesleyans it was said: ‘The Rev. John Wesley was a clergyman of the Church of England, and a good man—he never would separate from the Church, why should you separate from his followers—unite them to yourself.’”

“Very good,” said the pastor, “in both cases. The name of ‘Wesleyan’ is certainly abused by those who profess it; but a true Wesleyan, a genuine follower of dear John Wesley, will readily unite himself to us.”

“I may state,” continued Ernest, “that, as regards Roman Catholics, they entertain no such obnoxious notions as that they are Anti-Christians, or members of Anti-Christ, although they perceive their essential errors; and hence they can believe that members of the Church of Rome will be saved equally with themselves, and readily stretch forth the hand of personal friendship and regard; and, in respect to all Dissenters, they would rather not enter into any controversy with them, but win them over by example. They feel pious Baxter’s remark in its fullest force: ‘while we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying, and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies, *and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.*’”

“Men of my age,” said the pastor solemnly, “deeply feel the truth of that sentiment. How rejoiced am I to see young ministers imbued with such thoughts. But let me know how they are organised.”

“I think they are hardly yet formally and

officially organised," answered Ernest; "and there are doubts whether it would be better that they should be. There is one respected clergyman recognised as the founder and president, and others are written to in way of consultation, so that as yet, they are bound only by brotherly love, and an understood acquiescence in the counsel and exhortation of certain clergymen of repute and zealous affection in good things. What is your opinion respecting formal organization?"

"There are these two things against it," replied the pastor; "but my objections are by no means insurmountable. First, they should have the countenance of the bishop, that is, they should have his permission rather than count positively on his co-operation; and secondly, there is danger lest, by enrolling themselves as zealous men, they should seem to cast a slur upon those who act not with them."

"I see at once," said Ernest, "the necessity of doing all things in harmony with the head of the diocese; but do you think that a bishop would interfere with such a society more than with clerical meetings, which are often organised in neighbourhoods without any previous consultation with the bishop?"

"I do not think," answered the pastor,

“that a sensible and zealous bishop would interfere, otherwise than to promote it; but at the same time, I think a bishop should be apprized of every public circumstance in which his clergy unite, and whether there be clerical meetings, or associations of the ‘shepherd clergy,’ he should be first informed of it by the very first promoters of them. Bishops do not like to interfere in a clergyman’s parochial rules, and it is right to give a pastor every liberty to act in what manner he thinks best for the welfare of his parish; but this is a different matter, because of its general and public nature, and we see how the Church of Rome has benefited by such kind of institutions, and in our Church there is no danger of these branching off into separate orders, especially since their principles are what you state them to be.”

“It might probably be a means,” said Ernest, “of attaching the clergy, as well as the people to the Church, far more so than clerical meetings, although I believe these to be harmless in the present day, and not likely to be made use of in the way we read of in Neal’s history of the Puritans.”

“On the whole,” observed the pastor; “I think that any bishop would be unwise who

opposed such a good combination among his clergy, and certainly the 'shepherd clergy,' on the other hand, should draw up a few articles setting forth their sentiments and objects, which ought to be duly signed by every one wishing to be considered as one of them, and who chose to wear the peculiar dress."

"Then in regard to those who do not join," asked Ernest; "do you not think that, in the first place, there is already every distinction between them and the more industrious clergy, such a real distinction as this gentle league could not make wider; and, in the second place, any zealous clergymen who wished not to join would only have to continue in their labours, and no possible slur could be cast upon them?"

"I think the association to be of such a nature as could not excite feelings of rancour or envy," replied the pastor; "at all events not in Christian hearts. It seems to me to be so simple in its views, and may be so stirring and useful in its objects of brotherhood and counsel, that really it ought to be allowed to pass on its way not only unharmed and uninhibited, but gathering approbation episcopal and popular."

"It will certainly be popular," said Ernest,

“and become more so as it is more extensively felt and known; but would you advise me to join it, since I am so often solicited by good and worthy friends?”

“Certainly I should,” answered the pastor; “provided my suggestions are complied with in relation to episcopal permission, and the drawing up a few clear articles;” and he added aside to Harriet, “I can place confidence in Ernest’s judgment, and it is just such young ministers that should join, and keep a society within proper bounds”—and turning to Ernest, “I would explain to you what I mean by the word ‘popular;’ which, in my sense, signifies the approbation of good and Christian men, not the mere applause of gatherings of the people on worldly and political topics. Nothing is so perilous as a love of popularity; man will sacrifice principle, and everything that is right, in order to obtain and retain it.”

“And there seem often to be much superstition and folly connected with it. I was reading the other day, in the ‘Memoirs of the Countess of Huntingdon,’ one of the most striking instances of clerical popularity, that ever I met, in the case of the Rev. Dr. Conyers. It appears that on his leaving his parish,

the people assembled in vast numbers, some wringing their hands, others in a state of distraction, and with all the evidence of an agony of distress. Many of them declared *they would lay themselves along the road, and if he was determined to leave them his carriage should drive over them*—and actually to avoid the great confusion that would have arisen, he was obliged to depart unexpectedly at midnight.”

“Poor people!” exclaimed the pastor, “they would have thought it an honour to be crushed by his chariot wheels, like the minions of a Persian despot. Conyers was a very peculiar man.”

“He was,” continued Ernest, “a good man and a weak man. He was plagued with a continual hurry and flutter of spirits, and the sight of a stranger in his church, especially if he thought he was a minister, would disconcert him. He used to say to Mr. Thornton, ‘if you expect any blessing under my ministry, I beg you will not bring so many black coats with you.’ He fasted frequently, and used at the altar in the Church to sign with his own blood resolutions to render himself acceptable to God by peculiar sanctity. The whole history of his conversion is singular.”

“Yes,” remarked the pastor, “Conyers was a very eccentric man. His letters are marked with singularity, and he even quarrelled with men of his own religious views, such as Madan, Haweis, Berridge and Whitfield; but he was a well meaning man, and would, in one leading respect, have made an excellent member of your ‘Shepherd Clergy’ association, for he left no part of his large parish neglected, but regularly visited and conversed in a familiar manner with the poorest and most illiterate, and his personal example was consistent with his sacred calling. He would never preach out of his own pulpit, and for this, since he was connected with those who were too fond of preaching about in strange places, I could rather applaud him; still, he was an instance of one who might attract to himself a blind popularity, without the great virtues of superior wisdom, and sound judgment.”

“We will not allow his weak points,” remarked Harriet, “to obscure what was so good in him. I wish that all our bishops, and great clergy were as he was, and would do as he did.”

“Nay, nay,” said Ernest; “a bishop must be a man of great sobriety as well as zeal; as a bishop, he would have alienated many dis-

cerning Christian men from himself, and perhaps from the Church."

"Oh, how could that be," asked Harriet; "you read the other evening that he had eighteen hundred communicants at his Church, and he was so beloved."

"And yet he could not act with his brethren in the ministry," interposed Ernest.

"Or they could not act with him?" remarked Harriet, in a gentle tone of interrogation; "and certainly he did great good in his day, and added numbers of people to the Church who became so religious."

"I am inclined to agree partly with Harriet," said the pastor, smiling, and Harriet's eyes glistened, "and I should like to see much of the zeal of Conyers imparted to bishops, it would make them more like those of a primitive age; and the Reformation was to produce 'preaching bishops,' as we know."

"And, dear Ernest," said Harriet, "you blamed the conduct of the archbishop who behaved so rudely to Dr. Conyers after his visitation sermon, telling him that he had better preach the morality of Socrates than be canting about the new birth: that sermon, you know, which good Mr. Thornton took from his pocket, and caused to be published."

“Yes,” replied Ernest, “I did, indeed, so,—although I doubted whether such words were ever spoken by the archbishop, for I am sure there are many false and injudicious statements made in that book. But, you are right, Harriet, I did think Dr. Conyers treated harshly, and sympathise with him because he took it to heart so much.”

Harriet seemed gratified at gaining her point in great degree, and the pastor continued :

“Oh! that bishops would visit the clergy, and go among the people of their dioceses, more than they do. It may be true that they have much business to engage them, and do exercise hospitality and charity in the cities where they are located, and are compelled to visit many country families; but still what vast numbers in a diocese have never seen the face of a bishop, and yet would give their chief pastor a good and hearty welcome. It might be well if bishops were out of the House of Lords, and that ecclesiastical business was left to lay churchmen, as it is in the House of Commons, and then they would have more time; for, verily, I believe the House of Lords would have spoiled a Cyprian or a Chrysostom. How much I should like to hear a bishop say, that once, at least, in every year, he had walked about every

parish in his diocese, visited the farmers and gentry, visited the dwellings of the poor, administered the Sacrament in the church, prayed with the sick, and given sweet counsel to the pastor of each parish; and this might be done without putting the clergyman to much expense; and what clergyman would not love to spend his last shilling to obtain such great service to the Church, and to shew his people that the bishop himself was Brother-in-chief of the brotherhood."

"Excellent! excellent!" almost shouted Ernest and Harriet, simultaneously.

"Oh! that I could have shewn a bishop in this light to my people," continued the pastor, "and more attachment to the Church and its bishops would have been the fruit, than all the sermons and arguments could ever produce. I always loved my bishops, always set them, at the times of Confirmation, in sacred portraiture before my people, but still I felt that I was not only describing a present stranger, but one who would *always* be a stranger to them—of whom they might hear of by the ear, but never exclaim, 'now mine eye seeth thee.' Oh! that a bishop would have come and walked among my people as a pastor indeed!"

“So did Bishop Burnet, I think ;” said Ernest.

“He did,” continued the pastor, “he made it a rule every year to visit the parishes of which his diocese was composed, and to notice with especial regard those ministers who were most eminent for piety, and their attention to the poor. There is an interesting anecdote told of one of these ministers whom the bishop promoted—but perhaps you know it.”

Harriet and Ernest both signified assent ; it was the story of the poor widow who so well exemplified the beatitude, *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth* ; and who had been overheard uttering such words of contentment by this minister.

“And other bishops, good and pious, have been among us. What a truly religious man was Archbishop Secker, and how he entreated the Rev. Mr. Talbot to pray with him from the heart in his dying hours ! How candid was Bishop Hurd with the poor man, when he bade him go where he received the greatest profit to his soul ! What a pious man was Doctor Wills, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who, when one of his clergy had preached an admirable sermon at his Visitation, but which drew forth many censures on account of its strict and holy

monitions, desired to read the sermon, and after having done so, wrote an affectionate letter to him, expressing his approbation of its contents, and assuring him of the continuance of his friendship. If we look out for good bishops their name is legion ; and assuredly in the present day the episcopal bench is learnedly and piously adorned."

"It is, indeed," responded Ernest ; "all men must regard the bishops."

"Then let us follow their example in all their good qualities," exclaimed the pastor ; "and recollect that it is our peculiar duty and privilege to visit the people and spiritually advise them, and the bishops trust that we faithfully do so. Our Church is most emphatically the poor man's church. Not only because we provide a sacred home for his heart on the Lord's day ; not only because we are educated and trained to address words of spiritual wisdom and consolation to him in a house whose doors are free as the doors of heaven ; but because we go to him in his own house, at any time he may require us, in health or in sickness, to converse with him on the great and imperishable truths with which we are entrusted by the Lord of Heaven. Oh ! it has been well said, and how with my whole heart

do I welcome the eloquent words, ‘Let us suppose an outcast wanderer, who lives in some bleak corner of Cumberland, or in the distant haunt of Cornwall, or in the darkest lanes or alleys of the city, without a friend, without a family, dwelling on his pallet of straw, with none to cheer him,—none, when he is sick, to console him; none, when he is in sorrow, to soothe him, yet he can send to one man. He can say to the rich and to the great, to the peer and to the prince, ‘Perhaps in all your palaces and in your courts you have not a friend; you may have many associates, but not one friend; not one into whose ear you can pour your sorrows. *But I have a friend*; when I am in sorrow or sickness, I can send for the minister of the parish, and though he may be mixed in the amenities of life, though he may be found in the enjoyment of a family circle, surrounded by his children, by all that makes home dear and graceful, though it may be the bleakest night of a December winter, he will leave his friends, he will leave his fireside, he will quit his family, and will come into *my* hovel; and, though I have no seat to offer him, though I have no couch to spread for him, he will kneel upon the clay floor beside my pallet of straw, he will clasp his hands for *me*,

and with those quiet words which pierce Heaven's ear, and lift man above the cares and sorrows of life, he will pray for me, with that devotion through which the rapt Christian can pour his heart into the ear of a listening and gracious God ; that man will utter his accents for *me*, will clasp his hand for *me*, and into *my* sad and solitary ear he will pour the hopes and the consolations of the gospel.' This is the theory, this the real character of the Church of England ; and would that the outline were always filled up agreeably with this humble yet sublime description of a Church !"

"It were well, indeed," responded Ernest, with a deep sigh, "for the way to a poor man's heart is through his home and family."

"The dearest possessions on earth !" exclaimed Harriet ; "and how beloved are very many of the clergy, because they do freely and kindly visit the homes and haunts of the poor !"

"We must do it more and more," said the pastor. "Ernest, my dear boy ; go on with your pastoral work, and, of all your works, let the visiting of the poor be your chief. It will improve your own soul ; you will imbibe greatness of mind, charity of heart, and utter indifference to the world, and the worldly great

ones, by your conversation with the poor,—and a poor man's dying bed”—

“Is a lesson, indeed,” interposed Ernest, as the pastor paused. “Oh! what comfort have I by the death-beds of my poor people; oh! how cheap I hold the world when I witness a dying Christian; it does me real good, the greatest good that any sight could afford, and I do think my ministry would lose much of its blessing, did not many a pious scene in a poor hovel awaken serious and sublime impressions, which I have been enabled to communicate to my people.”

“Oh! we have some dear and good poor people here,” said Harriet, “I am thankful for every one of them, and bear them on my heart,” and she asked Ernest to repeat something he had read to her the night before.

“It was from Bickersteth's Christian Student,” said Ernest. “The excellent Rector of Watton writes, ‘One of the best universities, and one far too much unvisited, is the retired apartment of suffering poverty, the cottage or the garret of the afflicted; and one of the best lectures in divinity, and most fruitful of Christian conferences, is conversation on the things of God with those ‘poor of this world,’ whom God hath chosen rich in faith.’”

“An admirable saying,” uttered the pastor, “and Edward Bickersteth would do for one of your ‘shepherd clergy,’ just pare off a few of his extreme notions; he is an estimable man, and I trust he is largely the means of others becoming so.”

“Oberlin and Felix Neff,” said Harriet, “would, I am sure, have been of the ‘shepherd clergy.’”

“Quite high pastors among them,” remarked the pastor, sweetly smiling.

“I am thankful,” said Ernest, “that my parish is not too large; but what are clergymen to do, even the best of the ‘shepherd clergy,’ who find themselves located among thousands of people, but who can hardly find time to perform the necessary duties of baptising, and burying, and making preparation for the pulpit; perhaps preaching two or three sermons on every Lord’s day! what are these to do?”

“Their course is clear,” answered the pastor; “and since their cry is ‘help! help!’ they should, I think, attempt to obtain it in this way. First of all, let them apply to the ‘Curate’s Aid Society,’ and the ‘Pastoral Aid Society,’ for grants of money and men; let them represent the case to the wealthy landed proprietors, and see if they will support a curate in the place from

which they reap their gold ; and when curates are obtained, let district societies of lay helpers be formed, chiefly, it may be, of ladies, and be assured the parish will be well attended to."

"There are objections to the Pastoral Aid Society I have heard," said Ernest.

"Pooh, pooh," uttered the pastor, "absurd objections. When souls are perishing are we to be refining on doctrines and ceremonies ? I know my friend Irvine of Leigh was not well treated—but, 'brother, brother, we are both in the wrong' ought to have been the ultimate exclamation. Here is a case ; a young clergyman in the county of Somerset has just been presented to a small living, the income of which is £135 per annum, and the population 8,000. He is a man of delicate health, but devoted to his pastoral duties. Now comes the question, what is such a man to do ? I answer, he must get help by all means, all kinds of means consistent with the spiritual welfare of his Church. It will not do for him to work himself to death in one quarter of his vineyard, and say, I leave the remainder to the bishops and hierarchy of my Church ; no, he must have help, or he will see his people in troops obliged to enter the ranks of dissent, of infidelity, and living in the habitude of every species of immorality and sin.

Shall such a man reject an accomplished and devoted minister of the Church of England, because offered by a Society (formed for this aiding purpose) whose operations he does not think absolutely perfect? If he does reject such aid, I solemnly say that his blood will be on his own head—ay, the blood of thousands of his people may be laid to his charge.”

“I have always thought that it was wrong, indeed, to censure such a useful society,” said Ernest, “a society that would give the country many true ‘shepherd clergy.’”

“It is preposterous to oppose such a Christian association,” observed the pastor, “and most short-sighted policy. Even as regards its worst feature in the eyes of some, namely, the appointment of a few lay teachers; which, I could ask, is best—to have a pious lay teacher placed under clerical control, teaching in accordance with the doctrines and discipline of the Church? or, to have a dozen lay teachers arise, in the guise of Dissenting ministers, who will teach and act in open hostility to the Church—which is best? I repeat the question to all clergymen—*which is best?* True, it would be better to have no lay teachers, but while the Church is listless or considering, souls are perishing; and if the genuine order of deacon

and deaconess be not restored, we must do what we best can in their absence; we must engage the first that come to hand, and send them out to preach the gospel message, and instil Church principles into the masses of the people; Oh! it is foolish of the Church to allow her people to walk off to Dissenting chapels for sheer want of attendance to them, and not rather to send men out into the fields and streets to compel them to come in—ay, to lead them in willingly, for I really believe the people of this nation greatly prefer the Church to all other religious institutions.”

“I am sure of it,” said Ernest; “they lament to be compelled to leave the Church.”

“What question was that you wished to ask our pastor,” said Harriet to Ernest, “it was something about giving greater latitude to clergymen in preaching?”

“Oh! yes,” said Ernest; “it is a question in connection with the ‘shepherd clergy’ union. I wished to ask you, whether it would not be possible to have an *itinerant* clergy in our Church, and this to be effected in either of these two ways: First, there might be a regular order of itinerant clergy, under the especial command of the bishop, and regulated by canon law; these men to become, should they wish it,

in course of time settled in cures. It has been well said, that an Established Church does not shine as an aggressive and proselyting body, but is mainly useful in afterwards carrying on and maintaining the spiritual life in the soul; I mean to say at once, it is not a converting Church. Do we not want in all our parishes, more or less, some zealous and striking preachers to come across our people, who, where our preaching fails, might be enabled, by divine blessing, to arouse and convert souls? I would hail such help gladly in my own parish. I should love to call on my people to hear these my periodical assistants; and I should more love to find them regard these periods as turning points in their lives; and I should always be referring them to what they at these times heard from missionary lips. Many parishes become stagnant in course of time; all people like salutary change; it is quite absurd for a moderate preacher to think that a body of people will always love to hear *him*; and even John Wesley said, that he could not preach for one whole year in one and the same place, without setting his hearers fast asleep. Funds might be found to support these clergymen (and I would willingly have my curate's income taxed for that purpose); and would not this earnest preaching of the gospel,

in conjunction with sterling Church principles, be effectual, as far as we can foresee, in the conversion of numbers to the apostolic Church? We have the plan in an objectionable state; objectionable, because it gets into inferior and unskilful hands, and not only turns many from the Church, but eventually from the pure precepts of the gospel also. This is my first plan."

"You do not mean," asked the pastor, "to deteriorate the usefulness of the principle of an established and resident clergy?"

"Not at all," replied Ernest; "I believe a constant residence of *the same* clergy to be most advantageous, because they become acquainted with characters, and know, in time, how to discern the faithful from the hypocrites; and also in what manner to address particular minds. The same clergy are as useful as the same police in a district; and Dissenters are often deceived in their people, simply because they have not sufficient acquaintance with their daily lives; and, since persons are so apt to allow their private feelings to sway their estimate of others, it is quite possible that class-leaders may be deceived by others, or themselves not to be depended upon, and thus an injury might be done to some persons—and too great laudation

bestowed on others. Moreover, suppose ministers, as with the Wesleyans, are located for three years only in one part of the country, they will be leaving a neighbourhood just as they have formed a Christian acquaintance and Christian friendships there, and just as they have gained a knowledge of their people and of the children."

"I fully agree with you," remarked the pastor.

"Now for my second plan," continued Ernest. "Supposing my first cannot be carried out, with full consent of the bishops and parochial clergy, might it not be attempted in a mitigated form; that is, that the resident clergy of a diocese should visit other parishes than their own, and thus more employment would be found for some of our great preachers who have been presented to small parishes. The 'shepherd clergy' would, I believe, be ready to offer their services — indeed, I know that Heberden is longing to lengthen his tether, and has named some large desolate places, whereon he should like to stand and preach quietly and kindly to the people; for, in these places the incumbents are aged and feeble, and with difficulty perform the services of the Lord's day, with attendance occasionally at a funeral, or by a sick bed."

“We all feel this,” said the pastor, “when we become aged. Many a poor and aged clergyman, whose small living is the sole support of himself and others, knows not where to look for help, especially since he never could spare the annual sum required by the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society; oh! how many afflicting cases may be met with among the parochial clergy—only think of poor Hewlett.”

“This plan would in some degree relieve them,” observed Ernest, “and to such parishes, if populous, the visits of these missionaries could be more frequent,—now, what is your opinion on the whole matter?”

“I think it practicable,” answered the pastor, “but there must always be a good understanding between the resident and the itinerant, so that a high churchman should not rush into a low churchman’s parish and *vice versâ*, which might be arranged by the bishop of the diocese, or by an incumbent having the permission of a veto in relation to any clergymen he would not like. These men might be paid partly by a tax on the livings of the clergy, partly by subscription from the laity, which subscriptions might be gathered by the agents of a ‘Parochial Help Society;’ and certainly, as regards the good results of such a proceeding, to be evidenced by

the awakening and converting of souls, I can augur nothing but good; and, taking all circumstances into consideration, especially the intruding and ungovernable tactics of dissent, I cannot but think that the clergy would not feel any jealousy toward their new helpers, but rather hail the advent of them as likely to add strength and honour to their own unwearied, but inadequate, labours. And I must add, that, of the two plans, I would rather see your first in operation, because I think it would be better, generally, that parishes were thus visited by a distant, than a local, clergy; and better again, that it were done extensively by a regularly established order, than partially by a self-constituted body of active ministers, such as the ‘shepherd clergy’ of whom you have spoken.”

“It has been well said,” observed Ernest, “that if the Church of England had practised a little Romish policy, she might have retained both Wesley and Whitfield closely within her pale—and Wesley would have been a prime founder of an order within the Roman Church; in short, a veritable Ignatius Loyola.”

“But the Church of England is too open and honest for any manœuvring of that kind,” exclaimed the pastor; “she says to all, ‘Come

with a good will, or come not at all ; ' ay, come with your heart in your hand, no shuffling and hypocritical alliance, but an attachment of heart answering to heart."

" Well," said Ernest, " I feel so thankful, and so much strengthened by your opinion that henceforth I shall love the ' shepherd clergy'—and also be ready to approve of any system which may be devised for the better meeting the spiritual wants of the people—for indeed, not only in large towns, and among vast masses of workmen in mines and factories, but in our scattered agricultural districts there is much left undone, and which must remain undone, unless some great and comprehensive scheme be soon set in motion, and such a work cannot be too soon commenced by the religious and attached friends of the Church."

" How shall they hear without a preacher," said the pastor in solemn and impressive tone ; " and how shall they preach except they are sent ; sent by those, we may say in this case, who have authority to send them, and pecuniary power to support them. We must not think of the voluntary system as applied to the people to be taught ; oh no, too many of them would rather pay to keep their instructors away ; even under the most favourable

auspices, the voluntary system must fail. Tell me of a better or more beloved pastor than Oberlin, and yet see how the voluntary system answered with him. At the Revolution, Oberlin was deprived of his scanty income, in common with the other French clergy. At first his parishioners generously came forward, and declared they would amply support their loved minister, they would raise 1400 francs, or about 56*l.* a year for him at the lowest, and this was as much, or more, than he had before. The first year they subscribed a purse of 1133 francs; the second year their alert generosity fell down to 400 francs, or 16*l.* per annum. The pastor saw how matters were going on, and he refused to receive any annual payment at all, but told them that they knew the way to his house and might bring him any free-will offering they chose. Alas! in a very few years his own resources and the bounty of others failed, and he was obliged to undertake the charge of ten or twelve pupils for his actual subsistence!"

"Distressing indeed," said Harriet; "and many Dissenting ministers, although they confine themselves much to towns are in almost the same plight; Ernest himself has been solicited by them."

“Indeed I have,” observed Ernest, “when I have been occasionally from home. In Cheltenham a friend of mine heard a sermon from a Dissenting minister, in which he severely upbraided his congregation for their parsimony towards him, and declared openly that his wife that week had parted with nearly her last article of household furniture.”

“Sad work, sad work!” exclaimed the pastor; “and if Oberlin failed, who ought to succeed?”

“Oberlin and Neff,” remarked Harriet, “are such favourites of Ernest.”

“And well they may be,” said the pastor; “they were first-rate ‘shepherd clergy.’”

“And were so unsectarian,” observed Ernest; “just as the ‘shepherd clergy’ profess to be, noble and large hearted men. You remember,” addressing Harriet, “Neff’s strange adventure with the Roman Catholic priest, whom he found to be full of good sense, and with a perfect comprehension of the essential principles of the Gospel; and his conciliatory manners were most remarkable with Roman Catholics, softening the animosity of those who had most reason to be jealous of his presence, his meekness always turning away their symptoms of wrath; and the Roman Catholic clergy lost

many of their flock during his stay in Dauphiné. It is recounted that he never reviled them, or spoke disrespectfully of them; on the contrary, *he was forward* to place even their errors in the best light, and whenever he found them labouring usefully at their posts, he gave them their meed of praise."

"And I remember also," said Harriet, "that Neff once fell in with a Roman Catholic *curé* who did not know him. They had much sweet converse on the Gospel, and ere long, coming to a Roman Catholic Church, the curate invited his companion to enter the sanctuary and implore God's blessing on their conversation. Neff willingly assented, and they breathed their silent prayers before the altar, and parted without the Roman Catholic being aware of any difference in their religious opinions. 'I perceived,' said Neff, 'that the priest's heart was touched, and I did not disturb the pious feelings of the moment, by avowing myself, or attempting to square his religious sentiments with my own.'"

"Admirable judgment," exclaimed the pastor; "and this is the way we should deal with all Dissenters, if they will allow us. Instead of conversing on points of difference and subjects of contention, let us rather allude to those

of mutual agreement, and exhibiting our common Christianity in its least repulsive form to them, hope that they may be led eventually to exclaim, 'my God shall be your God, my creed your creed, and your Church my sacred home.'"

"This was the way with Gilpin, our own Gilpin," said Ernest.

"Oh, Ernest does so admire Bernard Gilpin!" exclaimed Harriet.

"Gilpin had much to do with controversialists and non-conformists," remarked Ernest; "at least they sought to intrude themselves upon him, but he uniformly took the moderate and conciliatory path, and thought it wrong, on the one part, to assail an Established Church with violent hands, and on the other, to molest and vex a quiet separatist."

"Another 'shepherd clergyman,' cried the pastor; "yes, Gilpin, with his fourteen villages, never left any part of his vineyard uncultivated."

"He was a bold man too," remarked Ernest; "his conduct was brave when he took up the gauntlet which was usually thrown down as a challenge at their northern wakes."

"Those horrid wakes!" exclaimed Harriet; "we always dread the time of wakes."

“Horrid things, indeed!” said the pastor; “and yet they might easily be put down, if our legislature had a mind to do so; at all events any selling of cakes and other articles is unlawful at them, and if this be stopped, the company will wonderfully fall off. Luther did not put them down, though he desired that it should be enacted that all festival days, and days of dedication of Churches, should be kept only in the morning, and after a religious sort, the remainder of the day to be a working day as usual; for in his time, as in ours, the evening and night were spent in drinking and gaming, and all kinds of wickedness and folly.”

The good pastor and Ernest held long conversations on many subjects connected with religion and the Church, and this excellent man especially armed Ernest with many arguments and authorities against the supremacy of the Pope; and, in relation to the “shepherd clergy” movement, he expressed his earnest wish that the Wesleyans might be induced, by God’s guidance and man’s allurements, to coalesce with the Church in the evangelization of the people. These topics Ernest may be compelled to consider in a short time, and then we shall see the pastor’s mind developed through him, so

faithfully did he always regard and lay up in store every word uttered by his best guardian and friend. The pastor quoted much in his counsel on the ministry of clergymen from Bishop Taylor, Hall, Gibson, Hopkins, Burnet, and others, and concluded by bidding him ever stand firm in behalf of the Church of England:—"for," said he, "be assured of it as a certainty, as true as that the sun shines in the firmament, that the pure Gospel of Christ is doctrinally developed in her articles, practically enforced in her homilies, and devotionally illustrated in her liturgy; and, as we desire the Church's prosperity, and the spiritual welfare of our congregations, let us continue to hold more firmly, preach more energetically, and illustrate in our lives more fully, her essential and purely evangelical and catholic doctrines; ay, we never can do better, never excel this line of thought and action."

How noble was this sentence in an aged minister's mouth; what vigour of intellect, and real warmth of heart, did it manifest—and how must it have cheered his young son in the Gospel. At a time of life when sloth creeps upon most men, bodily and mentally, the pastor seemed but to increase in activity and zeal, he looked as though determined to wear out

rather than rust out—and, oh ! that we might rightly prognosticate that his lamp would burn brightly to the last—inwardly illumining the minds of others—inwardly cheering his own heart !

How playfully in one part of the evening, when gently rallying Ernest on the probability of his looking well in his new “shepherd clergy” frock, did he recite those celebrated lines once used in the dramatic mockery of papal scenes by the people of Berne, and which did its part in helping on the Reformation over Europe at large, wherein the Popish prelate is made to say—

“ In papal rites I’ll live and die,
And clothe me in silk embroidery ;
In foray or chase I’ll take my pleasure,
And eat and drink in ample measure ;
Had I been priest in days of yore,
A peasant’s dress I then had wore.

We once were shepherds, but now we reign kings,
For a shepherd I’ll pass ’mong the lambkins, poor things.”

Ernest was well content to bear this, when he found that the *primitive priest* would have worn the peasant’s dress, and that the Roman Catholic Church confesses “ we once were shepherds,” yes, “ shepherd clergy” in the days of the Fathers, when all were imbued with the

living odour of sanctity, and so frequently ended their lives in painful martyrdom.

Well would it be if we had now the Fathers among us ; and yet Bishop Sanderson tells us, that the Puritans laid down this position, that it is not lawful in preaching God's word, to recite sentences out of the Fathers, much less from the writings of heathen writers. Yet St. Paul quoted the heathen poets.

The pastor had the blessing of a large and loving mind, and his example was of the utmost service to Ernest Singleton. He built all his labours on the two cardinal points of striving against sin, and looking forward to the new heavens and new earth. "A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had," so said the Rev. Mr. Adam ; and Cecil comments upon this : "Men of the world know nothing of true glory ; they know nothing of the grandeur of the sentiment, *Thou, oh God, art the thing that I long for.* You may perhaps find this sentiment in the corner of some monastery, where a poor ignorant creature is mumbling over his prayers ; or it may even be found to exist with the nonsense and fanaticism of a Swedenborgian ; but, wherever it is, it is true dignity."

The pastor soon departed for Belswardine, and Ernest longed to follow him thither, and imbibe more lessons in the ways of "true dignity;" but before he could gratify his wish, he had duties to fulfil towards his friends, arising out of requests made in some letters, which have been mentioned as being received by him on the morning of the pastor's arrival at Milton Rectory. In fact, he engaged himself to perform the requests made of him by Heberden and Mr. Creyke; and what further was gently hinted at we may see bye-and-bye.

Ernest was a great patron, in common with nearly all the clergy of the Church, of education; and he sorely lamented that the state of religious society in this country prevented the adoption of a larger and more comprehensive scheme than at present obtained. Somehow or other, sects seem to entertain suspicions of the really pure intentions of the Church, and yet nothing could be really more unjust, for the Church of England is, perhaps, the least proselytising church of any church in the world, and certainly the sectaries should see that they are themselves clear in this matter. Oh, that Christian men could all entertain better opinions of each other's endeavours, ever giving just allowance for differences of opinion and

judgments, ever hesitating to pass censure, especially when unmerited, on any brother or brethren, for indeed this is too much an age of railing accusation; and the spirit of the poet's just rebuke, even in the greatest declension, seems lost sight of,

"In judging others we can see too well,
Their grievous fall, *but not how grieved they fell,*
Judging ourselves, we to our minds recall,
Not how we fell, but how we grieved to fall ;"

and well would it be if every confident Churchman and every ambitious Dissenter, would often freely and deeply put to their own consciences the awful and searching question,

"Do I so wisely live, that I can calmly die?"

Well, while Ernest regretted the public aspect of society in regard to education, he could not but feel thankful that in many parts of the country a sound education was diligently given, and gratefully received. The school at Whaldrake, in which Heberden was so interested, was an instance of this; and it was sad to think that any unpleasantness in the prosecution of this delightful work should emanate from one within the citadel itself. Ernest regretted the course taken by the Rev. Hooley Merriman, for he thought it pusillanimous and irritating,

but still he complied with his friend Heberden's request, only on an express understanding that, in any lecture or speech he might deliver, there should be no allusion to this unhappy circumstance. Heberden's generous and conciliating spirit assented readily to this proposition, and therefore Ernest immediately sat down to compose an address, which, in a few days forward, he delivered before a large assemblage of children, with their parents and friends, in that room where many an instructive and tedious hour had been passed, but which was now ornamented with laurel boughs, and gay festoons, and in which a bounteous feast of tea and cake was kindly prepared.

Ernest is thus freed from one engagement, but another is pressing upon him ere he can again join the delightful circle at Belwardine Hall, now with the additional attraction within its princely walls of the presence of the Pastor of Penscellwood. True, there was a cause of deep attraction there before, and still remaining, in the person of the pleasing and beautiful Signora, or, as sometimes she was called, owing to her *petite* figure, the Madamizella Martelli, and certainly there was every reason to believe that the accomplished Countess Pazzi designed to engage Ernest in a literary and religious

combat, and indeed it was only wonderful, whatever might be said in private, that she had not more publicly challenged him before, for that sentence of the Countess could not be forgotten, "Reject the supremacy of the Pope! cut yourselves off from the centre of unity, from Fathers—councils—from Scripture itself; no, Mr. Singleton," and she glanced with heroic expression towards Camilla, "we must convince you on that point."

And what will Sir John and Lady Thorold say to him for having detained the pastor so long from Belwardine? and how have Lucy and Dora borne the absence of this venerable friend? Have more entertaining letters been received from young John Thorold? and does he give more promise of becoming a worthy and accomplished successor in the Hall and estates of the most ancient Thorold family. What has Lord Henry Maitland been doing? what sound and brilliant speeches have the walls of St. Stephen echoed? and will his lordship carry his motions for further relief to the factory operatives, and for the appointment of a committee to consider whether it be advisable to erase capital punishments from the statute book of humane and glorious England? Lord Henry was always listened to with profound

respect by the members of the House of Commons, for there was a loftiness and intensity of moral purpose, combined with rank and high talents, which, with his peculiar political views, rendered him an object of extraordinary interest. Although his lordship advocated the civil and political rights of Roman Catholics, yet he was a true Protestant in his heart, only, as has been said of the gifted Lord John Manners, his Protestantism was that of the cathedral, not that of the conventicle. His lordship could well conform with the sentiment of the eccentric, yet thoroughly sincere Doctor Wolff, when that courageous traveller writes, "I may say, without fear of any imputation of vanity, that I have now seen and made myself acquainted with all the branches of the Catholic Church, and with all the sects existing on earth; and I have not shunned to sit at the feet of the bishops in the Roman Catholic Church, in the Armenian Church, in the Greek Church, in the Chaldean and Abyssinian Church, with Wesleyans, Independents, and learned Baptists; and the result of my investigations is, that the Church of England is the pearl of price and jewel of the earth, and the mightiest masterpiece of Bible illustration which the world

has witnessed since it fell under the yoke of sin."

Happy day ! when Ernest can hasten off on his new grey pony, for Marmaduke hath been parted with, to Belswardine Hall.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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